

WESTERN THE HOME MONTHLY

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MARCH, 1911.

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THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

Vol. XII.

Published Monthly

No. 3

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THE SUBSCRIPTION PRICE of the Western Home Monthly is \$1 per annum to any address in Canada, or British Isles. The subscription price to foreign countries is \$1.50 a year, and within the City of Winnipeg limits and in the United States \$1.25 a year.

REMITTANCES of small sums may be made with safety in ordinary letters. Sums of one dollar or more it would be well to send by registered letter or Money Order.

POSTAGE STAMPS will be received the same as cash for the fractional parts of a dollar, and in any amount when it is impossible for patrons to procure bills. We prefer those of the one cent or two cent denomination.

WE ALWAYS STOP THE PAPER at the expiration of the time paid for unless a renewal of subscription is received. Those whose subscriptions have expired must not expect to continue to receive the paper unless they send the money to pay for it another year.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.—Subscribers wishing their addresses changed must state their former as well as new address. All communications relative to change of address must be received by us not later than the 20th of the preceding month.

WHEN YOU REVIEW be sure to sign your name exactly the same as it appears on the label of your paper. If this is not done it leads to confusion. If you have recently changed your address and the paper has been forwarded to you, be sure to let us know the address on your label.

Pleasing Letters from our Subscribers.

Pasqua, Sask., Jan. 12, 1911.

Editor, Western Home Monthly,
Winnipeg.

Sir,—In renewing my subscription to the Western Home Monthly, I thought I would tell you that we like the paper very much. There always seems to be something in it each month that has particular interest for every member of the home. We have had the Western Home Monthly in our home for several years, and are continually remarking the improvement in the paper from year to year. I think "The Young Man and His Problem" and "The Philosopher" two very interesting pages, while "What the World is Saying" is also a good idea.

The correspondence columns have always been an amusing feature of the Monthly, and should be continued for the benefit of those who like that kind of amusement. One very outstanding feature about the Western Home Monthly is the clean moral tone of all the stories and articles that appear in its columns. As a journal for the home I think it would be hard to find another paper in Canada just quite as good.

Another very pleasing feature is the many interesting pictures that appear in the paper each month. Pictures always seem to break the monotony of a paper so much. I am going to enclose a couple of films that you may use some time if you care to. The one is our own farm buildings at Eastview, Sask., while the other I am sending is an Eastview party at Banff, Alberta. I may say I have several dozen good views that I would be pleased to lend you to choose from any time, as I amuse myself with amateur photography very often, and already have quite a wide range of subjects. I will also enclose one of a herd of buffalo at Banff.

Wishing you compliments of the season, and continued success, I am, sir, yours truly Thos. E. Allecock.

The Editor,
Western Home Monthly,
Winnipeg.

Watson's Corners, Ont.,
January 26, 1911.

Sir,—Please send my magazine to Watson's Corners, Ont., instead of to Box 159, Macleod, Alta, as I wouldn't be without it for anything. It has improved greatly since I first knew it. Thanking you in anticipation, I am, yours truly, A. C. Craig.

Foam Lake, Sask., Jan. 28, 1911
The Editor,
Western Home Monthly,
Winnipeg.

Sir,—I take a great interest in your magazine and look forward to its coming each month. It contains much good reading, and above all the pictures reproduced in it are both excellent and educational. Yours truly, Peter Dunlop.

The Editor,
Western Home Monthly,
Winnipeg.

Lethbridge, Alta, December, 12, 1910.

Sir,—Just a few words of appreciation of your Christmas number. Accidentally discovering it one morning, I immediately became interested and wish to assure you that while other journals have been issued, gorgeously and strikingly got up, they have failed to awaken that Christmassy feeling and stir the heart with little crisp sayings like your issue has. Incidentally, I never realized until

now how interesting Canadian life and scenery is (especially the West and North) until put before one in such forcible little sketches as appear in the Western Home Monthly. Yours truly, R. K. Forrest.

Wauchope, Sask., Jan. 25, 1911.

Sir,—I am an English woman, and I appreciate the Western Home Monthly very much, and so do my English relatives whom I send it to. If I may say so, it is full of interest to the home lovers on the prairie and is most eagerly looked forward to. With wishes for even greater success for 1911, yours very sincerely, Beatrice Corbett.

The Editor, Western Home Monthly,
Winnipeg.

Sir,—Your magazine is a splendid one, brimful of valuable information, and we assure you that we appreciate it greatly. Yours sincerely, (Miss) Ralphia Still, Editor, Woman's Department, Dipper Office, Ottawa.

Kindly Expressions From Our Contemporaries.

The St. John (N.B.) Globe.—The Western Home Monthly is an ample magazine, designed as its name indicates, for home reading. In its December issue there are special articles by Ralph Connor, who writes on "The Conservation of Ancestors," evidently intending that Canada will not, if he can prevent it, waste this asset to her greatness. J. J. Hill tells of "The Northwest of Forty Years Ago." Dr. Neil McPhatter, President of the New York Canadian Club, writes of "Canada and its Future." Bonnycastle Dale describes "The Trails and Waterways of British Columbia." There are other papers from various parts of the West describing the growth and development of the country. There are numerous departments devoted to stories, the home, the farm, to music, to fashion, and, in fact, to all the interests that would centre about a well ordered home with a broad outlook upon life. The magazine is well edited, and would seem to be what it claims, a healthy Western magazine, edited and planned for the healthy Western home. Published by the Home Publishing Company, Winnipeg.

The Regina Leader.—"In looking over the Western Home Monthly one is struck by the number of prairie province writers who are doing good work in a literary way. Many new names appear among the authors of creditable stories and articles this month. Of clear, wholesome, entertaining fiction there is a good supply. Amongst the short story writers are Mrs. W. Lacey, of Tyvan, Sask.; Marion Dallas, Ottawa; Charles Dorion, Algoma, and Phoebe Stevens, Oxbow, Sask.

The needs of all the members of the household are considered in this essentially Western and Home Monthly."

The Melfort Moon.—"In the Western Home Monthly many interesting features will be found in several illustrated pages indicative of the marvellous growth of western cities and towns, and altogether this magazine will be entertaining."

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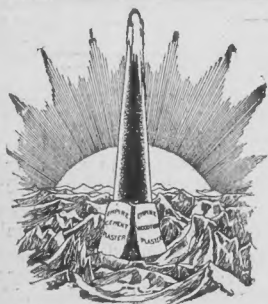
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Love on a Log.

A Romance of the Canadian Northlands. By Marion Dallas,
83 Mutchmor St., Ottawa.



THE Canadian Indian summer had come. Torrance Grant's splendid northern home and garden looked their best. The Maganetawan with its wealth of logs flowed a few hundred yards from the door. A week of rain has swollen it to its highest mark and the rushing water could be plainly heard. A young man, of perhaps twenty-five, tanned by the northern climate, sat on the verandah, where he was joined by Torrance Grant's daughter, a splendid type of the athletic Canadian girl.

"Miss Dot Grant?"

"Well, sir?"

"Will you marry me?"

"No, I won't."

"Very well, then, don't: that's all."

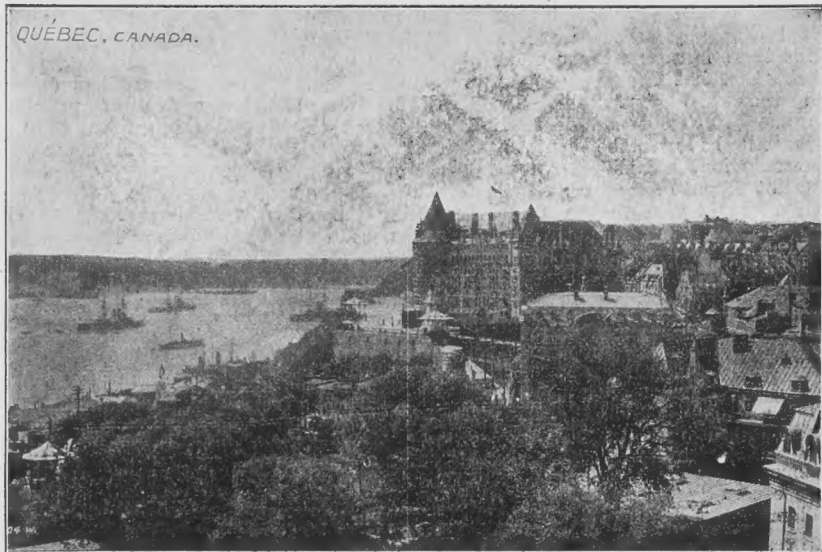
Mr. Ridley Thorburn drew away his chair, and putting his feet on the rail, unfolded his newspaper. Miss Dot Grant went on with her sewing. She wondered if that was going to be all he would say. She had felt this proposal coming for weeks, but the scene she had anticipated was not like this one. She had thought to refuse him; but it was to be accomplished gracefully. She was to re-

"Not if you were Premier of England," interrupted Miss Grant, throwing down her work. "I am hardly accustomed to such insults, sir."

And with these words she passed into the house, slamming the door behind her.

"By George, she is handsome when in a rage," thought Ridley to himself after she was gone, as he slowly folded up his newspaper. "I was a fool to tantalize her so. I shall never win her that way. But I'll have her," he said aloud, "as sure as my name is Ridley Walter Thorburn."

Pacing up and down the path leading to the little landing-place, Thorburn had different feelings to those of a few moments ago when receiving his refusal from the woman he loved. For he loved Dottie Grant with all his heart. The real difficulty in the way, as he half suspected, was not so much with himself, as with his limited bank account. Dot Grant had an insuperable objection to an empty wallet. The daughter of a Canadian lumber king, she had been denied nothing. Their summer home on the Maganetawan, was one of luxury. From her girlhood days in Toronto she had had pin-money enough in a week to pay



Another View of the Chateau, Quebec City.

main firm, even to his most eager pleadings. She was to have told him that though respecting his manly worth and high character, she could never be more than an appreciative and warm friend. She had intended to shed a few tears as he knelt entreating at her side. But instead he had asked her the simple question, and on being answered, had plunged at once into his newspaper, as though he had merely asked the time of day. She could have cried with vexation.

"You never had a better chance," he continued after a pause, as he deliberately turned over the sheets to find the last arrivals.

"A better chance for what?" she asked shortly.

"A better chance to marry a young handsome man, whose gallantry to the sex is but one of his many noble qualities."

Ridley was quoting from his paper, though Miss Grant did not suspect it.

"And whose egotism is only exceeded by his impudence," retorted Dot, sarcastically.

"It will not be long," continued Ridley, "till you will be out of the market; your chances, you know, are getting slimmer every day."

"Sir!"

"It won't be long till you will be on the shelf. You will grow old and gray and —"

"Such rudeness to a lady is monstrous," exclaimed Miss Grant, rising and flushing to her temples.

"I'll give you a last chance. Dot. Will you mar—?"

Ridley's whole bills for a month. She had no idea of changing her place for one of less comfort and independence; and, besides this, it had been told her that a neighboring gentleman of old English aristocratic lineage, looked upon her with covetous eyes. Certainly he was wrinkled, old and ugly; but he was rich, and in her present mercenary state of mind Miss Dottie Grant did not desire such a chance of becoming a wealthy widow to slip by unimproved.

But, alas for human nature! If Dot was really so indifferent to Ridley Thorburn, why did she rush upstairs and take the starch out of one of those pretty clean pillow shams with her tears? It was not all pique. Away deep down in Dot's heart was a feeling very much like remorse. She was not sure but that she would be sorry, and that after all there were worse situations than Ridley Thorburn's wife.

"But, oh," she cried, flushing with the thought, "he was so rude, so insulting, I could never live with him. Never!"

Meantime Ridley had continued down the path of the river. The Maganetawan was high after the fall rains and nearly filled its banks. The rushing waters, with their stray logs, flowed swiftly on to the Georgian Bay. Now, it happened that Dot, by a curious coincidence, also resolved to look at the river. She dried her tears, and putting on her hat, slipped out the back door, to avoid meeting Ridley, soon found herself at the foot of a large pine on the edge of the bank overlooking the river. Throwing herself at its roots, she was soon lulled into a day dream by the babbling of the

rapid flood beneath. To one who knew the action of the swift waters of the northern regions of Canada, this would have been the last resting place to be sought. Indeed, to Dot it almost proved to be this, in another and very different sense. A terrible crash made chaos of her dreams, the ground slipping beneath, the tall pine tottered and fell; and Miss Dot Grant found herself suddenly immersed in the cold flood, with her mouth full of muddy water. In a moment more somebody's arm was around her and she herself lifted up and placed somewhere in the sunshine, though she knew not where. Opening her eyes, she found Ridley Thorburn's mustache brushing her face.

"Well?"

"Well?"

"Where am I?" asked Dot, shivering and looking about her.

"You are in the middle of the Maganetawan," replied Ridley Thorburn. "You are among the limbs of a pine tree, and you are on a voyage to Byng Inlet and the Georgian Bay, just as fast as the river can carry you."

"How did you come here?"

"Just the same way as yourself, Miss Grant. You, the tree and all, to say nothing of a portion of your father's lawn, which I am afraid is lost to him forever"

Dot was silent. She was thinking, not of the accident, but her appearance when she was lying asleep on the grass.

There was no help for it evidently—and Dot was again silent; quite content apparently to remain in Ridley's arms. For once in her life she was dependent on man.

"I am especially anxious to go to Byng Inlet," continued the undaunted Ridley, "because there is a young lady I know residing there, and I have some intention of inviting her into this neighborhood."

"Oh!"

"If we don't go as far as the Inlet, if we should get out of this scrape, I shall write to her to come at any rate."

"Ah!"

"I shall obtain board for her at Burk's Falls, which will be convenient for her as long as I remain your father's guest. I can paddle up the river every morning after breakfast, you see."

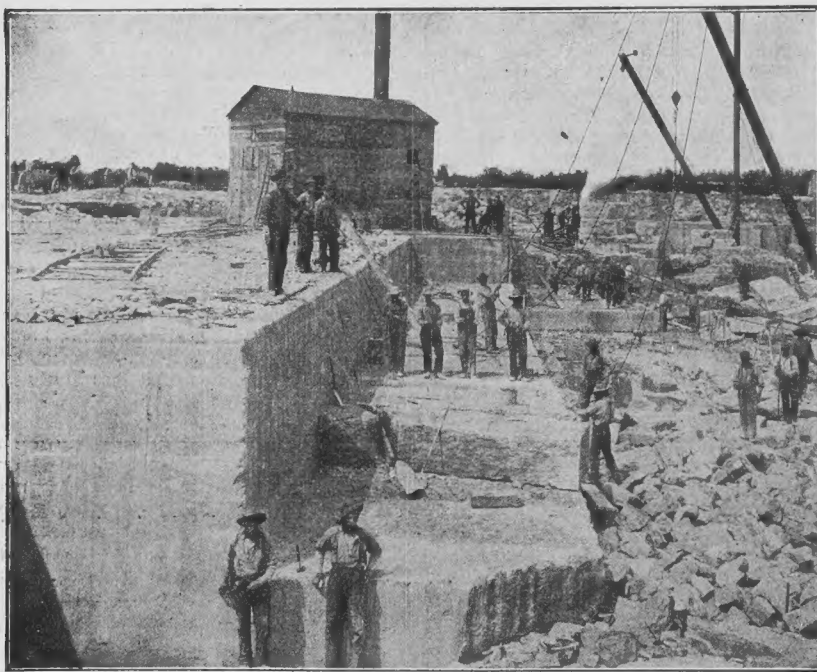
"She is a very dear friend, surely," said Dot.

"I expect to marry her before long," he replied.

"Marry her? Why, Ridley Thorburn, you proposed to me this morning."

"Yes, and you refused. I told you then it was your last chance."

Dot was again silent. It is true that a great change had come over her. It is a question whether had Ridley again asked her, as he sat straddled of that pine log, if Dot would not have accepted him. She felt as though that one strong arm around her was worth a hundred old decrepit millionaires. She recog-



A Manitoba Stone Quarry.

"How long were you there before this happened?" she asked.

"As long as you were. I was up in the tree when you came."

"You had no right to be there," she said, coloring. "A spy upon my movements."

"Nonsense!" he replied. "You intruded upon my privacy, and while you were sleeping, I watched over you like a sweet cherub aloft."

"Thank you for the service; so good of you," she replied shortly.

"You snore so awfully —"

"Mr. Thorburn, remove your arm from my waist!"

"Then, put your arms about my neck."

"I'll do no such thing, sir."

"Then you will fall into the river, that's all."

Dot was silent for several minutes, while the great tree rocked to and fro in its course, threatening every instant to turn completely over, and tip them off. At length she said:

"What are we to do?"

"I think now I am started, I will go on to Byng Inlet," Ridley replied.

"To Byng Inlet?" exclaimed Dot.

"It's a hundred miles."

"Yes, and the chance of a free passage such a long distance is an opportunity not to be lost. You can go ashore if you wish it."

She burst into tears. "You are so cruel!" she said, "to treat me like this."

"Cruel!" exclaimed Ridley, in mock surprise, at the same time he curiously enough drew her closer to himself.

"Cruel to you?"

nized, too, that a man who, while realizing their perilous position, could talk so coolly, was a man of no ordinary bravery. Yet Dot could not yet give up her golden dreams. Even at this time of danger she half suspected Ridley of twisting the truth to suit his own ends.

The great tree rocked in the rough water; at times its spreading roots would catch on the bank and swing the end round, half submerging the two in the swift current. They were gradually losing their hold, through the cold water chilling them; and every sway of the log threatened to cast them into the river again. Their course was so rapid that their cries for help were hopeless.

Yet Dot felt strangely safe as she lay in Ridley's arms. Was it possible she loved him, and it needed the shadow of death to bring it home to her wayward heart? Thinking, she fell asleep through sheer exhaustion. When she awoke the stars were out and she was warm and almost comfortable. Raising her head, she found Ridley's coat about her.

"Ridley!"

"Well, Dot?"

"You have taken your own coat to cover me, and you are freezing."

"No," said the ever tactful Ridley, "it was so awfully hot," and he wiped imaginary perspiration off his brow.

"Have I been asleep long?"

"I should think about two hours. We are nearing the shore now, near Depot Farm, I rather think."

"Shall we be saved?"

"I am sure I don't know, little girl."



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WRITE FOR DESCRIPTIVE BOOKLET

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Put your arms around my neck, for I am going to take mine away."

Dot didn't hesitate this time. She clasped her arms about him, and laid her head upon his shoulder. In the darkness Ridley didn't know that she kissed his shirt bosom.

"Hold tighter now, Dot, just for your life," he cried, and as the log gradually approached the shore and as it shot under the branches of an over-hanging tree, Ridley grasped the boughs, and pulled with all his might.

The headlong course of the log was checked. Ridley, however, had grasped the immense branch, and with Dot clinging to him, gained a place of safety among the boughs.

"That's a scrape we are well out of," said he, as he regained his breath. "Now, where are we? is the next thing."

He looked around him. Away in the distance a light glimmered through the trees. Descending from their perch, they gained the ground, and Ridley, carrying the helpless Dot, started for the forest home. It proved to be a lumberman's log house, and whose hospitality was unbounded in proportion to his means.

They drove back through the lodge road to the Grant home far up the river. The morning was bright and clear. Dot was silent almost for the first few miles, and Ridley seemed taken up with his own thoughts. At length Dot broke the silence.

"Ridley!" she said.

"What?"

"You have saved my life, haven't you?"

"Happy to do it again any day," said he, hardly knowing what to reply.

"I wish to thank you so much."

"Quite welcome, Dot, I'm sure."

There was another long silence, broken only by the rustle of the wind through the tamarack, and the noise of the water of the Maganetawan a few hundred yards away. Ridley himself seemed to have lost his usual composure, for he kept the whip in constant motion, and jerked at the reins nervously.

"Ridley!"

"What?"

"Are you going to write that young lady in Bying Inlet?"

"I suppose so."

"Hadn't you—better—try — again — before — you write?"

Ridley turned towards her. "Try again! Try what?"

"I've been thinking during the night, and—perhaps—if you asked me the same question you did yesterday morning—I might answer a little different."

Dot's head went against Ridley's shoulder, and her face was lost to view.

"My own darling," Ridley exclaimed, "I never intended to do anything else. But when did you find out you loved me, dear?"

"I have never changed it—I loved you all the time."

And so Mrs. Ridley Thorburn tells that she found her husband "on a log."

The 1911 Na-Dru-Co Almanac.

Beside the regular solar and lunar tables, which have been worked out separately for the different provinces, the 1911 Na-Dru-Co. Almanac contains a great deal of valuable and interesting information.

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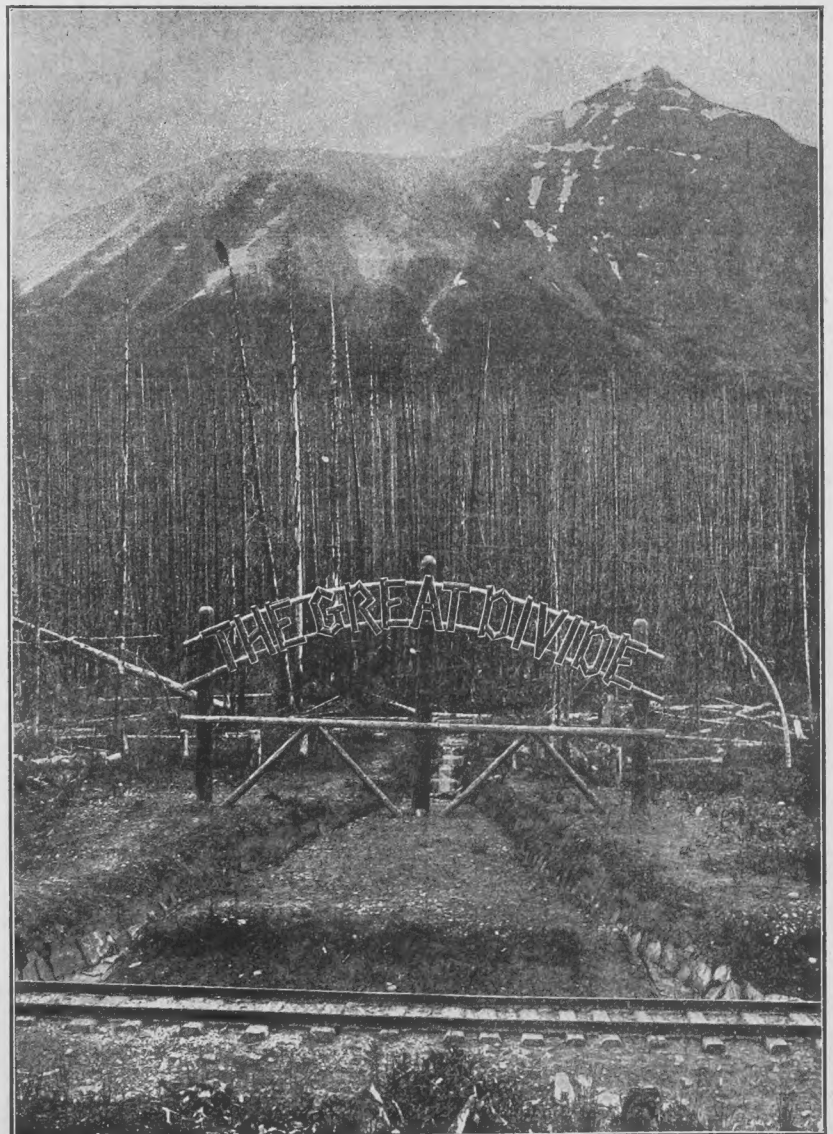
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Beyond the World.

By Billie Burt, Winnipeg.



IT had been a sultry day—the sun sank to rest—the heavy evening dew fell—then the moon rose and the little stars twinkled. Not a leaf stirred, not a sound was heard—all Nature was still.

Down a narrow pathway was a little cottage, hidden in the trees. The window was open—an oil-lamp with a very much fly-speckled shade stood on the table near the window. A few feet away a wooden cot stretched its frail frame. Beside the bed sat an old darky-woman, the tears streaming down her black face. In low sweet tones she crooned a lullaby.

"Listen, don't you heah dem bells? Mammy, dey aw callin' me," whispered the little girl.

Her dark eyes became glassy, and the sombre skin took on a pallor.

The night wore away—while the breath of life grew shorter. Suddenly a little gasp—and the child breathed no more. Only the ticking of the clock was heard, and poor old Mammy's broken sobs.

That night at the same hour in the far, far North, the land of snow and ice, in a small hut, a group of Esquimaux were gathered around the bedside of a dying woman. Twelve months previous death had knocked at the same door and claimed for its victim the father.

In their native tongue, by the flickering whale-oil light, in a deep resonant voice, a Missionary read passages from the little Book. When he had finished the chapter, he carefully laid the book upon the table. Then he looked into the kind eyes of those isolated people for whom he had given up so much. His face, pained with sympathy, touched them one and all.

Then he led them in the beautiful hymn "Nearer my God to Thee." Their very souls reflected in their lustrous eyes as they sang so soft and low; and while they sang a feverish hand moved, and a smile came over the dear face parched with fever.

In the corner slept a tiny boy with a chubby face, oily skin and a mass of jet-black hair. The women gazed with loving eyes upon the little form that knew not of the shadow cast across his sunny path.

The fourth verse beginning: "Then with my waking thoughts" broke upon the air; and a pair of bead-like eyes opened. The baby voice called the name of mother; but never an answer came. It was too late.

Outside the hut all was silent for the wind could never moan through the pine trees; the hooting of the owl could never be heard, only perhaps at times the wind blowing across the plains of snow and ice, broke Nature's silence in that country of the far North.

Far, far across the seas in a land of beauty, rose the mountains, their snow-white peaks gazing into the heavens above. The moon threw its silvery light upon the opalescent summit of the mountain range. Down the slopes the wind whistled through the pine trees. Still farther in the valley below, slumbered the village.

In the shadow of a great crevasse nestled a chalet. The moaning of the wind through the cracks and crevices awakened its occupant. He opened the door and listened. Was it a human cry he heard? Perhaps some one was in danger. Again he paused—way, way in the distance the hooting of an owl made the night more weird.

The door was closed, but in a minute or two it again opened. Into the night a man stepped forth, a rope in one hand and an alpinestock in the other. On his back a knapsack rested. With great skill he quickly climbed a precipitous height. Again a wait—yes, he heard someone call his name. With greater eagerness he made his way upward. Ah!

how often had he climbed. For years, since he was a boy, when he used to go with his father over the mountains. Many, many times had he led searching parties over the dangerous heights. Another step he took—his heavy nailed boots seemed to slip—one more, and the ledge in the rock upon which he had entrusted his weight, broke away. Down, down into the shadowy depths below, the "Outer man" was hurled, while the "Inner" soared higher and higher.

Not a cry was heard; the voice ceased to call. All Nature was wrapt in a death-like silence, save the moaning of the wind in the pine trees.

That night in a great City, within the walls of a Palace, in the royal chamber, a King, beloved, honored and respected by the whole world, surrounded by his loved ones, sank into Eternity. Beside the bed knelt the Queen. Nobly she bore the sorrow thrust upon her; a sorrow cast upon a Nation of Nations. As nobly as he lived, did he die a King. The end of a life lived for his people, for humanity, had come.

Outside of the Palace gates an eager watching crowd waited. A statement had already been issued that no more bulletins would be posted that night; but in spite of the fact they waited. Ladies and gentlemen in evening dress drove up. A stream of motors and carriages blocked the way. The same question was on everyone's lips, the same inquiring look on every face: "How is our King?" Obtaining little or no information from the bystanders, some slowly passed on; while others waited—they knew not why.

A gentle fall of rain made the scene more pathetic.

Suddenly in solemn tones the words came to the faithful waiting subjects: "The King is Dead." Those four solemn words spoken by one of the members of the Royal Household, stunned the waiting crowd. Then every man's hat was lifted, from the shabby, faded holey one to the black silk high-hat. For a minute all men were equal; all shared their one great sorrow; then they passed into the night on their different ways, for the living called them.

At last the great City slumbered, only to awaken to the realization of its loss at the dawn of day.

At the same hour four spirits were wafled on high.

Thousands of miles below, the world like a tiny ball became fainter and fainter.

"How pure the air! Hark! what is that? Sweet music! How beautiful the voices! Listen! I hear the voice of one who loved me on earth, in that far away world of the past.

"See! a King, a man, a woman and child enter. All are gown'd in robes of white. Look! They stand before the Heavenly King of Kings. He places a golden crown of Everlasting Happiness upon each head.

"Am I too late?" enquired the wandering spirit sadly.

And a voice answered, "Come."

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Father and the Runaway Sailor.

By Mrs. William G. Matheson, Port Morien, C.B., N.S.



It was a dismal rainy day in the latter part of October. Drip, drip, went the slanting downpour, and little gusts of a complaining wind whined through the branches of the

"Balm o' Gileads."

The fallen leaves, wet and gray, were blown hither and yon, reminding one of weird ghosts, phantoms of the dear departed summer.

Inside the house was cheerful enough. A fire burned in our cosy sitting room where Mother, Nora and I sat at work. Mother placidly stitching quilt squares; Nora, cutting out more squares; while I was sewing too, or pretending, I scarcely knew which. At any rate, I was holding my work in my hands. But the "spirit of unrest," always with me in dreary weather, was this day especially troublesome.

A dozen times I walked to the window and looked out. A dozen times I dropped spool and scissors to the floor with a

jingling clang. I envied Mother her peaceful face and untiring industry.

Father was out in the kitchen, shoe-mending. He was a fairly good amateur "cobbler," and his rainy days were usually devoted to the repairing of foot-wear.

Jack, my brother, was out at the barns repairing something in anticipation of fast coming winter.

At last I just groaned out aloud, "Oh, dear! I can't sew any more. I feel as though I was haunted, and oh, how it does rain!"

"Then," cried Nora, "for pity's sake go away somewhere. You make one nervous with your uneasy ways."

"I think I will," I answered, for a brilliant idea had just come to me. "I'll go make a call on father."

Nora turned to mother with a solemn expression on her face.

"I always said that some dark, pouring day like this would be her finish."

Hush!" I said, "not so loud. I mean this. I am serious. I am going to visit father dressed in the character of a runaway sailor. I'll put on some of Jack's clothes, go around to the back door and knock. Gray twilight will soon be closing in, the kitchen will be getting dim; father wears glasses, and he won't be suspicious, anyhow. Let tea wait until I am out again safe. Jack's movements I must run the risk of."

Mother laughed softly. "Father will know you right off. If I were you I wouldn't."

And Nora was nearly in fits over what she called my "conceit."

"Never mind all that now," I said. "Come help me dress," and I ran upstairs followed by my giggling sister.

I was soon ready. I turned the pants up at the bottom of the legs, and the sleeves of the old blue reefer jacket up underneath—not too short—I did not want my hands to give me away, as they did once before (but that belongs to another story). So I left my sleeves as long as I dared to. Then I grimed both face and hands, for, as Nora said, while she never ceased dancing around me, "Best not to look too clean. A poor sailor, dodging from justice and sleeping anywhere at night, wouldn't be expected to bestow much attention to his toilet."

I put my hair up under an old flop straw hat, and eluding a kick—bestowed upon me by way of a parting blessing—I ran downstairs, out at the front door, and around the house.

As I passed the kitchen window—stooping to avoid being seen—I could hear the tap, tap of the shoe hammer descending upon leather. At the door I stopped a little uncertainly. Poor father! Why should I treat him in this absurd way? The kindest father a girl ever possessed. Then I hardened my heart and rapped—a weak, wobbly sort of rap.

I heard the great "cobble stone" slide down on the floor with a thud, then footsteps crossing the inner doorway out into the small porch. Then father opened the door.

He peered at me sharply over the top of his glasses, but I did not wait for my courage to cool.

"Good evening, sir," I said in a mumbly voice. "I have run away from the barque Mary Ellen. She is in D—Harbor (naming a port some twenty miles distant). I have been lying low all day on account of the rain, but I got so cold, I thought I would come and ask leave to warm myself for just a few minutes."

"Come on in," replied father, leading the way, and I slunk along after him, my head bent low. I sat down on the first chair I came to, then drew it up close to the stove and crouched over, pretending to shiver.

Father shovelled in some more coal, then went back to his work, for which I was extremely thankful, as it took him a distance away.

"Are you wet?" he enquired. "This has been a bad day."

"No, sir, I answered. "I sheltered where the trees are close and thick. Not a drop came near me."

"Are you hungry?" he asked, resuming the beating of his leather.

"No, thank you, sir," I replied. "I stowed away a good bit of food about me before I left. I have plenty to last until I reach S— (another port some miles further on). I thought this hat would make me look like a farmer; the cook brought it on board one day. I daresay he stole it, so when I was coming away I just brought it along."

Father was looking at me very gravely—I could feel his eyes—but I was sure from his manner that there was no recognition in that gaze. I knew also he never approved of sailors running away from their ships, but he was easily melted by a sad story.

"What made you leave?" he asked. "Cross captain, a crosser mate, and bad victuals not fit to feed a dog on. Besides, I wanted to get away from this coast for the winter," I said.

I was getting anxious to get out now before any "complications" set in. So I got up and moved towards the door. "Thank you for the warm, I feel much better, and I must get back to my shelter before dark."

"Better have some more lunch to take with you," said father. "You might run



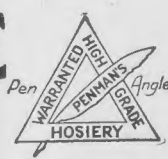
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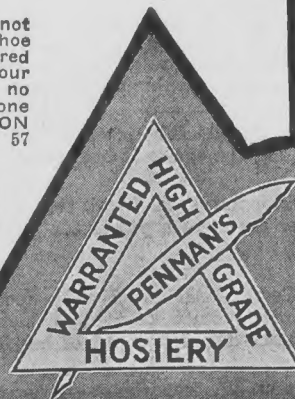
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short, I'll call the mistress to put you up something more."

I hesitated, fearing Jack might come in. I dreaded his prying eyes. Then I thought, "I will risk it. Mother will help me, trust her for that."

So she came out, spoke kindly to me, listened to father's explanation, went into the pantry, and filled a paper bag with cakes, which she put into my hands.

I was getting bolder now, and with reckless audacity I seized mother by the arm and pronounced this blessing upon her:

"May the Saints preserve you, madam! May St. Peter take you under his especial protection! May you live to be very old! May your children, grandchildren and their children rise up and call you blessed! And if ever I forget your goodness to a poor runaway, may my bones rot in Davy Jones's locker for ever.—Amen!"

Then I dropped her arm and turned to go.

I can shut my eyes and see the picture now.

Father, sitting among his leather parings, grasping the huge "cobble-stone" in one hand while the other clenched the trusty hammer. What if he should attack me, under the impression that the poor, forlorn sailor was a madman! Mother was "game," though; she never even blinked an eyelash. Then Jack entered! I held my head down and slipped past him into the porch, trusting to the gathering darkness. Then, standing in the gloom, my hand on the door knob ready to turn it and fly, if need be, I turned and faced him. Father told him about me, and Jack stood and chatted with me from the inner doorway. Talked!—to his sister!—as if I were in reality a poor homeless wanderer. Jack, my smart, wide-awake brother! Cool, observant, "I-am-never-to-be-deceived" Jack! Truly, some things are not what they seem!"

He wanted me to sleep in the wood shed. It was going to be very cold sleeping out of doors tonight.

I thanked him. I said "I must be on my road early tomorrow morning, and I wished to run no risk of being taken. I would curl down among the bushes and be comfortable enough."

Then I opened the door went along the path to the back gate, went through and walked along until out of sight. Then I sat down unobserved from the house. I heard Jack go out whistling to the barn, for it was now chore time. Father would be putting away his mending kit, mother and Nora would prepare tea, so I re-entered the gate, ran around to the front door, in and upstairs, where I rearranged myself leisurely. Presently, Nora called, "Tea is ready!" and I went down, to find them gathering at the table and discussing father's caller.

"Poor fellow," said father, "how grateful he was for the cakes, and what a funny benediction he said over Mother!"

Nora was nearly consumed to learn the details, but she couldn't talk without choking.

"What did he look like?" I asked, taking my usual place at the tea-table. I was cool enough now, the excitement had all worn out. I had succeeded beyond expectation. That fact rather sobered me.

"I scarcely know," replied father, "he kept his head down so. I didn't care to see him with such a hangdog look."

"He did not want you to make notes of his face," answered Jack. "Poor devil! he might have slept in the kitchen tonight, well enough. I don't suppose he would steal anything."

"But some of you must know what he looked like," I said again. "Was he young or old, handsome or ugly, tall or short?"

"A young-looking chap," said Jack. "Not strong looking and small sized. I couldn't tell much about him; the coat he wore was so big, and that old hat hid his face."

I thought to myself, "So you don't know your own clothes when you see them!" and I thought how very uncomfortable I had been sitting so close to a hot fire with that heavy old reefer on. I very nearly laughed, but I caught myself in time.

"What did he say to Mother?" asked Jack.

Father repeated it as well as he could

remember and they both roared, and Nora spluttered almost convulsively.

"I felt very sorry for him," mother said slowly. "He had a haunted sort of look, as though rainy weather did not suit him."

This was too bad of Mother, for like a pent up flood, Nora's laughter passed all the bounds of reason, and Jack eyed her so curiously that I broke down myself, and the "murder was out."

Jack felt the worst about it. Father enjoys a joke so much that one on himself was better than none at all. And was not Jack fooled, too? That was the sweet drop in the ointment for father. He laughed until he was useless.

"Bless me!" he said when he could speak. "I wish I had found her out before she got clear away; making fun of her old dad like that!"

And I thought in this wise, unto myself. "It is well you did not, oh, my father! Very well indeed—for me."

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37

Weird Ceremonies of a Passing Race.

In British Columbia—Among the Coast Tribes of the Northern Pacific.
By Bonnycastle Dale (Photographs by the Author).

"Can he make it?" asked the lad. "I am afraid not," answered the intently staring Fritz. We stood behind the sheltering glacial deposited boulders and watched the Indian struggle with the elements. He was endeavouring to sail a Fraser River boat around the reef that defined the entrance to the Straits of Juan de Fuca. These coast tribes—Salishan, Nootka, Kwakiutl—have given up the long cedar war canoes of their fathers in favor of the open fishing boat built by alien Japanese on the banks of our greatest river. This West Coast man now beating out so w'ard with all sail

dark-skinned paddlers jockeyed it over wave and through trough and picked up the swimmer much as they would a float for a halibut line.

The lad and I entered our craft and sped north along the sheltered ways. We had seen the evolution of the native sailor, and we much preferred him in his old picturesque canoe. It was some three days after this episode that we entered the sheltered cove on the sandy shores of which a typical Indian village squatted. We marvelled at the huge upright blocks of cedar, carved to represent the clan of the phatry of this tribe. Grotesque faces



Fritz and the Sea Lion.

set on his new craft drove her as he was wont to drive the high-prowed, small-sailed canim that he had hewed and burnt out with white-hot stones.

"His boom is dragging!" cried the lad above the screeching of the gale. Doomed to upturn his craft, but totally ignorant of it, the squat dark figure in the stern still forced the leaping fishing boat right into the lean, hungry waves that spattered him with their foam. Now the fatal wet line was creeping up the huge white sail. At times it flapped in the deep hollows between the combers. Again it reared its white mass on the summit and dashed bellowing down the slope. Now, like a single spoke in a mighty wheel, we saw the mast sweep down, level with the sea, and the next roaring crest showed only the dark form of the Indian battling in its foam, and the white centreboard of the overturned craft. This native was an excellent swimmer, as, indeed, are all these coast men. After a fearful struggle in the heavy sea, we saw a long, high-prowed native canoe creep out. The

of heroic build grinned out their wooden smile and exposed an array of mighty teeth. Truly we were more formidable than they, as when we came into the village all the youngsters fled.

We had planned to learn from these rude, dying faces some of the strange ceremonial that was passing away with them. We pitched our tent on the soil that was formed by a thousand years' deposits of camp debris. Layer upon layer of clam and oyster shells, elk and deer bones, salmon and codfish bones, sea urchin and crab shells, human remains and tools and utensils of bone and copper. All this kitchen midden, as it is called, was lightly covered with a rich black soil that bore a short green grass. Here, where many an ancient skeleton was honeycombing far beneath us, we slept and ate and wrote and photographed. The modern superimposed upon the ancient.

All the long, cool summer night we heard the dull steady beating of the old klootchman (drum-woman); she professed to be a witch doctor. By secret partial payment beforehand, to

A FEELING OF SECURITY

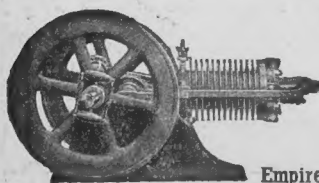
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the traders, she had shown her people that she could buy from the white man at her own terms. Steadily she had fought off the missionary doctor, that she, with many harsh howls and much cedar board beating, much thumping of the poor, dying patient, might still practice her ancient rites and hold her ancient power. Profit she obtained none.

In the dawn of the morning my assistant and I peeped into the shack where the dying man lay. He was prone on the rude platform that surrounded the room. The fir log fire in the centre sent its stream of smoke and sparks upwards to the shake-hole. Its fitful gleams finally illuminated the dark interior sufficiently to allow us to see the bent figure of the old hag literally pounding the sick man. Squatted on the earth floor were the sons and daughters, each industriously beating on boards, tins and native drums.

"Ai—wohl!—Ai—wohl!—Wux—kua!" drolled a low, steady hum. One could scarcely call it singing. In our language, these mourners were most truthfully uttering "Oh, we are sleepy!" Coming as it did out of the

We could not see them carry the box to the platform side. They use a short cedar box, not much more than half as long as the body. Into this they doubled and pressed the lately dead man. He may have been dead when we most rudely intruded our swift gaze. A new blanket enwrapped the body. A stout kelp cord tied the box securely. Another new, spotlessly clean white blanket was wrapped about the box, and before the sun had chased the fog from the seaside clefts the funeral procession was under way. Busy hands were tearing out the window sashes, others seized the clock, two actually bore a small stove. A girl carried a cheaply framed lithograph. We quietly followed this strange procession into the fir grove beside the village. We saw them build a rude grave box to hold the one that contained the body. With all respect, I say it closely resembled a beehive box. Into this they placed the cedar burial case. A rain slant roof was quickly fastened on—a roof made of thin, axe-split cedar shakes. The window frames were stood upright and fastened to supports, and the clock, poor, silent emblem of time—a parody,



"Crushed into a blanket, the body reposed in a draped box far up the tree."

gloom, with the deathlike dawn of another day just creeping slowly up the sky, painting pale grey bars on its indefinite black, it struck us as a chill breath of wind from some great cave is wont to do. Suddenly a dark figure swept past us through the doorway—a figure that bore a shoulder load of white blankets. These are yet in some tribes the sign of wealth, and already, before the breath was all pounded out of the poor body by the kindly but misapplied methods, the eldest daughter was gathering together the death swathing.

Crash! crash! Swiftly falling blows were beating on the inside walls of the house. Soon the keen, double-bitted axe blades cut through and appeared on the outer side. A hole about 3 feet square was soon cut out.

"What's that for?" whispered the lad.

"They never take the body through the door nor window; they are going to bury him in the old tribal way through the death hole."

truly, on this grave scene—was placed on the ground beside the tomb.

To look about us one could not help pitying these poor natives. They have no Manitou in their tribal legends, only great spirits—the thunder bird, the bear, any weird, wild fancy may create a spirit out of the natural beasts and birds and fishes. Here we stood amid their graves. On one a sewing machine rusted its useless wheels; on another a heap of household utensils graphically told that their owner had no more use for them. One undecorated box stood for all that remained of a rich widow's possessions, as, immediately after her death, the neighbors and relatives had deliberately set fire to the house and destroyed all her goods, somewhat after the spirit of destruction seen at some of the gift feasts or potlatches.

"What is in the box in the tree above us?" whispered my assistant.

"Tree burial," I answered. Above us, over the heads of the now busy mourners, well up in the gnarled

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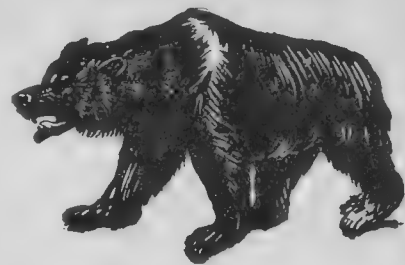
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branches of a hemlock; rested the cedar burial box of some departed Kwakiutl—a similar box to the one we saw pushed through the death-way in the little shack in the village. I found out that it contained the body of a noted hunter and fisher of the tribe.

The remains must have been harshly compressed to get them into so short a box, as the one that rested above us was certainly not more than three feet long.

In a clay digger's excavation near at hand we found the skull of one of the men of an earlier generation. This man was evidently a Salishan, as a village of these people used this place for a fishing camp as far back as the memory of the white people go. You will notice how the cedar board, strapped on in infancy, has flattened the forehead, the slope running right back to the crown. This body had been buried here for ages, as the growth of the red fir trees above it proclaimed. I should estimate these trees to be fully seven hundred years old; in fact, many writers give the

the trees. The young man promised that if the thunder bird would send him back to his village he would make a dance for it forever at the winter ceremonial. Then the eagle carried the young man back to the bathing stream, but his clothes were all dust, so long had they been gone. Then the young man made a ring of cedar and put it on his head. With a mussel shell he skinned a sea lion and made him a blanket. Then for four days he made a dance to the thunder bird and danced it at the winter ceremonial. He carved the eagle on his doorposts."

Thus they invent these grotesque dances and legends.

I once had the pleasure of seeing a band of these coast men dance this, the Thunder Bird Dance. Imagine the scene. A huge cedar-shake house had been erected beside the banks of a swiftly flowing mountain stream, near where it poured into the sea. For three days we had seen bands of men, with faces daubed with paint and smeared with birds' down, going from



An Eagle Totem.

age of our red fir forests as one thousand years.

Many a strange legend these men possess, ones that we gather in snatches from their unwilling lips. Here is one of the eagle, as represented in this eagle totem, the crest of the wolf clan: as they are divided into various secret societies, that use the most grotesque barbaric ceremonies. Each of these tribes have clans, divisions of the societies. Each of these societies have some wild animal as a crest. In fact, separate families often have their own clan and crest—made yesterday, or a hundred years ago.

They use this figure, or crest, in all their rock carvings, cedar carvings.

The Native Improvised Legend of the Eagle (Qu-luk).

"Qu-luk, the eagle, lived in the great forest. The young men went to bathe in the streams and rub themselves with hemlock branches for the winter festival. The eagle flew off with a young man and carried him up to the nest of the thunder bird—so big it filled all

house to house. These were the hosts inviting the guests.

One dark night, when the ocean gales were bending the tall firs, I was returning down a lonely forest trail. Ahead I saw what I took to be a new species of animal, evidently drafted from the land of dreams. I carry no weapons, so I could not harm it. For a head it had a red and blue painted mask of cedar wood most grotesquely carved to represent an eagle. All the body was naked, save for a swathing band of cedar and a much bedecked blanket that flew straight backwards into the darkness. All this I indistinctly saw against the phosphorescence of the sea that spread intermittent flashes along the bordering coast. The man was clearly in a frenzy. They work themselves up to the most hysterical heights. At times he leaped ahead of me; then suddenly he would dash past me and run far up the trail yelling with all his might; the neighboring village could thus tell that the great man was in the process of the making. Really they are very childish. Finally, he

made a dash for the big winter ceremonial house. Do you think he would go in the door? Not he. Up the building's edge he climbed by toe and hand and teeth. Along the ridge he scampered. Into the big smoke hole he swung, and down he dropped, right on top of the fire blazing in the centre of the room beneath. Out of the dust and smoke, with his blanket blazing, he dashed; and it was only the common-sense of one of the tribe who had mingled with the whites, who seized him and smothered the fire, that saved him from being seriously burned; as it was, his naked body had some bad scars.

All this time the secret society, assembled in two lines had been swinging backwards and forwards, their arms thrown wildly aloft. Rush after rush was made towards the fire—a mass of black figures silhouetted on the walls by the blaze, looking like four parties of rushing fiends from where I stood peering in at the door. Then the candidate, he of the blazing blanket, a naked figure transformed into gleaming copper by the

struggling, from him to another. From man to man he leaped, a wriggling figure that sent a shower of white down out of his crazy mask at every bound, then, leaping and shouting, he darted past me out of the door, back to his solitary sojourn in the woods. Tomorrow night would see him a fully initiated member of this most weird, ridiculous society.

Other tribes along this coast have marine mammals as crests. They fashion wood and whalebone figures to represent these. These household idols are not as gods, nor are they worshipped, as these people have no form of worship; they are used as totems, carved on poles before the house or on the door posts. They are carved into the cedar chest, on the food bowls, on the ceremonial masks. One is the killer whale, as seen in the illustration. A wood dance is invented for this animal. To represent the whale these sons of nature had formed a platform of cedar logs; this they had floated, and so nicely laden with stones that the weight of the candidate submerged it,



Another kind of Totem.

changeable flashing of the fire, danced his new forest-learned dance; every step and figure and motion invented during his four days of enforced seclusion. I have seen many tribes on this continent at their native dances, but this was the most astounding dance I have ever witnessed—a series of ground and lofty tumbling, arm waving, all most foolish in the extreme.

Then the budding member of the wolf clan sang his weird song; it was in the Kwakwaka'wakw tongue. One line will suffice: "Qa-lusk ko-a la-le-a" ("The eagle that is on the top"—of, I suppose, "the tree or the earth").

For an hour I watched this mazy line rush and leap and cry. At times each and every living one of them was "as crazy" as a loon (although I well know in my natural history work that a loon is anything but crazy. Around and about, forward and backward they weaved and wove; and, like a loose bit of machinery in some complicated mass, the candidate ever and anon sprang up above the dead level of the black bobbing heads. At last, with a shout more demoniac than human, he darted on to the back of a man, was pushed,

and when he appeared poling this around the point, and later, when the line from a canoe was attached to it, he really seemed to be borne along by some submarine creature. Endless dances as usual ensued; much feasting—all a good plan to help to pass the rainy days of the winter season.

My boyish assistant was so deeply impressed with all the odd customs that we saw among the tribes that he was constantly rehearsing them. This may interest some of my younger readers too.

See the lad with the ugly Nootka mask on. He regularly tried to instil courage into the native youngsters. Their minds were filled with horrid visions of boy-eating thunder birds and child-swallowing killer whales and sea lions. Many of the ceremonies they had witnessed had ended in the slight shedding of human blood by self-inflicted torture or by the candidate hysterically biting some of the ringside spectators. These masks were hidden away all the year, so to these children they were unusual sights.

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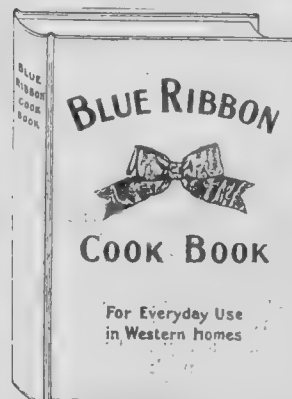
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The Heart of Jonas Rundle.

By Florence T. Robinson, Edwin, Man.



JONAS RUNDLE came into the clean kitchen with his usual heavy step. "Supper ready, Marthy?" he asked, as he hung his straw hat on its accustomed peg.

"No," said Martha. "I've got two more pancakes to fry; and don't you take any water out o' th' kettle, I ain't steeped the tea yet."

Jonas grunted. "Why didn't you start the job sooner?" he asked casually, "I've got to give the brindle cow some medicine, an' I may as well do it right away," and he reached his hat down again and tramped away. Marthy placed two knives under the pancake she was cooking and dexterously flopped it over.

"What's the use o' trying to do anything?" she muttered, discontentedly. "There's no pleasing some folks. I thought Jonas liked pancakes better than anything for supper, an' I've 'most broke my back slavin' over these, an' all the thanks I get is 'Why didn't I start 'em sooner?' It's only ten minutes after six, anyway." She shooed away an inquisitive hen, and taking the teapot, walked across the kitchen to the cupboard for tea. As she passed the door of the living room Jonas's old mother began singing in a cracked falsetto, "I want to be an angel, and with the angels stand."

bage the last time we had pancakes, Gran," contradicted Martha. "That was the day before."

The old woman peered at her with a pair of beady eyes.

"I don't care," she retorted. "Twasn't the pancakes made me sick," she repeated obstinately, and Martha sighed and contemplated the certainty of having to get up and hunt for camphor and hot flannels in the middle of the night, as she watched the second pancake and syrup disappear into the toothless mouth with surprising celerity. Like many more old people who have never suffered much from dyspepsia, old Mrs. Rundle thought she could eat anything, a belief that was fraught with disastrous consequences to her internal anatomy.

When Martha had washed the dishes and straightened the room, she asked with some hesitation, as Jonas was putting on his coat, "Can you help me with the milkin' tonight, Jonas?"

"Haven't time," he replied. "Them ewes is too warm in the shed, and one o' the lambs died last night; I've got to knock out some boards and let the air in a bit more. I'd put 'em outside, only the wolves would be after 'em."

"Of course," said Martha bitterly to herself, "he thinks more of the sheep than he does of me." It never occurred to her that possibly she herself was somewhat unreasonable.



A Rural Home.

"Humph!" muttered Martha, "I almost wish you was one." She felt out of sorts with everything and everybody, including herself. The old lady was not the least of her trials, she thought bitterly. It was nothing but hard work on the homestead, and Jonas was unappreciative. She had tried to help him in every way and now she was getting tired of it, she thought fiercely, she would not put up with it much longer. She flapped the last pancake into the plate with a vicious jerk, hung up the pan and went into the inner room to set the table.

"Ain't supper late tonight, Marthy?" said the old woman, querulously.

"Only ten minutes," said Martha shortly, "Put your knitting away, Gran, and go and wash your hands."

The old woman hobbled away obediently. She was half childish and wholly troublesome in consequence. If Martha did not keep her occupied in knitting stockings she would get into some mischief or other under the impression that she was making herself useful.

Presently Jonas came in again, and the three sat down to the well spread table. Jonas was silent and preoccupied, Martha was sulky, and the old lady was more bent upon eating than talking.

"I wouldn't eat another pancake, if I was you, Mother," remarked Jonas, as his mother reached for the dish. "You know the time Marthy had with you the last time you et pancakes."

"Twasn't the pancakes made me sick," asserted the old woman shrilly, "Twas the corn beef an' cabbage; I never did like corn beef an' cabbage."

"We didn't have corn beef and cab-

in truth she was worn out. The monotony and sombreness of her life was beginning to tell upon her. If only Jonas had seemed to be appreciative, to give her some little credit for what she did; but he never appeared to think that she had much work to do. He had said once that she had no children to make work for her. But that made it all the harder. If only the baby had lived, the little baby boy that they had kept only for one year and then had to give up. She sobbed tearlessly, and snatching up the milk pail, ran out to the yard where the four mild eyed cows were waiting in dumb patience to be relieved of their loads. From the calf pasture came plaintive bawlings as the small things scented supper. A belated hen and chickens came scurrying from the bush to their coop. The sound of hammering came from the sheep pen. In the outer enclosure the ewes and half grown lambs lay around. Everywhere about her was motherhood, and she was a mother herself, yet childless. If only Jonas had seemed to care it might be more bearable; but Jonas never mentioned the baby, and Martha did not know whether he remembered anything concerning the child or not.

She finished the milking and put up the bars into the pasture field. Then she separated the milk, mixed the calf feed and took it out to the eager recipients; washed the separator and pails; put away the cream, and then went out to shut up the chicken house and coops. She came back to find Granny Rundle fast asleep in her chair, and the two kittens tangled up in the ball of yarn which they had rolled all over the floor and around the table and chairs.

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W. SMITH GRUBBER CO., Smith Sta. La Crescent, Minn.

The next morning Jonas surprised her by remarking that he was going to town.

"Why," she said, "you went to town twice last week, and there's the hay; 'sposin' it should rain, the hay ain't more than half coiled yet."

"I don't think it'll rain," said Jonas. "Anyway, I've got to go to town today and the hay kin take its chanst."

Martha said no more. If Jonas did not wish to tell her what the business was that took him to town, she did not want to know. But she felt miserable. It seemed to her as if only something out of the ordinary could take a man twenty miles to town three times within a few days, and what that something was she could not conjecture.

She laid out Jonas' clothes, and packed a few sandwiches in a lunch box. It was a long time since she had been to town. Not since they had had the baby photographed, she thought, with an ache at her heart. Granny could not be left alone, and she could not stand the long drive, so Martha was tied to home. But she did long to go; she wanted so much to buy a silver photo frame for the baby's picture. But not for worlds would she have told her wish to Jonas. He had said something about buying a new plow, which he needed badly for the fall plowing. Perhaps that was what he was going for.

He kissed her quietly and climbed into the buggy. She watched him down the lane and round the bend in the road, and then went in to take up the daily round of duties which seemed so heavy.

she would do hers as far as she could see it. She went into the kitchen and got her own and Granny's sunbonnets. As she passed a calendar hanging on the wall she glanced at the date and an icy chill passed over her heart. It was her birthday, and Jonas had given her no word of greeting. Well it was of no consequence, it was of a piece with the rest of his conduct lately.

She returned to the sitting room where Granny was sitting alternately knitting and dozing.

"Come, Gran," said Martha, "I'm going into the hay meadow, and it will do you good to come along too."

"Ay," said Granny, waking up with a start, and taking her sunbonnet, which she perched on her head hind side before. "What are you going to do?"

"I'm afraid it's goin' to rain, and I must get the hay coiled," replied Martha, setting the sunbonnet straight.

"All right, I'll come and help you," said the old lady, scrambling up.

"You won't be much help," retorted her daughter-in-law, with some little contempt.

"Why not?" said Granny with spirit. "I built haycocks lots o' times when I was a gel."

"That's a pretty good while ago. You are an old woman now, you know," said Martha.

"I ain't so very old, only eighty-five," retorted Granny, in an aggrieved tone. "Where's Jonas?" she cried suddenly, peering around as they reached the yard.

"Gone to town," said Martha shortly. "What's he gone to town fer? He



Kakabeka Power Station, near Fort William, Ontario.

But somehow she did not feel quite so despondent. Perhaps it was Jonas' kiss; and yet he always kissed her when he went away. Whatever it was, her heart was somewhat lighter. Granny was especially fractious that morning, probably owing to the pancakes. After dinner, Martha noticed a heavy bank of clouds on the horizon, and looked anxiously at the hay in the meadow.

"It ought to be coiled," she said to herself. She could do it, but why should she? Jonas did not expect it, and if she did do this extra and heavy work she would get no thanks for it. It might not rain after all, and if it did the hay would not hurt much unless the down-pour was great. Jonas had said that he wanted to stack the hay the day after tomorrow, and if it was wet he could not do so.

"Well," said Martha, "he should have done his work instead of goin' to town. He didn't have no need to go today, as I kin see."

She went into the house and sat down to do some sewing, but she could not silence the insistent voice within her that kept urging her to help Jonas by coiling the hay. The clouds were nearer by this time and began passing over the face of the sun and sending shadows across the fields of bright green grain. Martha could stand it no longer. It had become almost second nature with her to do whatever had to be done, and she found it impossible to sit down now and neglect an obvious duty.

She arose determinedly. The hay should not be spoiled through any fault of hers; if Jonas neglected his duty

went twice last week. I wish his father was here; he wouldn't ha' let him go trollopin' an' traipsin' to town with all that hay layin' around."

The idea of a little wizened old man preventing stalwart Jonas from doing anything he saw fit to do struck Martha as so funny that she laughed. Whereupon Granny cackled in sympathy.

Like most old mothers she could not realize that Jonas, the youngest of ten, was a man, had been a man for a good many years. He was always a boy to her.

By this time they had reached the hay meadow, and Granny started pitching hay vigorously, cackling shrilly. But in two minutes she sat down panting in the shade of a big tree.

"You take the fork, an' when you're tired I'll do some more," she remarked. But there was to be no more work for Granny that afternoon, for she fell fast asleep, and Martha covered her with a big shawl she had brought for some such contingency.

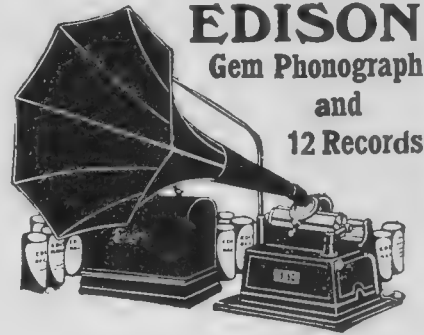
All the afternoon Martha toiled at her self-imposed task, sometimes in the full glare of the Manitoba sun, at others in the grateful shade of a flying cloud, which came in thicker and darker battalions each hour.

Coil after coil was built strong and true, and at last all was done, and she could go home in peace, knowing that the hay was safe for a time at least.

After supper she made the old lady go to bed, despite the latter's wish to sit up and "give Jonas a piece o' her mind."

Jonas could not get home before dark, and, in fact, it was nearly eleven o'clock

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FRANK L. BENEDICT & CO., Montreal

before she heard his "Whoa, there, Maude!" out in the yard. She put on her sunbonnet, and taking the lantern, hurried out into the heavy starless night. Fitful flashes of forked lightning on the horizon betokened the coming of a summer storm, but, as yet, the rain had held off.

Jonas took the lantern from her. "There's some parcels in the buggy," he said. "Take 'em inside, will you, Marthy? Never mind the big one, though, I'll bring that, it's glass."

Martha went and took out the parcels of groceries and a basket or two of fruit. She glanced curiously at the large, flat bundle propped carefully on the seat. What did Jonas want with glass? she wondered, and they were large panes, too. However, she supposed he would tell her, and if not, well, it did not matter anyway.

She made some coffee and put the things he liked for a late supper on the table. Presently, his heavy step sounded on the porch outside, and she opened the door. He came in with the large parcel and laid it carefully on the table. Then Martha noticed what the darkness

"Oh, Jonas," was all she could say, "It's beautiful, it's the little darling himself."

"I made sure you'd like it," said her husband. "Many a time when I seen you looking at the photo I wished I could get it enlarged and framed, but I didn't know where to take it to till I seen an advertisement of a company that did such work. So I took one of the photos 'bout a month ago, and they said they'd get it done by today for sure, and I went twice about it for fear it wouldn't be done for your birthday. You took it so hard when little Jonas died that I was 'most afraid to mention him, and when you looked at the little photo with such hungry eyes, I could ha' gone away an' cried."

Poor Jonas! Martha realized how her husband had felt, and she had thought him heartless! Manlike, he had suffered in silence and concealed his grief, while she had wept and bewailed, fearful lest he add to her pain.

And the picture! She devoured it again with her eyes.

"But, Jonas," she ventured, "hasn't it cost a lot of money?"

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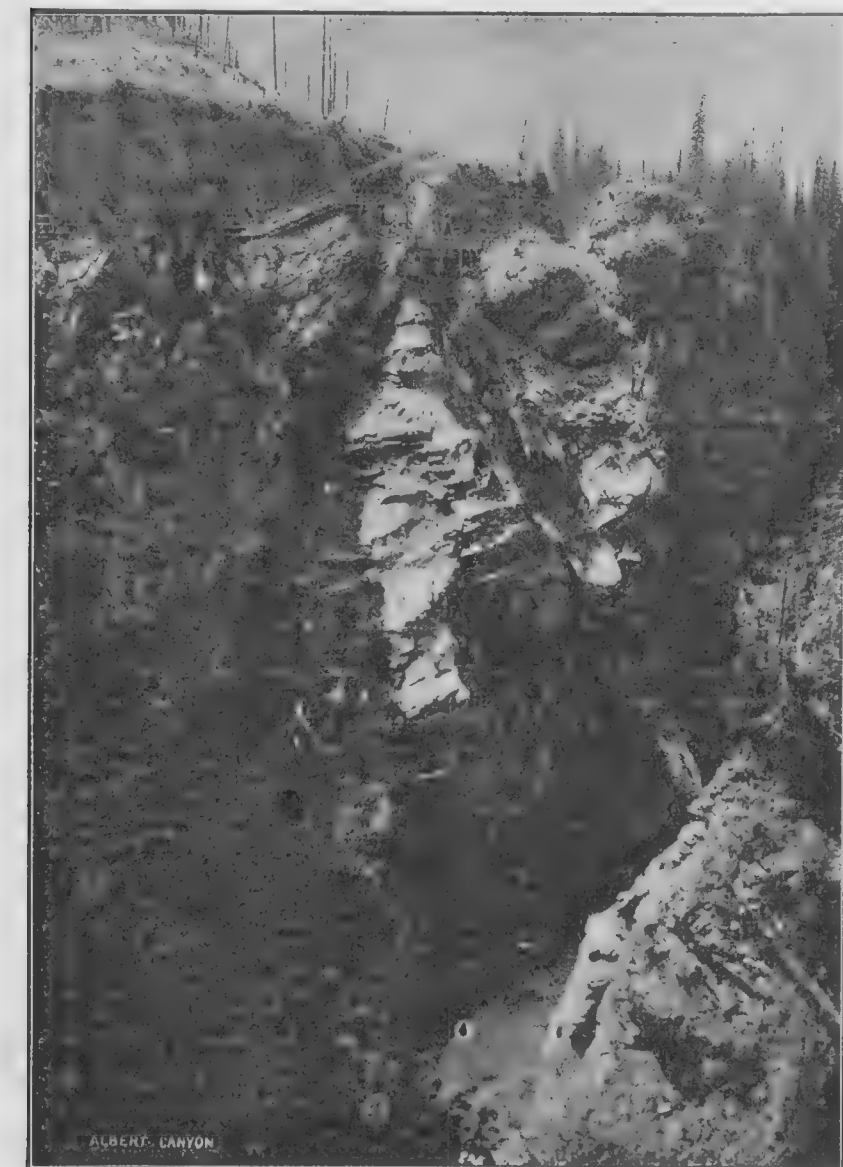
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ALBERT CANYON

outside had prevented her from seeing; it was a picture. Jonas took off his coat, and without looking at her proceeded to take the wrapper off the picture. Then he walked across to a chair and stood the picture on it.

"Marthy!"

She turned round, looked for an instant, and then rushed forward, her fascinated eyes bent upon the picture on the chair.

It was a beautiful, life-size portrait of the baby, done in oils. He was apparently seated on the floor with his toys around him, just as Martha loved to picture him. His little woolly lamb was on his lap, the wooden soldiers and Noah's ark lay beside him. Jonas had forgotten nothing. And she had thought he did not care to remember the baby! She had hard feelings towards him, she had—but the flood of penitence was too much. She threw herself into his arms, sobbing as if her heart would break.

"There, there, Marthy, don't cry so. Aren't you pleased with the picture?"

Was she pleased!

"Only twenty-five dollars," said Jonas. Only! And he wanted a new plow badly.

"I kin make the old plow do me another season," he said, as if answering her unspoken thought.

Suddenly a sound struck their ears. It was the quick pattering of heavy rain on the roof.

"I'm glad I got the picture home before it started to rain," said Jonas.

Martha laughed hysterically. "And I'm glad I coiled the hay," she said.

"You didn't?" said Jonas in astonishment.

"Yes, I did, all of it except about three forkfuls that Gran did," said Martha.

Jonas laughed.

"Well, if you ain't the best wife a fellow ever had!" he said, admiringly.

When Martha laid her head on the pillow that night, a happier and a wiser woman, she whispered again to herself, "I'm glad I coiled the hay, yes, I'm glad I did."

Flora Manson.

A LOVE STORY WITHOUT A WEDDING.

By Jamie Soutar, Winnipeg.

(Written Specially for the Western Home Monthly.)



SHE was red-haired; she was tanned and freckled with the sunbursts of twenty-six Canadian summers.

Were she the solitary representative of her sex in a crowd of men, probably not one would honor her with a second look. Figure somewhat angular, inexpressively draped, and as far from the "directoire" as one would expect to see in the living room of a Manitoba farm. She was like nothing in the fashion books or out of them.

Homely—she might even be classified as dowdy by a finely discriminating taste in women, and yet the elevator boy pronounced her "a dandy." The postman adored her; the news agent who delivered her Western Home Monthly talked of her incessantly to his wife, who, having seen her, was "satisfied," and the awakening demon of jealousy in her heart was hushed once more into insensibility.

Between the members of that little real estate office staff of one woman and two men the most perfect confidence subsisted, and there had continued from the first (some six years now) that healthy species of familiar intercourse—solid, but undemonstrative, which is one of the finest characteristics of Canadian business life. Hours were never prescribed for Flora, but the habit of her life had been formed long before she came to the city. She was an early bird, and worked with her employers sometimes till far into the night. There is a contagion in energy that yields a far more potent influence than printed rules. These two fellows toiled terribly, and the example they ever set was noiselessly reproduced in the life of their little secretary.

The real estate boom of 1905 and 1906 had raised the speculative spirit of the citizens to a point of danger that threatened catastrophe such as had occurred before in the early days of the city, and of which old timers still carried an acute memory.

They warned the younger race as to the frightful risks some of them were



Part of Wellington Crescent, Winnipeg.

Flora Manson was the clerical mainstay of Watt and Warren, insurance brokers and dealers in real estate. They occupied a three-room suite on the fourth floor of the McKinley block, and whether Watt was in or Warren was out, you could depend on finding Flora seated at her type machine in the outer office at any hour of the day from nine to six.

A bondwoman to duty, she would frequently discuss her little lunch fragment at the noon hour without leaving her post. Her other meals, with rare exceptions, were cooked and served by her own immaculate fingers in the little top room which she rented in the home of her employer Warren.

Left an orphan when she was just emerging from babyhood, she was taken in hand by her father's brother, "Uncle Ben," who farmed a half-section in southern Manitoba. Uncle Ben was "well fixed," with a heart like an old time omnibus; room for twelve inside, as many on top and four on the box seat! He never married, but was kept in "condition" by old Abigail Breen, the aged widow of a neighbor who had died in Ben's arms on the harvest field some ten years before.

When Flora advanced in her teens, her frail little body was found to be somewhat beyond the arduous demands of the farm home, and as she was determined to be "independent," Uncle Ben tactfully encouraged her desire to go to the great city, become a stenographer, and take her place in one of its prosperous business houses.

running in view of that proportion of their means which was being committed to property values that might some day turn out to be ruinously fictitious.

Flora had shared in the general feeling of optimism and had pledged the last dollar of her earnings that she could possibly spare without denying herself the necessities of life. Her investments had been made under the advice and frequently at the earnest solicitation of Warren, who had embarked to an extent that meant he had practically burnt all his bridges and took all chances on disaster.

Flora, while perfectly optimistic, and a party to the enthusiasm of the day, had never been bereft of her senses. Born of highland speaking parents, the calm and calculating habits of her race did not altogether desert this woman. She was never, under the most trying ordeal, betrayed into any outburst of temper, and not one creature of the multitudes who at one time or another crowded that little office remembered her except as the soft-voiced little lady whose least observation carried her right into the hearts of those whom she addressed.

There was a talismanic charm about her that ordinary mortals felt but could never explain, till a keener observation reminded them that if she had been denied certain cheap embellishments, she possessed a voice (and a disposition of which the voice was the index) that did far more than outweigh all else in the gift of Nature.

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to swell the advancing tide of its popu-
lation, and were apparently receiving
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type of Western women, undistinguished
by any outstanding feature unless it
were her devotion to those of her own
household—her husband and three little
daughters ranging from three to nine
years. While scrupulously loyal to the
common virtues of life, she was not
what one might call a "strong-
minded" woman; somewhat prone to the
weakness of those "creatures of circum-
stance" who are the sport rather than
the pilots of their environment.

The Warren home was built out into
what was then the open prairie, but has
since become one of the most densely
populated residential portions of the
city. Flora became a "roomer" on its
top floor, and all through the six years
had pursued the even tenor of her way
without occasioning a note of discord or
criticism of any kind. She had few visi-

succeeding requests to "come downstairs"
and make one of the party.

She could never be prevailed upon to
give any other reason for this act of
self-abnegation than the circumstance
that she had "some work" in hand in
her own room which she could not set
aside. The fact was that the rare intu-
ition of the woman had detected some-
thing unreal on the part of more than
one of the "lady" visitors, and their ill-
concealed disposition to look askance on
the exceedingly homely person who was
"only" Warren's stenographer.

The days passed along like a dream,
for all the western world then lived in
a constant whirl of excitement. Crowds
of immigrants poured into the city, and
for a time its walls went up with a
rapidity such as had never been recorded
of anything in human history since the
hosts of Israel pitched their tents at
"Etham, in the edge of the wilderness."

At last came the crash, and to many a
man it sounded like the crack of doom.
Old timers had foretold and now gloated
in the fulfilment of their prophecy. They
had offered a strong protest against the
mad scramble for wealth, but their ad-
monitions were weak as gossamer when
pitted against the insatiable greed for
dollars, and the frenzy it bred in the
populace.

One evening as the Warren household
were making merry and the voices of
many kind friends of the church were
blending in one great outburst of con-
gratulation over a recent financial suc-
cess, a large portrait group of the War-



Winnipeg Horse Show Amphitheatre.

tors, and her movements were so silent
and unobtrusive that not one of the
large circle of friends who visited the
family ever suspected her presence in the
house.

Mrs. Warren had a talent for enter-
taining, and taking advantage of the
unbounded welcome always guaranteed
by herself and husband, the ladies, and
scarcely less frequently the men folks of
the church took advantage of the open
door and found a meeting of any kind
much more congenial under the Warren's
roof-tree than they did in the cold and
carpetless oors of the church parlors.

Some—even of their ostensible friends
—were good enough to allege under dif-
ferent circumstances that the excessive
hospitality of those good people was
largely responsible for their undoing.
We need not dwell on that wretchedly
commonplace view of a friend's misfor-
tunes. Of one thing there can be no
doubt: if ever a man was entitled to
bank on the solidity of his material
possessions, Warren at any time was
reasonably justified in doing so.

Far from being a recluse, and a mere
money grubber, his social instincts were
as meat and drink to him. He drew his
happiness from the companionable love
of his friends, while they in turn reflect-
ed the sunshine and breeziness of his
life.

In the early days, Flora had been in-
vited to join in some of these little
coteries that met in the house from week
to week and of which Mrs. Warren was
the presiding genius; but while avail-
ing herself of the first of these, Flora
had politely but firmly backed out of

ren family fell from its place on the
wall and lay in a thousand fragments
among the feet of the guests.

Some superstitious member of the
company foolishly commented on the
ominous circumstance, but it was a
strange confirmation of its gloomy fore-
boding that Aleck received the first di-
rect warning of his impending ruin as he
opened his next morning's mail.

A week later he was carried home a
shattered wreck. The shock of sudden
calamity, operating on a fabric that had
already been taxed far beyond the en-
durance of ordinary flesh and blood,
with days and nights of laboriously con-
cealed anxiety, brought on a stroke of
paralysis, and from the first the judg-
ment of two medical friends was against
all hope of recovery.

He rallied a little, but on the tenth
day following his seizure his friends car-
ried him to his long rest, and the home
that had been such a bright spot in the
social amenities of the city was now
plunged in a ruin from which at the
moment there seemed no human deliver-
ance.

The minister and his wife were unre-
mitting in their kindness to the bereaved
ones, but while there were members of
the congregation that were accounted
millionaires, the stipend of the shepherd
was such that having discharged his ob-
ligations to his own household, pecuniary
aid was only possible to a very limited
extent.

Such as it was, however, he gave
gladly, and the amount of it when it
did leak out long afterwards was at
once a surprise and a rebuke to many

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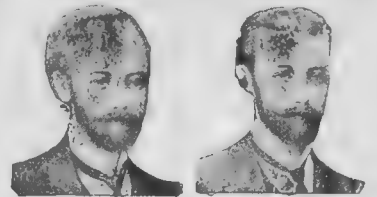
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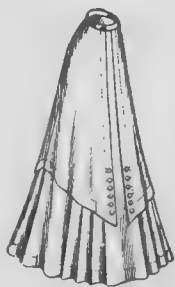
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who had so often partaken of the hospitality of those good people.

As it has so often happened in the history of human tragedy, help, the real help that counted, came from the most unexpected quarter.

Worn out almost to a shadow by incessant toil and her share in the anxiety of the times, Flora Manson had only left the city on the day before her employer was struck down—ordered by her medical adviser to take a month's complete rest at home if she hoped to live and regain her strength. She saw the announcement of the death in the papers in due course and the intelligence nearly broke the poor girl's heart.

The effect of the shock was to make her think more acutely of the bereaved ones than she might otherwise have done, when she recalled from her intimate knowledge of affairs at the office into what a condition of financial ruin that poor woman and her children had been precipitated.

Like every true hearted woman the world has ever heard of, the thought electrified her, and one hidden purpose put new life into the frail personality of Flora Manson.

As quickly as that one-train-a-day service could hasten things, a message was sent enclosing one from Uncle Ben, every letter and dot of which was written with the very heart's blood of that noble pair. They told the widow of their sorrow and urged upon her to come with her little ones and share the

garded the little orphans he had taken under his roof, then suddenly turned to gaze intently out of the window upon a Clydesdale colt that had just nosed its way into a corner where it had no business to be. He had found this an easy excuse to take himself away, but his eyes were filled with a moisture that was not the tear drop of sorrow, and he swung across the threshold, whistling with much satisfaction, something that at one time looked like the first bars of the "Laird o' Cockpen," and by a little bit of his own improvising dovetailed its way into an echo of the "Hallelujah Chorus."

It was impossible to satisfy the full claims of all the creditors of the dead man, even after a fair valuation had been put upon the home and its contents, every trinket of which was dearer to the sorrowing widow than life itself, for they were redolent still of the sweet memory of their unclouded union.

As the time drew near when she felt she ought to be taking steps to do something for herself and her children, the outlook was of the most cheerless description, and her heart all but refused to support her in the prospect of returning to that dear old home from which the light had gone, and which would soon become a prey to the vandalism of hands that were as the claws of vultures.

With this thought in their minds, the Rev. Joseph Archer and his wife came



A Fishing Stream in New Ontario.

best they could offer them until something permanent could be arranged for their future.

The invitation was thankfully accepted, and in due course the little group was safely lodged within the sanctuary of a home in which love reigned without a rival, and where the milk of human kindness was the common food of the household.

It was said of Flora Manson when she was in the heyday of her activity, that if she were deprived of all outlet to her constitutional initiative and genius for work, her lights would quickly blow out.

Although her services were urgently required by the assignees to help them to unravel the affairs of poor Warren, her medical adviser would on no account sanction her return to the city until he had seen a radical improvement in her condition.

But after the family had been under her care for something like a week, she gave the widow to understand that she would have to go to town for a day or two on some important business of her own.

She left on a Friday afternoon and returned the following Tuesday morning, her face radiant with a light that never was on sea or shore.

There was a mysterious little conference between Flora and her uncle on her return to the farm home, in which the old farmer seemed to catch and reflect the glow of his lassie's countenance.

For a moment or two he silently re-

down ostensibly to have a day on the farm, but really for the express purpose of escorting the widow and her children on their homeward journey. The kindly design was to beguile their minds from the sad reflections that would crowd upon them in their loneliness as they returned to what could be home to them no longer.

Two of the daughters of the manse had paid daily visits to the empty house, and in the prospect of the return of the family, had made everything as cheerful and home-like as their thoughtful young hearts could suggest.

They had a comfortable meal in readiness, and one of the manse young ladies took charge of the tea table. Very quickly all gloomy foreboding seemed to dissolve in the halo of gladness that is never absent, even in the darkest hour of human misery, where love is the keynote and loyal hearts are knit together by ties of indissoluble interest and affection.

When their friends had left them to themselves, the good woman gathered her jewels around the family altar, and if she had already found some solace in her mighty grief, when she opened her Bible her cup of thankfulness was as if the flood-gates of Heaven itself had opened to her.

She found a large envelope containing some bulky document inserted in such a way that she could not fail to see it. It was addressed to her in the neat business hand she knew at once to be that



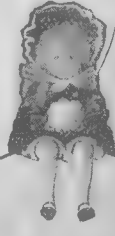
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of Flora Manson. It contained the following letter:

"My dear Mrs. Warren.—When I left the business college to seek a stenographer's position, for many weeks I wandered from office to office with a pain at my heart I had never known till then. At last your dear husband consented to give me a trial immediately I made my application, and although many others had preceded me in trying to secure the position. In my extreme nervousness, I know that in the beginning I must have made many blunders in the work he gave me to do, but in his gentleness he never addressed an impatient word to me. On the contrary, he put heart in me when I was almost giving up in despair, and from first to last I looked to him and loved him as a father. I deeply regret that it was never possible for me to show him my gratitude while he was with us, but now that he is gone I would like to do something for those who have been deprived of his counsel and support.

"With Uncle Ben's help I have released the house from all claim on the part of those who were legally entitled to it and its contents, and the enclosed document will explain itself. When I am quite well I am coming back to my old den if you will have me."

The document was a conveyance made by Flora Manson to Mrs. Mary Warren of the entire property described in the deed of gift (for such it was), consisting of a piece of land, house and furniture, which she, Flora Manson, had purchased from the executors of the late Alexander Warren.

It was not possible to say whether the joy of this little act was greater in the heart of the one who gave or the one who received the gift. In either case, it was beyond language to express, and it brought with it a baptism of goodness to every creature who came within the zone of its influence.

* * * * *

More could be said, but the foregoing will suffice. It is a simple love story with the wedding left out; in which the wedding would have played the part of the clown in a cathedral service.

Flora Manson belonged to the race, and the hidden, but none the less real mission of her life was to a far wider circle than what is sometimes described around the peevishness and inconstancy of one man, and the limitations such a handicap represents to a woman of her stamp.

The world needs, and could not get on

without the spinster "Aunt Marys," and the much caricatured bachelor "Uncle Jacks," who are typified by Flora Manson and her Uncle Ben. Their function is one peculiarly their own, that cannot be delegated to another without loss to a condition of society that does not owe its origin to the caprice of human intelligence.

We love them. A marriage in which they were one or other of the most interested parties would be a public calamity and a heart break to the thousands who share their indiscriminate but never vagrant affections.

So Flora still retains her place in the great family of the "unattached." The city's tide eddies round her from day to day, utterly unconscious of the eternity of blessing that lies packed away in that least significant of its hustling thousands.

But "if not so much as one sparrow" falls unheeded to the ground, Flora Manson, in her deepest seclusion and obscurity is compassed about by an unseen but very real cloud of witnesses, and by the wholesome affections of men and women who are still creatures of flesh and blood, in whom the tangible is still a necessity to the integrity of their faith.

For the Farmer's Wife.

Farmers and men of their type seldom need urging or argument to induce them to do all that lies in their power to promote the comfort and well-being of their women folk and children; but no apology is needed for occasionally advancing the claims of the farmer's wife to special consideration and regard. The work she does, while different in kind and degree from the labor of her husband in the fields, may often weigh on her strength far more heavily than does the man's burden on his broader shoulders. The alert, successful farmer is anxious to keep in touch with the latest developments and improvements in farming machinery, and, where necessary, adopt them for his farm. He should be no less careful to see that his wife, for her house, is provided with an equally up-to-date equipment in regard to everything that essentially makes for her comfort and convenience and the comfort and convenience of the children.

At this time of year nothing can do more towards insuring health and content in the home than well warmed rooms. The matter of ventilation presents special difficulties in winter. Some rooms usually are more exposed and colder than others, and if the windows are opened everyone is likely to catch a cold. On the other hand, with the windows always closed the air becomes unhealthy. What the wife and children need to make and keep them comfortable is something that can give them heat quickly and surely whenever and wherever they want it.

It is just this need that the Imperial Oil Company, Limited, of Montreal, has striven to meet with its Perfection Smokeless Oil Heater. The effort represents years of experience and costly labor, but that it has been successful seems proved by the favorable opinions expressed of this heater wherever it has been tried. In a recent Consular Report from the Argentine Republic to the United States government, special mention is made of the universal popularity of the oil heater in South America, and stress is laid on the ease with which it has been found it can be "started or stopped at will and carried from one place to another as desired. It is just what is wanted," the report concludes, "to take the chill off a room in the early morning or again at night, while on cold days it may be kept going all the time." It is not too much to say that no heater is more widely used or better liked in the Argentine or in other lands the world over than this same "Perfection" heater which the Imperial Oil Company, Limited, is offering our people.

The Missing Link.

A lawyer having offices in a large office building, recently lost a cuff link, one of a pair that he greatly prized. Being absolutely certain that he had dropped the link somewhere in the building, he posted this notice:

"Lost—A gold cuff link. The owner, William Ward, will deeply appreciate its immediate return."

That afternoon on passing the door whereon this notice was posted, what were the feelings of the lawyer to observe that appended thereto were these lines:

"The finder of the missing cuff link would deem it a great favor if the owner would kindly lose the other link."

A German traveller who tried to pass a meal-ticket on the train was told by the conductor that he would have to pay the regular fare of 35 cents. The German argued and refused to pay more than 25 cents, whereupon the conductor stopped the train and put him off. In a twinkling the traveller ran ahead of the engine and started to walk on the track. The engineer blew his whistle violently, but the irate German turned, shook his fist and called out. "You can vissle all you want to; I won't come pack."

Trial Is Inexpensive.—To those who suffer from dyspepsia, indigestion, rheumatism or any ailment arising from derangement of the digestive system, a trial of Parnelle's Vegetable Pills is recommended, should the sufferer be unacquainted with them. The trial will be inexpensive and the result will be another customer for this excellent medicine. So effective is their action that many cures can certainly be traced to their use where other pills have proved ineffective.

FOR USE AFTER MEALS

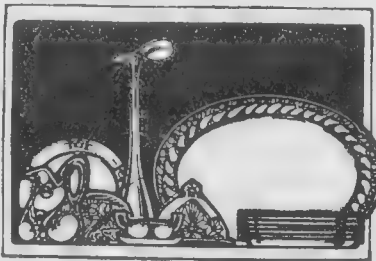
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Into a dishpan half filled with warm water, shave enough Sunlight Soap to make a copious suds. When you have washed the dishes thoroughly and the grease has been dissolved, rinse in hot water and dry with a dry towel.

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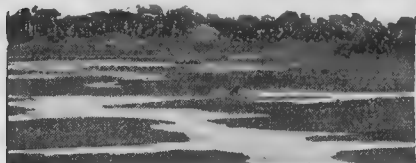
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A Doubtful Case.

By W. R. Gilbert, Calgary.



THEY had lived together in a little three-roomed cottage in a quiet street in Carlton for more than ten years, and had been chums ever since the day (fifteen years ago) when Thomas nursed Benjamin through the fever up on the Ballarat Gold-fields. Together they had returned to Melbourne after two years of suffering and hardship, both so much the poorer in pocket as far as gold was concerned, and so much the richer in friendship, having formed a mutual attachment that was to last as long as life itself.

Benjamin, the elder, was close on sixty at the time of which I write. He was a small, fresh colored, wiry old man, with almost snow-white hair.

Thomas was his junior by about fifteen years, but for some reason or other he was looked on by Benjamin as a mere boy, and by him, treated as such. He was a stout red-faced ponderous looking man, with a thick crop of dark curly hair, and he was as slow in his move-

Benjamin, "they'll think it's our name, and that I'm your father."

But Thomas was not to be outdone. He lay awake all the night thinking, and then rose at daybreak. Before breakfast that morning Benjamin was taken out to see "Cobbles & Co." in a perfect glory of black and gold paint glistening in the morning sun over the little window.

You've hit it this time, Thomas," he exclaimed, admiringly, I always said you had a brain." Later on the "Practical Bootmakers" was added, although the custom which came to the partners was exclusively confined to patching and mending.

They were a simple two, perfectly contented with their lives and never tiring of each other. There was only one bit of dissent between them, and that could not be called discord.

Benjamin was what he called "converted" and went regularly to the small chapel close by; but Thomas was still, as his friend declared, "hardened to his sins," and refused to do more than listen every night to the chapter, which Benjamin with great difficulty spelt out, and the prayer he offered up every Sun-



Main Street, Winnipeg, looking south from Lombard, 1880.

ments and speech as Benjamin was quick and active in his.

By trade they were both cobblers. "Cobbles & Co." was painted over the window of their little shop, and "Practical Bootmakers" was on the lintel of the door. It was popularly supposed that Benjamin was "Cobbles" and that Thomas was the "Co," but in point of fact, it was the name of neither.

When they first set up their shop, it was decided that as Thomas had been to sea in his early youth, and therefore had frequently painted a ship, there was no reason to suppose that he should not be equally able to paint a name.

The question, however, arose "which name?" for there was not room for both. This difficulty was fortunately, by a bright suggestion, emanating (for a wonder) from the slow working mind of Thomas.

"Let's write up 'Cobbles,'" said he; "that's what we want known, a'int it?"

"Right you are, Thomas," ejaculated Benjamin, "what a brain you have, to be sure."

So Thomas slowly mounted on a ladder and started on his bright idea. But alas! alas! there had been no 'state schools in Thomas' early days, and if there was one subject in which he was weaker than another, it was in that of spelling. He left out the "R" in the second syllable, and never found out his mistake till the "s" and the full stop had been added. "Never mind," said

day evening, when he returned from service.

"Look'ee here, my boy," Benjamin would say, "you tell me as you've often been, when you was a larkie young tar, to music halls; why can't you—when it's for the soul's sake—come to our services. We have hymns and such like."

To which Thomas would softly respond: "Music halls is one thing, and chapel is another."

"Ah, you young fellers," Benjamin would sigh, "But never you mind I'm a wrestling for yer, and some day you'll be brought in."

Thomas had been known to growl, "Don't you believe it," but the more he showed his hardened nature, the better Benjamin seemed to like it. He, what he called "wrestled" for the soul of Thomas, and all the congregation knew it. On the other hand Thomas took a fearful delight in posing as an ex-desperado.

But one day a change came.

It was one Sunday evening just after Christmas Day. Thomas and Benjamin were having tea in the little kitchen.

"The tex was lovely," said Benjamin, with his mouth full of bread and butter, alluding to the festive decorations in the little church. "Over where the choir sits there was 'Unto us a child is born,' all in scarlet flannel, and leaves and bunches of flowers till you couldn't have told where it ended, nor where it begun

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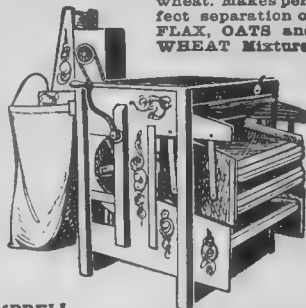
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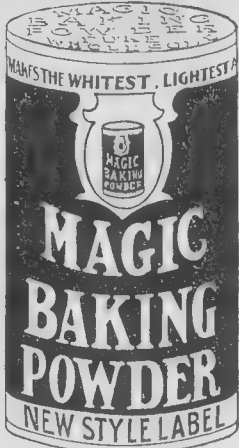
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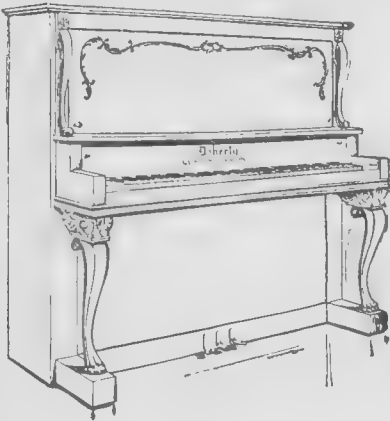
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—it were just one mass of scarlet and green."

"Lor, now!" said Thomas, pouring himself out another cup of tea.

"And there," went on Benjamin, "over the harmonium was 'Hallelujah' in leaves, on a pale yaller satin. The leaves was green" he added as an after-thought.

"Now wus they?" ejaculated his companion:

"It must have cost a sight of trouble," went on Benjamin. "I heard it said that Mr. Speedwell (naming the curate) and his sister was up all night till cock-crow a'getting of it ready. Yer ought to see it."

Thomas gulped down his tea.

"Was there good will to all men, anywheres?" he asked.

"Just over the door in white on a—"

"Then," interrupted Thomas, "I'll come, for that's the text we put aboard the 'Borough Belle' one Christmas, nigh on twenty years ago, to shame the mate, old 'Billy Cockeye,' as we called him, on account of him having a down on me and two others."

Half an hour later the two friends set out; Thomas miserable in a black coat (never intended for him, and at least ten years old) and a white collar.

Arrived at the doors, they found that they were early, in fact the first comers. The decorations were certainly very pretty. Thomas was enchanted.

"Ain't it grand?" he said, "d'ye have much of it?"

"On and off all the time," declared Benjamin, delighted, feeling that he was indeed doing the honors with success.

his hat, the latter whispered to him in a more audible tone than if he had shouted, "I'm going to have a word with him," jerking his thumb towards the retiring form of the curate. "Wait for me outside."

A quarter of an hour later he joined his friend. "It's all right," he said, "Come on."

"Oh, Thomas!" exclaimed Benjamin, "you don't say so, and so you've been brought in at last, thank the Lord."

"Yes" assented Thomas.

"Oh ain't it a blessed thing, Thomas, for to believe as all our prayers is answered, and you're brought in?"

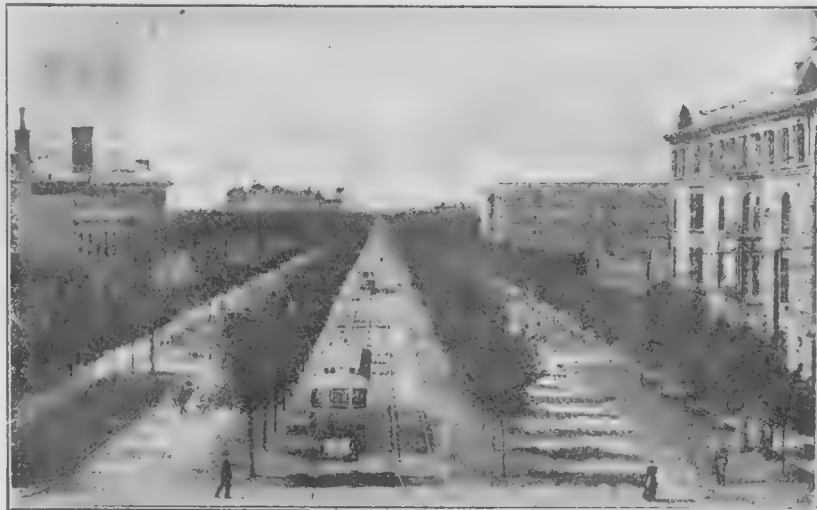
Thomas agreed.

"About when was it as you felt it?" asked his friend. "I knows to the minute; but ther's them as can't tell within an hour or so. Was it when he said 'Tremblin' sinners at this festival, now's yer time?' you know it were his closing words."

"No," interrupted Thomas, with a sort of jubilant air, "it were at the beginning—right the fust words a'most."

"Law," ejaculated Benjamin, regarding his friend doubtfully. "well they do say as it's sharp and sudden as a two-edged sword; and, seein' as how you may say for years I've wrestled—" but here Thomas broke into a sort of rough chant. "Ah," said Benjamin, pressing his arm close, "it do make yer feel light hearted, now don't it Thomas?"

Perhaps it was the failing light—or may be that old Benjamin's eyes were dim, so that he never saw it, but certain it was that Thomas winked distinctly—



Street Scene, Winnipeg.

He saw that Thomas, with the least pressing, would stop.

What honor and glory would not be his (Benjamin's), when his friend was seen by the whole congregation, sitting at his side—a sort of found black sheep. Presently the simple service commenced.

It began with a hymn, and luckily it was one that Thomas knew.

"Pull for the shore" he sang, holding on to his hymnbook with both hands, as if it might escape him, wriggling his head from side to side, to keep time with the tune, and swelling out his chest like an exaggerated pouter pigeon, "Pull for the shore sailor, pull for the shore," he sang, till Benjamin thought he would burst.

When the hymn was ended, and they knelt for prayer, Thomas whispered with a sort of a chuckle, "They know as I'm here. I'm the sailor what's a-pulling," and then he composed himself in a reverent attitude, while Benjamin gasped in astonishment.

After some more hymns, followed by prayers, the curate, before his sermon, gave out several notices concerning mothers' meetings, bible classes, etc., and finished by saying that volunteers were needed for the choir, and that those willing to join were to send in their names to him.

During the sermon Benjamin kept a watchful eye on Thomas, nudging him and pinching him warily.

The young curate finished his sermon by begging any doubtful sinner to remain after the service and have a word with him.

Greatly to Benjamin's astonishment as he rose to go, and nudged Thomas to find

winked wickedly—as he answered in a sort of chant.

"Glory, glory, glory, glory, pull for the shore."

The ensuing week it seemed to Benjamin that Thomas's behavior was, to say the least, queer.

It began on that very evening when they reached home. Before retiring to rest Benjamin proposed that Thomas as "a lost sheep that had been found," should offer up a prayer of thanks; but this the recovered sheep refused to do, giving as his reasons "that his feelin's was too deep."

Vainly his friend urged him; Thomas was firm.

With slow obstinacy he undressed and got into bed, and Benjamin's joy in the return of the prodigal was considerably dashed.

"You'll be expected to offer up thanks at our next monthly prayer meeting," he observed, "and you oughter practice a bit a'fore. Why I've seen the sweat a run off a chap's face like water off a duck's back, when he's been a confessin' o' hisself at prayer for the first time."

But the prodigal's only answer was a snore. Benjamin shook his head, as he freed his neck from the unwelcome embrace of the stiffly starched collar.

"I'm jubous," he muttered to himself, as he carefully folded away his best clothes, "if after all Thomas ain't mistook hisself. He've got too much assurance for a beginner. I don't know, as there didn't oughter be just a leetle (Benjamin blew out the candle), just a leetle (and pinched the wick for fear of sparks), kind of humbleness."

* * * * *

"I'm agoing out this evening," said

Thomas the next day about a quarter to seven, "I shall be in at nine or thereabouts."

"Agoing out!" cried Benjamin, "Why you're all in your best." Thomas chuckled and departed, vouchsafing not another word. Benjamin pondered in silence in the darkening shop. "Well it do take us all in different ways, I s'pose," he at last muttered. "Heaviness of spirits was how it took me, and later on joyfulness, but Thomas—he do take it all so—so—so—easy like. I misdoubt me! and Benjamin screwed up his mouth and looked wise. When Thomas returned he seemed in better spirits than ever. He was, in fact, quite jubilant, whistling and singing snatches of tunes—hymn tunes certainly. Still—"He's only known himself as a sinner less than thirty-six hours," said Benjamin to himself. "seems to me as if he should be quieter over it. Lord, what's he up to now?"

Strange noises were proceeding from the adjoining room where Thomas was supposed to be undressing for bed.

Benjamin crept to the door (which was ajar) and peeped in.

A curious sight met his eyes. The prodigal in the extreme of deshabille, was dancing the double shuffle to the tune of "I'm a pilgrim, I'm a pilgrim, I'm a stranger." Benjamin withdrew murmuring in horror-stricken tones, "Poor lad, poor lad, it have turned his head."

Twice again that week the repentant sinner absented himself, and always at the same hour, and each time he returned in the highest spirits.

"Well, well," said old Benjamin, "some it takes one way and some another; but I should have liked a little lowliness of spirit."

Sunday morning came. Benjamin was up betimes, as was his custom, and as the hour for church drew near, he roused up Thomas, whose habit it had been to lie a-bed on Sundays. To Benjamin's horror he refused to break through his rule. But ain't you acoming to worship on the first Sunday after you're converted? You'll be looked for, certain sure," remarked the old man.

"You can tell them to look then," responded Thomas sleepily.

His friend left him sighing "Poor lad! Well, never mind, I'll wrestle for yer."

The morning service was always a little long, it seemed to Benjamin. The harmonium was only played in the evening and in the morning the choir sat about among the congregation like ordinary folk, and only one hymn was sung—and that one in a very happy go lucky fashion—Benjamin was glad when it was over. Coming out he encountered the curate—a well-meaning go-ahead young man, with twice too much to do properly.

"Lookie here, sir," said Benjamin, detaining him, "I'm much afeared we have a backslider in our midst—or should have, only he haven't turned out this morning. Lie a-bed o' Sundays he always has." "Never mind that," interrupted Mr. Speedwell. "Who is he?"

"My friend Thomas, known as 'Cobble & Co.'"

He—"Yes—ah, well, I'll make a note of it."

The curate took out his pocket book. "Drink, eh?"

"Well, no, sir," acknowledged Benjamin; "leastwise, I don't think—lor!—it never struck me, though; one never knows how it works."

"How long a member?" broke in the impatient young man.

"He was brought to the fold last Sunday evening, sir," commenced Benjamin in trembling haste. "We come together and he was converted of sin in the evening, and he stopped behind and saw you, sir."

"Yes, yes." Mr. Speedwell jerked something down in his book, murmuring, "Name, Cobble T., — Street, North Carlton—" then he banged to the book. "All right, my good man, I'll call and see him—drink, you fear; dear, dear," and off he rushed.

After tea that evening Thomas retired to their common bedroom and presently issued forth in all the miseries and glory of his black coat and starched collar. "I'm coming with you," he announced. Benjamin's mouth opened wide with astonishment. "Well I did wrestle for yer," he said at last. But he thought it out of place, and another sign that his friend was blacksliding that Thomas

should burst out laughing. Arrived at the church doors, Benjamin exchanged greetings with some acquaintances, and stood chatting with them. When he turned to find Thomas, he was gone. In vain he loo'ed up and down the street. There was not a sign of him to be seen. "Poor lad," muttered the old man, as he settled himself in his seat, he'll take a deal of wrestling for yet" and he heaved a sigh of content.

The hymn with which the service commenced was given out, and the choir, composed mainly of the young men and maidens of the neighborhood, stood up. Benjamin also rose to his feet with the rest of the congregation, and it was fortunate for him that the harmonium was pealing out:

"I'm a pilgrim, I'm a stranger," so that no one heard the cry of amazement that broke from his lips. For there, standing in the choir, his stout figure and curly hair conspicuous amongst the others, stood Thomas.

And as Benjamin gazed at him with startling eyes, he was certain, yes, positively certain, that Thomas winked at him. How that hymn was got through Benjamin never knew. He was certain that after that first wink, Thomas had assumed a look of importance. He was important, too. He was helping to lead the singing; in point of fact, helping to lead him, Benjamin, who had been converted for years, in the singing of those very hymns that he—Benjamin—knew off by heart. Oh it was too bad, it really was. "And after all that wrestling?" moaned the old man to himself.

He understood now that in those evenings spent so mysteriously by Thomas

he had been to choir practice.

"He might have told me," cried Benjamin, almost aloud, in his first bitterness, "for it was all along o' me. I wonder why he didn't, and I don't believe he's really converted—I really don't, I wish I could."

And yet, strange to say, the non-conversion of Thomas was the only solace Benjamin had. Thomas might sing at him as much as he liked, but he would still "wrestle" for Thomas.

Coming out they had met at the door. There was a gleam of triumph on the face of Thomas, but it was quenched at the sight of poor Benjamin's face.

"What's up?" he asked, when they arrived home, and then without waiting for the answer, "You were mighty astonished to see me in the choir, now wasn't you?"

"Oh, Thomas, Thomas," groaned his friend, "didn't I say as you were a backslider, and now you're given to pride and such like."

"Hold on," broke in Thomas, "pride, do you call it? What's your converting and convicting ever been but pride? Ain't you always felt better nor me because you went to church? Aye, but hold on, long afore you was converted, when I was a lad, I sang reg'lar in the village choir. And, look ye here; I know my bible as well as you do, and my catechism too. How's this: 'What is your name, N. or M.' (and you says your name by rights) 'Who gave you this name?' My Godfathers and my Godmothers in my baptism, wherein

"Wait a bit, wait a bit, wait a bit," implored Benjamin. "Ah but I knows hymns too," went on Thomas, now heated with learning. "Listen to this

"I thank the goodness and the grace
What in my birth have smiled
And made me in these—something—
days

A happy Christian child."

"There, what do you say to that—and I knows lots more." Thomas paused for breath.

"I ain't such a sinner after all," he added sullenly.

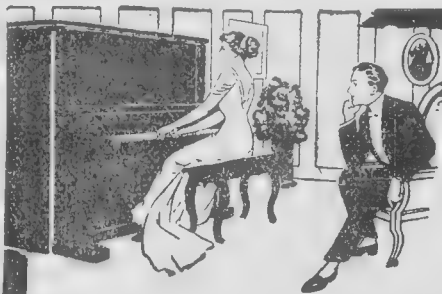
"No, no, Thomas," cried Benjamin, stretching out his trembling hands: "No, no, Lord forgive me. I've been lifted with spiritual pride. I know it now. Who am I that I should wrestle to the Lord for you, Thomas, for you're a better man than me. You've known this larnin' all these years and never let on. Thomas Cobble, I ask yoh to forgive me, I'm a sinful old man. P'raps if we was to turn the tables, and you was to wrestle for me." The old voice broke, and Benjamin sank trembling on the nearest chair, tears rolling down his withered cheeks. But next moment Thomas was standing over him, slapping his bent back with his broad hand.

"Hold on, Bengy," he cried, "don't take on so. I ain't converted man. Don't you make no mistake. And look ye here, Bengy Cobble, you continue to wrestle for me, or—or—"

The two men clasped each other's hands, looking into each other's eyes, with as deep an affection as ever David and Jonathan.

It was their first quarrel, and their last.

Thomas still sings in the choir to the pride and admiration of Benjamin, and Benjamin still "wrestles" for Thomas in the most beautiful prayers every Sunday evening.



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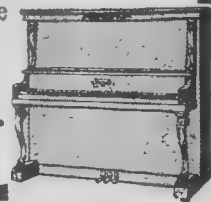
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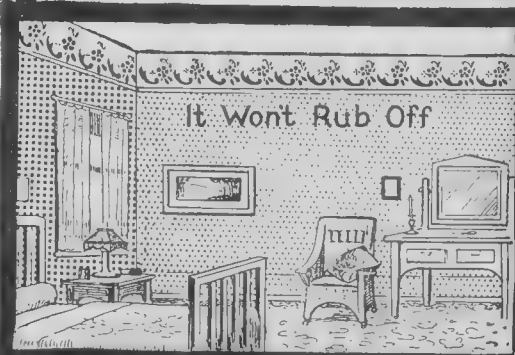
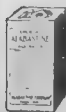
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The Gentleman Burglar.

By Eleanor Hoyt Brainerd.



MR. Ramsey leaned back in her comfortable chair and looked about her with appreciative eyes. Shadows lurked in the corners of the room; but the fire-light, undaunted, flickered gaily over gleaming mahogany surfaces, set the rich coloring of handsome hangings and rugs aglow, brought the books that filled the many cases into well-deserved prominence, and, now and then, even made defiant excursions into the darkest strongholds of the enemy in order to do justice to some rare bit of pottery or brass or copper or, perhaps,

to light the face of some fair woman who smiled enigmatically from an Old World portrait.

Howard Curtis had taste as well as money. His cousin's widow admitted that as she warmed herself at his fire-side. Incidentally, she made her acknowledgments to a generous Providence who had brought forward this rich and friendly relative, at the time when the problem of comfortable living had become too complicated for her mathematical ability. She had never really known this favorite young cousin of whom her husband had talked so often. He was

always traveling in some outlandish place—Dahomey, or the South Sea Islands, or Tibet—but, evidently, the traveler was loyal to ties of blood and heart. He had come hurrying back from the ends of the earth when disaster overtook the business upon which the Ramsey fortune depended; but he was not in time to save the man whose life went in the wreck of his life's work. All he could do was to gather the widow and daughter in out of a world that is bitter for women who have known love and protection and luxury and have lost all three.

The wanderer opened his comfortable old house on a down-town street, settled Mrs. Ramsey and her daughter in it, scraped together the pitifully small fragments of fortune that had survived the failure, added enough to the amount to make the total a sum yielding a fair living income, lied stoutly to the women in order to make them think the money all salvage from the wreck, and then—went back to his far countries.

His going was as much of a surprise to Mrs. Ramsey as had been his sudden coming. Even in the first throes of widowhood, she was still a mother—and Katharine was exceedingly attractive, and it was the duty of a wealthy bachelor to marry and settle down. Still, there was something in having one's benefactor roaming Asiatic wilds. To be gracefully but not fulsomely grateful, at close range, calls for a degree of tact amounting to genius.

The woman before the fire wondered idly whether the traveller would soon be coming back. Katharine was only twenty; but she really should marry by the time she was twenty-two and she must marry well. Mrs. Ramsey believed in marrying for love, but she also believed in loving a man with money; and now that they were comparatively poor, there would be less chance for the girl to meet eligible men. She was charming enough to make the right impression upon any who did happen her way. The trouble was—and Mrs. Ramsey sighed as she admitted it—that Katharine was "queer." She cared so little for men, and the only men she did seem to like were usually hopeless ineligible, men of large ideas and small incomes.

A bell sounded somewhere in the house. There were hurrying steps in the hall, a scratching of matches, the lighting of gas jets, the opening of a door. Then a murmur of voices came faintly to Mrs. Ramsey's ears; and, a moment later, a maid appeared in the doorway, followed by a tall man swathed in a long, enveloping overcoat. The mistress of the house rose, a stately figure in widow's weeds, silhouetted against the fireglow. The visitor's face was in shadow; but he came forward with an easy grace that indicated social training, and his voice, when he spoke, was a likable thing, a pleasant, well-modulated voice, with a ring of decision under its friendliness.

"The maid tells me that I am intruding upon a cousin of my friend Howard Curtis," the man said with a note of apology in his tone. Mrs. Ramsey murmured a swift denial:

"A friend of my cousin's couldn't possibly be an intruder here. I am sorry Mr. Curtis is not here to welcome you in person, but you know he is a wanderer." The stranger laughed.

"Oh, yes, I know; but I heard in Washington that he was here for the moment, that he had opened his New York house, and was presumably going to settle down here for a while. I knew him too well to believe him capable of that, but I did hope I could get a glimpse of him before he started on the long trail again. I've missed him so often and in so many places that I didn't take any chances on missing him this time and came here right from my train; but it seems I'm too late after all. My name is Sturgis, Richard Sturgis. You may have heard Curtis speak of me. He and I have foregathered in queer places and under queer conditions, before now."

As the maid lighted the lamps and candles, the shadowy figure resolved itself into a tall, sinewy man whose handsome, brown face looked oddly young beneath a mop of thick hair, powdered with gray. It was in the smile that the irrespressible boyishness lurked, not in the man's features; for his jaw had a stubborn set and his gray eyes were the

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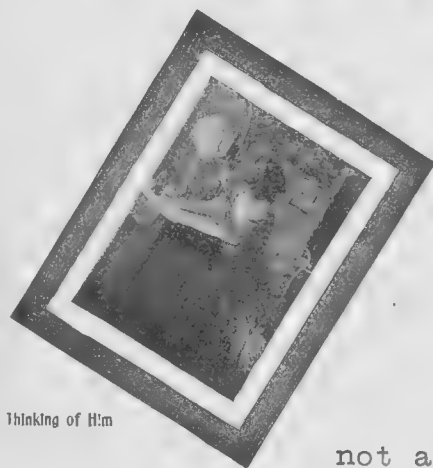
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Dreaming of Her



Their First Anniversary

eyes of a man who had thought and seen and done. Mrs. Ramsey warmed to the smile. "Take Mr. Sturgis's coat and hat," she said to the departing maid; and, as the man made a gesture of protest, she held out a friendly hand to him.

"You must allow me to give you the welcome Howard would want you to have in his home. You will stay and dine with us, I hope. We are not entertaining this winter, but it will be kind of you to bring a bit of the outside world to us."

The boyish smile flouted the gray hair more openly than ever; but the man shook his head.

"It's awfully good of you and I'd love to stay, but I have an appointment with some men at the club and—" He turned slightly and stepped aside at the sound of soft footsteps behind him. Mrs. Ramsey's face brightened.

"You're late, Katharine. I was beginning to worry. Come in and let me introduce a friend of your cousin Howard's. Mr. Sturgis, my daughter Katharine."

Firelight and lamplight leaped to greet the girl who stood in the doorway, a slender figure all in black, yet dominating the sombre hue, vivid, colorful, sweet with a gay, girlish sweetness that robbed even her mourning garb of its gloom. One might have thought that the clinging black gown, the soft black furs, the shadowing black hat had been chosen advisedly for the sole purpose of

ted with her guest. He was good-looking and clever, and since he talked of a yacht on the Mediterranean, and a ranch in New Zealand, and mines in Australia, he must have money.

When Katharine came back to the library, her mother left her alone with their guest.

"I'll tell the servants that Mr. Sturgis is dining here," she said, and she did. Also, she made some swift but radical changes in the dinner menu and ordered wines cooled. The occasion seemed to warrant extravagance. Half an hour slipped by before she went back to the library, but she had not been missed. The man and girl did not even see or hear her when she entered the room, so absorbed were they in each other; and they came back to things mundane with a start when she spoke.

"Dinner has not been announced, Katharine? We are very late to-night."

The guest sprang to his feet.

"It is dinner-time? I had not realized. Will you add to your kindness, Mrs. Ramsey, and allow me to wash and brush off the travel dust? As I told you, I was so eager not to miss Curtis that I came directly from my train."

Mrs. Ramsey rang the bell.

"Show the gentleman to the blue room, Mary. It was careless of me not to realize that you had been traveling, Mr. Sturgis. Don't hurry."

Katharine was looking into the fire, when her mother turned to her.

"Rather pleasant man," said the older

THE IMMIGRANT'S HYMN.

By William Wye Smith.

God of our fathers, throned afar,
Yet ever near to guide and bless—
Be present where their children are,
And lead us through this wilderness!

By forest, lake or grassy plain,
Where'er we build our humble cot—
Beneath Thine eyes would we remain;—
O God of grace; forsake us not!

Thy sky is here; each star above,
That shone upon our fathers' grave,
Shines on us here, to speak Thy love;—
Our fathers' God; to bless and save!

And when afar, in coming days,
This land stands forth, illustrious, great,
Let all remember, to Thy praise,
'Twas founded as a Christian state!

Toronto, Ont.

setting off effectively that glowing face.

The face smiled at cousin Howard's friend, and a voice that was like the face set to music made some conventional remark which was so swallowed up by the smile that it did not even penetrate to the man's consciousness.

"I am trying to persuade Mr. Sturgis to dine with us," he heard Mrs. Ramsey saying, in some far-off region outside the smile, and he spoke quickly.

"I shall be delighted to stay, if you will pardon traveling clothes. I had promised a friend, whom I ran across in the street, to meet him at his club, but he is to have guests so will not miss me, and I can join him later in the evening."

The girl had been pulling off her long gloves. Now she turned to go, still smiling that disconcerting little smile.

"I shall not have time to dress for dinner myself. I am shockingly late, Mutterchen; but I'll just run and take off my hat and coat. You'll excuse me, Mr. Sturgis?"

She was gone, and the man drew a long breath as he turned to his hostess. Mrs. Ramsey met his eyes and answered the look in them. "Yes, she is pretty," she said laughingly.

The man threw out his hands in a gesture of indignant protest.

"Pretty!" he said with a quiet intensity that blotted the boyishness from eyes and mouth. "Pretty! She's glorious!"

And the mother straightway dreamed dreams and saw visions while she chat-

ted with her guest. The girl's face flushed.

"He's splendid," she said, without looking away from the fire; and Mrs. Ramsey's eyes smiled, though her lips remained discreetly grave.

That was a gay little dinner. As Mary, the waitress, put it to the cook, "Shure he do be a-talkin' like a shitory-book, and Miss Katharine a-houldin' her breath for fear she'll miss a wurrud av him, and he a-sharin' at her widout even battin' his eyes, for fear he'll miss a luk av her; and the missis a-smilin' at him that creamy ye cud whip it! There'll be a weddin'—ye marrk my wurruds, Ellen."

Mr. Sturgis did not stay long after dinner. He went reluctantly, but, as he explained, he did owe something to the friend who had expected him to dinner, and he felt that he must look him up.

"You have been so very good to me," he said, as he bent over Mrs. Ramsey's hand, but his eyes were seeking the girl's eyes. "I can't tell you what it has meant to me: but some time I shall try. You will allow me to come again, won't you? I must go West to-morrow, but I shall be in New York again soon, and if I may come—"

"Your welcome will be waiting for you," said the woman graciously. What the girl said only the man's eyes knew.

Mother and daughter sat by the fire for a long time after their guest left them; but they talked very little. The mother was too wise a woman to force

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confidences and the daughter was busy with dreams. . . . But finally the woman rose, yawning behind a white hand.

"Come, dear. It is late."

The two went slowly up the stairs, kissed each other good night, and separated, going to their own rooms. Fifteen minutes later, Mrs. Ramsey, clad in a dressing-gown and crimson with excitement, burst unceremoniously into her daughter's room.

"Katharine, where is your jewelry?" she asked breathlessly. The girl, who had made no move toward preparing for bed, looked up from the chaise lounge where she was lying.

"My jewelry?" she echoed. Why, everything except the rings I am wearing is in my jewel-box in the top drawer."

Mrs. Ramsey dragged the drawer out and opened the box.

"I knew it," she wailed, sinking down upon the nearest chair. "It's gone too. I haven't a thing left—not even a stick pin. My pearls and that diamond and ruby pendant were in the secret drawer of my writing desk; but they went with the rest. It's too dreadful. The jewelry was all we had saved, and now it is gone. It couldn't have been Ellen or Annie. They've been with us forever. I'd as soon suspect you. Some one must have come in while we were at dinner and—"

She checked herself suddenly, and a vague suspicion dawned in her eyes, battling with incredulity, and conquered.

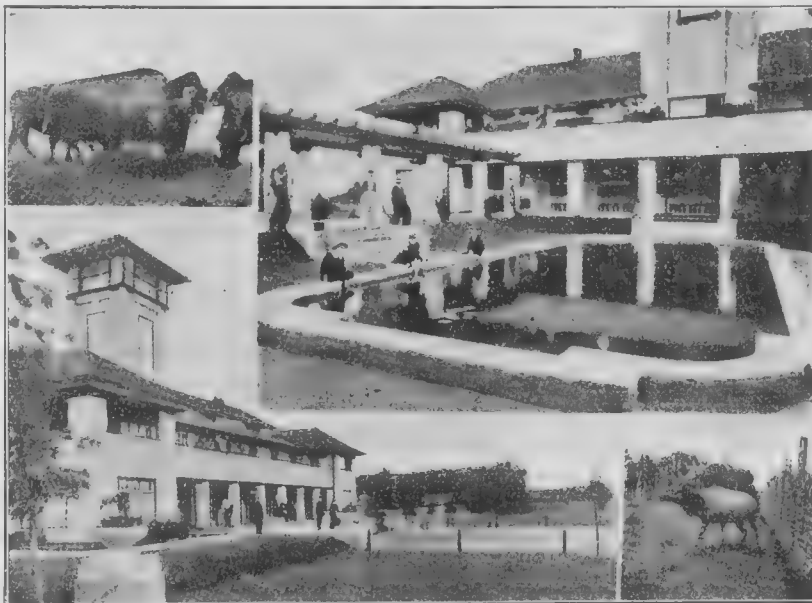
"Oh, no mother," said the girl impulsively; but Mrs. Ramsey was already on the way to the telephone, and in a few moments an officer in plain clothes was taking notes concerning the events of the evening.

"Clever game," he commented admiringly. "Sounds like a new man. I don't remember anybody that fills the bill, but it may be one of the old crowd in a new lay."

When he went away the two women once more said good night to each other. Mrs. Ramsey's eyes were wet and her expression tragic, but her daughter was dry-eyed and philosophical.

"Don't fret, mother," she said cheerfully. "We can live very comfortably without family jewels so long as our credit with the butcher and baker is good; and, at least, we've had a lively evening. That's worth something."

But when her mother had gone, the girl threw herself down on the bed and hid her face among the pillows. A door had opened and closed. Through it, in the moment of its opening, she had caught a glimpse of the Delectable Mountains. Later, as she sat before the dressing-table, she spoke severely to the young woman in the mirror. "Serves you right," she said. "Serves you right for being a susceptible idiot—and at your age!" Then, in answer to a look from the face in the mirror, "Yes, I know. He was—and perhaps, even if he took the things, he did think—but you ought to be ashamed of yourself for caring whether he did or not." The girl in the



Park Scenes, Winnipeg.

"Katharine!" she gasped. "That man!"

The girl, who had gone to the dressing-table and was futilely examining the empty jewel-box, turned a puzzled face toward her mother.

"What man?" she asked; but Mrs. Ramsey swept the question aside with a torrent of broken argument and comment.

"No letter of introduction—and he didn't give me any address. And to think I gave him that old Burgundy your father saved for such very special occasions! But he was charming. Nobody could have imagined. It doesn't seem possible—but he did come upstairs. He asked to come—You heard him ask, Katharine, and he was up here alone for at least fifteen minutes. And then his coming just before dinner, when we would be sure to invite him to stay, and his leaving right after dinner, before anything could possibly be discovered. Oh, there's no doubt of it—not a shadow of a doubt."

Her daughter interrupted her eagerly. "Why, mother, it isn't possible. He was a friend of Cousin Howard's."

"Friend of fiddlesticks! He didn't tell us a single thing about Howard that couldn't have been picked up from any one who knows your cousin. I didn't notice it at the time; but you know it's true. He only told us entertaining stories about queer places, and he had our jewelry in his pockets all the time. He fooled me completely. I'll admit that. I thought he was the most delightful man I had met in years. We must telephone for the police."

mirror frowned assent.

As Mrs. Ramsey and her daughter were finishing breakfast the next morning, the maid brought in a large box. "From the florist's, ma'am."

"Very well, Mary. Put it down beside Miss Katharine. Open the box, Katharine, that's a dear."

A gust of perfume filled the room as the girl lifted the lid from the box, and Mrs. Ramsey leaned forward eagerly.

"Such roses! and such violets! Who could have sent them?" She opened the envelope that had been tucked in among the flowers, and fell back in her chair with a gasp of astonishment.

"For the good Samaritans who took a stranger in and gave him the happiest evening of his life," was written upon a blank card such as florists supply; and the name signed was "Richard Sturgis."

"Well, of all the—" Words failed Mrs. Ramsey for the moment. Then she laughed helplessly.

"Katharine, I could love that burglar," she said. "He's a gentleman and an artist."

The girl shook her head doubtfully. "Do you believe he would have sent them, mother, if he had really been—"

"You'll observe, my dear, that he didn't have any of Mr. Richard Sturgis's visiting cards," Mrs. Ramsey said drily. Day after day went by, but the detectives made no progress. A Mr. Richard Sturgis was on the membership list of the University Club and his dues were paid up; but he had not been seen by any of the club officials in years, and if the Ramsey's visitor had dropped in at any other club after the burglary,

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no trace of it was found. The case had been kept out of the papers and no one outside the family had been told of it. "I hate to acknowledge publicly that I am a fool," Mrs. Ramsey had said to her daughter. "We will not speak of the affair to any one." And there was a hint of thankfulness in the voice that answered, "All right, mother."

Two weeks after the eventful evening, Katharine Ramsey started for Ohio to attend the wedding of her old school friend, Frances Preston. Her mourning had interfered with her officiating as maid of honor according to the original plans, and, for a time, she had insisted that she could not go to the wedding at all; but the bride elect showered imploring, tear-blotted letters upon her, and Mrs. Ramsey added the force of her persuasion. "You need a change, my dear," she said. "I have never seen you so restless and depressed. It will do you good to have happy young people around you."

So, on the afternoon before the wedding, Miss Ramsey arrived at the Preston home, and, after a hasty toilet, joined the other members of the house party in the big livingroom. She had already been welcomed by the daughter of the house, and now she made her way toward her friend's mother, who was presiding over a tea-table near the open fire. At every step the girl was stopped by friendly greetings and her progress was slow; but at last she reached her hostess, who looked up with a little cry of delight.

"My dear child! I am so glad. We feared you might fail us, even at the eleventh hour."

"I realized that Frances couldn't be properly married without me," Katharine said gaily; and, at the sound of her voice, a man standing near, with his back toward her, whirled swiftly round, disclosing the astonished face of Mr. Richard Sturgis.

"Miss Ramsey!" he exclaimed in a low, eager voice.

Katharine, who had leaned over to kiss the little woman in the low chair, straightened suddenly and a wave of color swept over her face, then ebbed, leaving even her lips white.

A score of persons were looking on. Mrs. Preston was saying, "You know Mr. Sturgis? How delightful!" A scene was a hideous thing, and so the girl allowed her hand to lie for an instant in another hand whose touch unaccountably sent absurd little thrills tingling through her nerves, but the eyes she raised to the man's eyes were full of scornful accusation, and she turned from him abruptly. The eager delight faded from his face; but he waited a moment, as though hoping the girl would give him another look. Then, finding that she pointedly ignored him, he moved away, with a frown between his straight brows.

When Katharine did look around he had disappeared from the room, and she drew a quick breath of relief. At least she need not speak to him or see him again, but what must she do? Speak to Mr. Preston, of course. The man was probably here on the same errand that had brought him to her cousin's house. The Prestons were wealthy. Any amount of handsome jewelry would be among the wedding presents, and the guests would all have valuable jewels with them. The opportunity for burglary was a splendid one. She must warn the family before harm could come.

Mr. Preston, big, genial, fatherly, was standing by the window. Katharine started toward him, then hesitated. Suppose there were a mistake; suppose the Prestons knew all about him and could prove that the man was all right? She turned aside and went over to where Miss Preston was giving an order to a servant.

"Frances," she said, when the maid had gone, "this Mr. Sturgis—who is he?"

Miss Preston laughed.

"Another victim for him? He is a duck, isn't he? If I weren't going to be married to-morrow, I'd be having flutters about him myself. You see, he just happened. He was in town on business, and it seems he knew Uncle John out in Australia, and had promised to see us when he came here. So he came around to call about an hour ago, and father

insisted upon his sending for his luggage and staying here with us. The more the merrier, and he's an acquisition. The girls are crazy about him. Mother is calling me. Will you come? Going up to rest? All right, dear. You must be tired. Don't come down again until dinner if you'd rather not. I'll come up for a visit if I can get away."

She ran across the room, and Katharine made her way up the stairs and to her own room.

Of course, she must go down again and tell Mr. Preston. It was perfectly clear. The man was following exactly the same tactics as he had used before; only, he was Uncle John's friend now instead of Cousin Howard's. She must expose him. Then, suddenly, a thought came

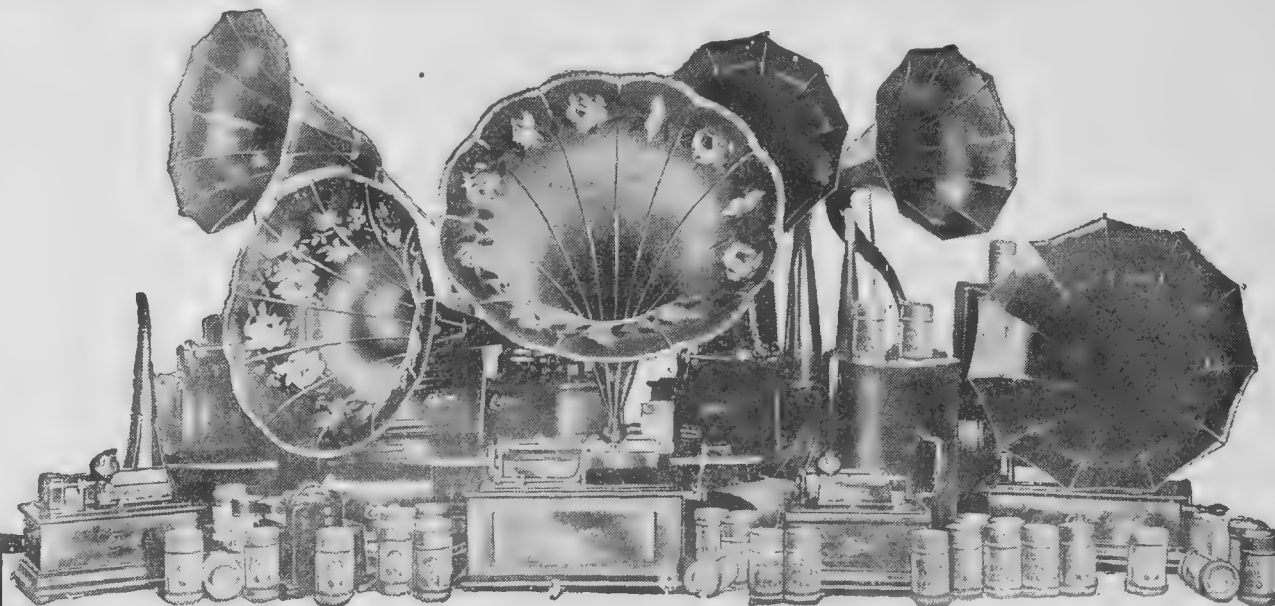
to her. Perhaps he had gone already; or, if he hadn't, he surely would go as soon as he realized that she knew him for the thief of her own property, and would guess his purpose here. If he would only go, it wouldn't be necessary for her to tell any one about him. For some reason or other, she did not seem to feel the proper zeal in regard to bringing a criminal to justice. In fact, justice was the last thing she wanted this criminal to have. Of course, he deserved punishment; but it would be horrible to have him arrested, and that was what Mr. Preston would do. It was the detective's business to catch the man, not hers. She would send him a note telling him that unless he left at once she would speak to Mr. Preston about him. Then he would go, and she would never

need to see him again—and she sat down upon the bed and cried in a choked, miserable fashion about nothing at all.

He was brazen, this gentleman burglar—positively brazen. He had actually looked glad to see her; and, remembering the light of welcome that had leaped into his eyes, she choked more hopelessly than ever. It couldn't have been all assumed, at such short notice. Perhaps he forgot all about everything else and just was glad. Even a burglar might care about—

She sprang up and went to the desk. She would write to him and have done with it. After fifteen minutes of effort and much destruction of paper, she achieved a brief note:—

"Sir,—You may imagine that I was



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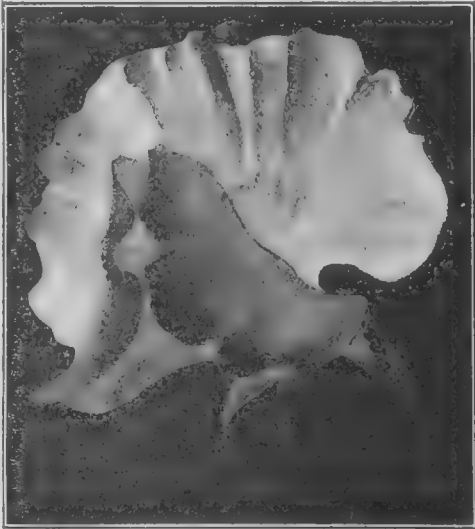
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surprised to find you among Mr. Preston's guests; but I understand that you obtained admission by a story much like that which imposed upon my mother and me; and I assume that your purpose is the same as that which brought you to our house. Possibly it is my duty to let Mr. Preston know at once whom he is entertaining, but that would make a distressing scene, and if you will leave the house immediately I will say nothing about the matter to any one.

"Katharine Ramsey.

"The New York detectives are searching for you."

It was an unsatisfactory note, and the impulsively added postscript of warning was foolish. Katharine realized that, but she sealed the envelope and rang the bell. When a servant came she handed her the note.

"Do you know Mr. Sturgis?"

"Yes'm."

"Give him that note at once. Don't fail to find him. The message is important."

"Yes'm."

The door closed. So that was finished. Perhaps she had done wrong, but he would go, and that would end the story. "Life's a very horrid sort of mess anyway," said the twenty-year-old pessimist, apropos of nothing, as she dabbed Pond's Extract on a nose distinctly pink.

A few moments later there was a tap at the door.

minutes when a man came hurrying from the kennels to the house. He was evidently much disturbed, and his face expressed profound bewilderment. In his hand he held a crumpled sheet of paper, at which he glanced occasionally, each glance deepening the furrows in his brow and the amazement in his eyes. In the hall he met Miss Preston, whose pretty face faintly reflected the expression of his own, and who also held a letter in her hand.

"Where is Miss Ramsey?" asked the man abruptly.

Miss Preston's blue eyes filled with tears.

"She's gone, Mr. Sturgis."

"Gone!" The exclamation was in the nature of an explosion. "Gone where?"

"Gone home—to New York. I can't understand at all. She left a note for me saying she had been called home suddenly and didn't want to disturb us, so just slipped off quietly and would write. One of the maids says she had a telegram. I'm afraid something dreadful has happened, and she didn't want to tell us for fear of spoiling my wedding. I was just going up to her room. She can't have taken her trunk, but she doesn't say anything about it in her note. This is her room."

The man had followed her, and was at her side as she opened the door.

"You see, she didn't take her trunk—didn't even pick up all of her toilet



A Shady Nook—Winnipeg Park.

"Come in."

"If you please, Miss Ramsey, here's a telegram for you. Is there an answer?"

Katharine tore open the despatch and read:—

"Sturgis theory wrong. Burglar caught, confesses our case with others. Most of jewels recovered. Mother."

The girl read the message a second time, and then a third.

"Please, miss, the boy says is there any answer?"

"Oh, no, no answer. Wait a moment, please."

She fumbled in her travelling bag and produced a time-table. The next train for New York would leave in thirty-five minutes. She could drive to the station in twenty. It was an awful thing to do; but it would be a more awful thing to meet him. She couldn't face him. She simply couldn't do it. There was nothing for it but flight. She could make some excuse. The maid would tell that she had received a despatch.

"Will you have a carriage at the back door in ten minutes?" she said to the maid. "I have been called away, but I don't want you to mention it to any one. I will leave a note for Miss Frances explaining, and it would make such confusion if I should tell any one now. Be sure to have the carriage." She tucked a five-dollar bill into the servant's hand, and the fervent "Yes'm" promised obedience. Ten minutes later Miss Katharine Ramsey sneaked stealthily down the Preston's back stairs, bag in hand, climbed into a waiting carriage, and rolled off at a swift pace toward the station.

She had been gone about twenty

things. She must have gone in a tremendous hurry. Oh, this must be the telegram she got."

She picked up a yellow sheet of paper from the floor and looked doubtfully at the man beside her.

"I don't know. Perhaps I ought not to read it. She must have dropped it accidentally."

The man took the telegram from her hand without a "by your leave," and read it. For a moment he stood staring at the paper with a puzzled frown. Then with a queer little laugh he thrust it in his pocket and turned toward the surprised and indignant young woman.

"When's the New York train due? Can I make it? This telegram concerns me, Miss Preston. I'll explain to you some time, but I haven't time now. I must catch that train."

The ring in his voice was compelling. The girl looked at the clock.

"You can't do it, Mr. Sturgis. It's a twenty minutes' drive to the station, and the train is due in three minutes."

The tuff-tuff of an automobile sounded from the drive, and she ran to the window.

"There is Bob's car. You might—no, you couldn't do it in less than five minutes even in the car."

The peremptory young man laid a hand unceremoniously upon her shoulder.

"Isn't there some way? Think, Miss Preston. I must get that train. There has been a mistake. She's all the world to me. Think!"

The astonished girl rose to the appeal. It was all crazily queer. But one thing was clear: it was a love affair, and any love affair had her sympathy.



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catalogue of Japanese goods free? Right things at right prices! As an introduction we offer Lovely HAND-EMBROIDERED Silk Waist—Lengths, extra quality Habutae \$3.00; Crepe de Chine \$4.00; Japanese Taffetas \$6.00; post free. Any color, any flower pattern. Send money order to

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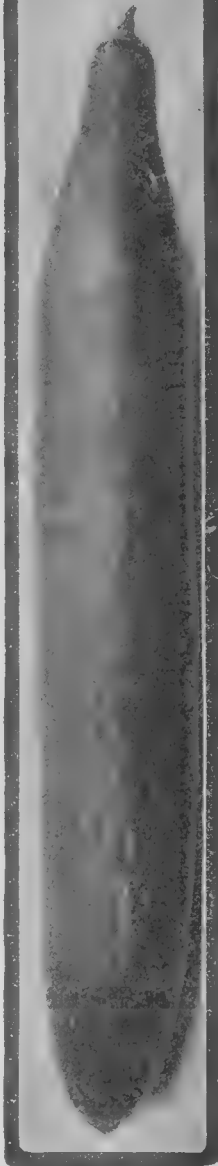
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"The train stops at W—. You might catch it there. You have a few minutes' start, and Bob has a great car." The man was already through the door and on his way downstairs. "God bless you," he called back. "Make my excuses. I will write to your father." "Well, of all the lunatic wedding parties!" said Miss Preston; and as she sank limply into a chair she heard the puffing of an engine and then the whir of wheels speeding down the drive. A chauffeur was reposing peacefully in Bob Preston's car when Sturgis invaded it. "We've got to catch the New York train at W—" the invader said curtly. "It's fifty dollars for you if we make it." "B—but Mr. Preston said," stammered the chauffeur. "Preston knows about it," lied the man in a hurry. "Never mind the speed laws now. Catch that train." As the New York train pulled into the station at W—, Katharine Ramsey, looking listlessly out of the car window, saw a rolling cloud of dust swoop down the road and deposit a man upon the station platform. A second later the man emerged from the ticket office, and as she saw his face she gave a gasp of consternation and looked about her as one who meditates flight. The man from whom she was running away! He appeared to be running away too; but if he was innocent, why should he run? Perhaps, after all—No, that couldn't be. She had felt all along

that he really couldn't be a—burglar. But every one had been so sure, and she had been so ashamed of having cared for— She couldn't meet him! She'd get off the train. As she sprang to her feet, the train started and she fell back despairing. The man swung himself on to the moving train. Perhaps he would go into the forward car. Yes, he was going in there, thank heaven! Then her breath stopped, and wild panic seized her. Richard Sturgis opened the front door of the rear car and ran a swift glance over the few passengers. In the last seat he found what he sought, and a light flashed into his anxious face. Katharine shrank into a corner of her seat, her gaze fastened to the scurrying landscape outside the window. Her heart was in her throat. This was ghastly—awful! She would have to explain—but Some one sat down in the seat beside her, and, suddenly, a strong hand closed firmly over the two little nervous hands clasped in the girl's lap. "Little girl! Little girl!" said an eager, masterful voice. "Why did you run away? Didn't you know I should have to follow? I was going back to you, grudging every hour that kept me from you. And then you came, and—you snubbed me royally." A note of laughter crept into the low, earnest voice, and Katharine's face took on a deeper crimson. "It is all horrible," she said chokingly. "There was an awful mistake. I thought that—"

He interrupted her. "Yes, I know; I read your telegram. But I don't care what you believed, if you only felt the right thing back of the belief. Look at me, little girl." Her eyes met his for a fraction of a second. "It happened that night, at dinner-time, and mother thought, and the detectives were sure, and—" Her voice stuck in her throat. "And so you believed—but you didn't quite hate me? You warned me in your note. You cared enough for that?" He asked it humbly, but there was a little ring of triumph in his voice, and the hand that still held hers tightened its clasp. "If I had been a master thief that night, it wouldn't have been your jewels I'd have stolen. Do you know what I did want, little girl—what I've wanted ever since I first saw you? I'd turn burglar gladly if I could rob you of that. Tell me, dear, is your heart burglar-proof?" If one of the other passengers had chanced to look around he would have been highly edified; but no one saw what happened. "I think I'll take another," said the Gentleman Burglar boldly, a moment later. "This robbery business does grow upon one."

Dimple—The perfection of a blemish. The Ideal Woman—One who can keep house, her temper and a servant.

True Fence Economy

Too many purchasers of wire fencing do not look far enough beyond the first cost. If they would only realize that what they are buying is so many years of fence protection, not so many feet of wire, they would see that first cost has little to do with fence economy. Saving a few cents a rod on the cost of a fence may mean knocking several years off the length of service. Lighter wires and poorer galvanizing must naturally be expected in a cheap fence, and these succumb more quickly to rust. Therefore, if the object is to purchase a fence which will last the longest instead of one whose cost is the lowest, it is well to select carefully. The Banwell Hoxie Wire Fence Co., Ltd., makers of Peerless Fences and Gates, have brought their product to a very high state of perfection. Here are the reasons they give for the endurance of Peerless Fences: the character and quality of the steel from which their wire is made: the evenness of distribution of zinc used in the galvanizing; the weight of zinc carried by their wire and the weight of the wire. The Banwell Hoxie Wire Fence Co., Ltd., have offices and factories in both Winnipeg, Man., and Hamilton, Ont. A request sent to either of these addresses will bring their descriptive booklet. Men build houses. women make homes. The good wife's face lights up the place.



DAIRY CONVENTION, REGINA, 1911.

Bottom row, left to right: C. Boyd, Moose Jaw; C. Marker, Dairy Commissioner, Calgary, Alta.; W. A. Wilson, Superintendent of Dairying, Regina, Sask.; Hon. W. R. Motherwell, Minister of Agriculture, Regina; Geo. H. Barr, Chief Dairy Division, Ottawa; Wm. Newman, Lornville, Ont.

According to Government Estimates

\$100,000,000

Was made in Western Town Property during the Year 1909

Did you participate in these huge profits or did you "pigeon-hole" the propositions submitted to you for future consideration? In short, are you the man who made a profit or the unfortunate one who had the chance but did not possess sufficient judgment to recognize the opportunity or sufficient courage to close a deal? The man or woman entitled to sympathy is the one who says: "Five or ten years ago I had the chance to buy property at \$100, or \$500, and now it is worth \$10,000." The average person sneers at the person who makes such a statement and says: "I would have bought and made that money." Are you going to say five years from now that you had a chance to buy a lot at Poe, Alta., at from \$50 to \$100 each, or are you going to be the man who will have from \$1,000 to \$10,000 in cash as a result of having bought property in this town in this year of grace, 1911?

Poe, a Coming Commercial Centre

Poe is located on the main line of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway between Edmonton and Saskatoon. It is located in one of the finest farming districts in Western Canada. The surrounding country is settled by a progressive type of farmers and consequently will become the market centre for Northern Alberta. Poe district possesses rich coal mines, is close to rivers and lakes and large forests are easily accessible from this point. These natural resources insure for the residents of the town, first, low cost of living, and second, great commercial activity, two essentials in the upbuilding of a large town, thus creating valuable real estate.

Poe as a Manufacturing Centre

This townsite and contiguous territory has the requirements outlined by large manufacturing concerns for the location of large factories or large enterprises of any kind employing large numbers of people. The rivers and lakes furnish water, the coal fields and forests furnish fuel and cheap building material, the fine farming lands furnish farm products, enabling the residents to live at a low cost.

The town is located on the main line of a transcontinental

railway, assuring the necessary transportation facilities. These combined conditions will furnish cheap labor, one of the most important features of a manufacturing centre.

Poe townsite was recently placed on the market and already over 200 lots have been sold, and many of these lots have already changed hands at a substantial increase in price. Most of these lots were purchased by representative business men throughout Canada, who are now profiting by their foresight.

The townsite is high and dry and very suitable for building purposes.

OPPORTUNITY

is useless unless you possess the courage to act. You might possess great wisdom, you might read a good deal or travel much and thus see all kinds of opportunities to make money, but unless you have the courage to act on your judgment and wisdom all of these desirable qualities are entirely useless.

Lots in Poe are a good investment at present prices. The town is bound to grow rapidly. Owing to the easy terms of payment you have the ability to buy and if you do not buy now it is because you are lacking in courage, and the chances are you will never be like the man you now admire most, rich, courageous and wise.

TORRENS TITLE

Poe townsite is held by us under the Torrens system of title. Under this system the title is guaranteed by the Government, therefore absolutely safe.

PRICES AND TERMS

Prices of lots range from \$50 to \$100 each, and they can be purchased on terms of one-tenth cash, balance in eighteen equal monthly payments; or quarter cash, balance in six, twelve and eighteen months.

INFORMATION

We have issued an attractive circular giving full information pertaining to the town and its prospects, together with map showing lots for sale. If you wish to receive this attractive circular cut out and fill in the attached coupon and mail it to us today.

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Gentlemen,—With a view to buying property in Poe, Alta., please send me full information, with map and price list, and oblige, Yours truly,

Name

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The Empire and Maggie Hogan.

By Edward Boltwood.



HE pudgy old Spaniard filled the space between the curtains of Miss Hogan's manicure booth, so that she could not see whether the barbers in the shop beyond were watching. She hoped they were, because she was proud of the way she had of demolishing this sort of person.

"I've seen your friend hanging around," said Miss Hogan languidly. "Tell him that I don't meet gentlemen without an introduction, and that you're fresher than lettuce salad, both of you."

"I have the honor," said the ambassador, bowing, "to assure our respect profound. And my gratitude," he added confidentially, and so retired.

"Well, what do you think of that?" sighed Maggie to herself. "Thanked me for turning him down! If the dagoes in this house aren't a regular show!"

The house was the little Hotel San Juan, on a down-town street in New York. Maggie had worked there for a month. She never held a job very long, and the reason for this she contentedly appreciated every time she used a mirror. It is difficult for a girl who looks like the Statue of Liberty to be popular with her fellow-laborers in a manicure shop. Maggie was tall and strong, and had glorious red hair. She made most girls resemble pallid dolls, and they knew it.

Mme. Tascheron, however, the owner of the San Juan, rejoiced in Maggie. Madame possessed a heart which at fifty years bubbled with the romance of fifteen, and Miss Hogan's beauty excited madame's most sentimental speculations. The landlady delighted to bask in the splendid presence of her manicure, purring like a cat and weaving elaborate love stories about her.

Half an hour after the retreat of the Spaniard Maggie received the summons of a bell-boy, locked her cash box, marked the place in her novel with a nail file, and obediently sought Mme. Tascheron. Madame quivered so that her desk-chain cracked faintly.

"Sit down—sit down!" she cried. "The door—close it! Here is something—a dream—a stage-play! I have for you an invitation!"

"From who?" said Maggie calmly, with more regard for her suspicions than for her grammar.

"From me!" said madame. "To dine! It will be at eight in my apartment. A gentleman, the most distinguished—ah, a stage-play!" She closed her eyes and breathed heavily. "You will wear the black lace," she purred. "At eight! The diamond star I gave you for your hair of Titian! To dine! But Hogan? No, no, no! Another name, cherie. Let us have it. De Vivas. Hogan—no; De Vivas yes!"

"Well," laughed Maggie, "anything to oblige."

"In my apartment!" said the landlady ecstatically. "A gentleman the most—at eight—ah, I am crazed, it is wonderful!"

When Maggie crossed the narrow lobby of the hotel to the street, she noted the elderly Spaniard with a younger man. The younger man was slender and swarthy, with curiously arched eyebrows, a sad mouth, and a chin which seemed to need a brace. She glanced steadily in the opposite direction as she passed.

"Oh, it'll all be proper and correct!" she soliloquized. "Even Billy himself wouldn't kick a bit, and I've simply got to stand in with the boss."

But Mr. William Keefe, of the United States revenue detective force, could not object if he so desired, being absent on the Jersey coast. Maggie sometimes thought she would marry him; he had asked her, more than once.

Billy's photograph was on the bureau in her room at the boarding house. Miss Hogan smiled carelessly at the portrait while she was dressing. Another photograph was perched near it—a picture of several hard looking men grouped around a long cannon on a ship's deck. One of the men was Maggie's father, who died in Uruguay when she was a baby. She knew very little about her father; her mother had not lived long enough to tell her anything.

The black lace was bobbinet, and the diamond star was rhinestone, but when Maggie wore them they became regal, and madame gasped with admiration.

"Hush—he comes!" said she.

The door of the private dining room was swung open by the pudgy Spaniard. The chinless young man of the arched eyebrows took three majestic paces from

the threshold and stood there, immovable and waxen. He vaguely reminded Maggie of a figure in the Eden Musee.

"Miss De Vivas," gurgled Madame, with a succession of dipping curtsies, "the Dr. Saz!"

The pudgy one nodded morosely.

"Don Anabel," he said, "grant graci-ous that you permit to you to present the senora—the lady—the Miss De Vivas!"

"Pleased to meet you, Mr. Anabel," said Maggie.

The doctor's form of introduction was not that taught at Professor Conlin's dancing academy, but she cordially offered her hand to the young man. He supported it on the back of his, and touched it with his lips. Dr. Saz started, madame dipped and cooed and Maggie giggled, for she was absurdly convinced that Don Anabel was not real. Mme. Tascheron ushered him to his chair; the doctor stood behind it solemn-

ly while he sat down. Even Maggie was a trifle awe-stricken during these ceremonies, as if she were dining in company with a marvellous automaton.

"I am gratified," finally proclaimed Don Anabel, looking at Maggie. "It is a happiness. I am happy!"

"That's good," observed Miss Hogan cheerfully. "Been long in New York, Mr. Anabel?"

"Six days I am in this nation," he answered. "My nation, he is a—a south place. I pledge to you, my miss" and he sipped white wine which Saz poured for him.

"Well, I've never been south of Atlantic City," said Maggie.

"No!" exploded Anabel. "That is true. No!"

"Of course it's true!" rejoined Miss Hogan tartly.

Upon her the young man rivetted eyes which were not in the least those of an automaton, and he rapped his



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fish-knife emphatically against a plate.

"Not of the south, you—no!" he vociferated. "The south women—bah! The south women they are muddy, and thin like rail, and not up high—behold me, that they pig-sicken! I say what to you. In books is that Cleopottera, how that Cleopottera was muddy, and thin like rail, and not up high. So is the why Anthony lost empire. If Cleopottera opposite! If Cleopottera big lady, white, of strength, with hair of fire—gold—ah, then Anthony, he win! He win empire, all about it. I pledge to you, my miss!"

"Sure," murmured Maggie blankly, and raised her glass.

She did not know what his words meant, but the meaning of his eyes was plain enough. Dr. Saz glowered at her with sullen dismay, and madame, triumphant, pressed Maggie's foot under the table as the dinner progressed. With the coffee came a card for the doctor.

"From the Colonel Gunshannon," announced Saz eagerly.

"Let him ascent, then," vouchsafed Don Anabel.

Colonel Gunshannon ascended—a raw-boned, grizzled old fellow, with a soldierly moustache. He scowled briefly at the ladies and rubbed his hawk-like nose.

"Good or bad, my colonel?" queried Anabel darkly.

"Good," said Gunshannon.

"The time?"

"Next week."

"Praise the heavens!" exclaimed Dr. Saz. "To affairs, I beg."

"For always, affairs!" grumbled Don Anabel, greatly displeased by the suggestion. "Ah, well, Miss De Vivas, I speak apart with you."

Saz and Gunshannon conferred in a corner, and Miss Hogan saw the doctor's head wag toward her, angrily and often. Therefore she smiled sweetly in response to Anabel's rapturous torrent of unintelligible jabber.

"To-night, Colonel Gunshannon," commanded Don Anabel, "you shall her

escort. Au revoir, my miss! Affairs for always is not."

Maggie protested that no escort was necessary for the two blocks to her boarding house, but the Colonel was, considering his years, strangely gallant. In the street he brought Miss Hogan close to him by compelling her to take his arm, and he studied her face with a shrewd grin.

"De Vivas, eh?" said he. "That's a fine name for a broth of an Irish girl, isn't it? De Vivas! What does it stand for—Duffy?"

"Never you mind!" retorted Miss Hogan jauntily.

"Well," said the colonel, "real names don't cut ice in my business, either. The fat doctor is near crazy—says you've lassoed his nob's for keeps. Well, it takes the Irish! I don't savvy your game yet, but whatever it is, we'd better stick together, you and me. If us Irish stick together, all the ginnies in Anabel's two-by-four country will amount to about as much as so many rotten tent-pegs."

"Game" asked Maggie, puzzled. "I haven't any game, except a bit of fun; and—oh, look!"

"Where?" growled Gunshannon.

She pointed across the street to an alleyway where a man was trying to hide behind an ash-can. Miss Hogan had a glimpse of the peculiar patch he wore over one eye. The colonel, and Maggie at his heels, darted to the ash-can with astonishing agility, but the man fled into the alley and disappeared.

"Come on—I'll help you catch him!" urged Miss Hogan breathlessly. "He was following us. Come on—we'll catch him!"

"By gorry, you're a nerry one!" laughed Gunshannon, with a warm glance of admiration. "No mollycoddle about you, is there? Well, we'll leave that duck alone. Let's be walking on. He was trailing me for fair, I guess, but I'll fool him, you can bet on that. Is this your house? So long! Be nice to his nob's to-morrow—you know!"

"Oh, I don't know who that little

cigar maker is at the hotel," disclaimed Maggie, "if you mean Anabel. And I don't care."

The colonel gave an incredulous sniff and stared at her.

"Is that straight?" he demanded slowly.

"Why, certainly," affirmed Maggie, jingling her latch-key.

Colonel Gunshannon whistled, pulled down the brim of his slouch-hat resolutely, and mounted the steps of the boarding-house to the shadow of the vestibule.

"Then I'll tell you," said he. "I've taken a shine to you, and I'll tell you for the good of the Irish. That little cigar maker—you get out a big map of South America and find Urmeneta on it. Maybe Urmeneta'll be the size of a tack; but that's him, by rights."

"That's who?" inquired Miss Hogan.

"Anabel," concluded Gunshannon. "Listen. He's the emperor. Urmeneta's been a republic three years now, but me and Saz and the rest are going to change it back. And listen twice. Anabel's Imperial grand-dad let a French milliner run his ten-cent kingdom for him, and that trick's in the blood. And listen three times! Erin go bragh!"

The finger nails of the San Juan's guests were neglected for a week. There were stately drives, stately dinners, a stately box party at a second-rate theatre. Mme. Tascheron and Saz were always duly present, but Gunshannon was not again in evidence.

One morning Maggie had a note from the colonel informing her that he would come to her lodgings in the afternoon. Maggie, out of respect for Mrs. Grundy, informed the people at her boarding-house that she was expecting her physician. The story was not altogether baseless, for Dr. Saz came with Gunshannon. The men sat on Miss Hogan's bed, which was primly disguised as a divan.

"This," began the colonel, "is an embassy. At least, Saz is. Speak your piece, doc!"

The doctor rose and orated. His

piece was, in short, an avowal of Anabel's Imperial devotion to Miss De Vivas, and an offer of Imperial and life-long luxury if she would return with him to Urmeneta. Maggie blinked in consternation at Gunshannon, but the colonel, plainly ill at ease, bent all his intellectual energies to examining the pattern of the wallpaper. The doctor sat down again.

"He—he wants to—to marry me—is that it?" faltered Maggie.

Gunshannon considered the wallpaper with redoubled interest, and Dr. Saz rose again.

"His order is to say," pursued the envoy, "that to conquest his empire is to him nothing without to conquest the Miss De Vivas."

"But we're not hardly acquainted," said Maggie helplessly. "I've never been alone with him in my life. How can I marry when we're not hardly—and besides—"

Her astonished eyes wandered to Billy Keefe's photograph, but they saw it only for an instant. The tiny apartment seemed to spread out by a miracle into a brilliant hall, wherein jewelled women stood in dazzling rows before a tall goddess on a platform. Miss Hogan had witnessed a reproduction of Queen Alexandra's drawing room in a musical comedy.

"Listen here," the colonel was saying. "I'm no saint, and I reckon you're not. You're scrappy, and Irish, same as me—always ready for something doing. Well, here's plenty, this revolution business. If we win, we win big. But it's up to Anabel, really, and that means it's up to you, 'cause he's clean nutty about you. You're the only one now can key up the little cuss. If you hold off, he'll quit our job most likely. We're going to try to sail to-night."

"To-night!" echoed Miss Hogan.

"And if we lose, we lose big," he went on grimly. "Without we produce that silly emperor down yonder, we'll lose big—in money and men's lives. We're in too far. If Anabel backs out now, it's

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good-by, Bill, for his crowd. And as for me, it's my last chance. I'm old. All I've got is put on this throw of the dice. It's up to you. Say yes, won't you?"

Dr. Saz fluttered a memorandum book importantly.

"For you, settlements in the money," he explained, "are of elegance. What you have in United States dollars, a year ten thousand, with a villa, a—"

"Where the devil did you get that photo?"

With his feet wide apart, Colonel Gunshannon was planted in front of the bureau, shaking a gnarled forefinger fiercely at Maggie. She moved her lips twice in vain; the interview was becoming over-strenuous even for a goddess of Liberty.

"Where'd you get the photo of that gang?" blared Gunshannon.

"My father," Maggie quavered. "It's my—my father, there on the end."

"Con Hogan! Red Con! Constantine Malachi Hogan—your father!"

Maggie nodded a timorous assent.

"Con Hogan—great heavens!" ejaculated the colonel; and he plumped down on the bed so that Dr. Saz bobbed like a floating cork.

The settlements are of elegance," muttered the doctor faintly.

"The curse of Cromwell to you and your settlements!" snarled the Irishman. "Girl, girl! why didn't you tell me this?"

"I don't know," said Maggie, with an hysterical sob. "My father—he died—"

gie's immediate impulse was to cry as hard as she could. Instead of that, she looked at her father's picture. Standing next him in the group, she now recognized Gunshannon. Had it not been for the colonel's disclosure, she might have—her cheek's flamed furiously again. And her father's blanket mate had saved her at the sacrifice of—what had he said?—his last chance. Maggie ran downstairs to a landing where Gunshannon was groping in the dark.

She clutched the colonel's elbow. Saz stumbled half a dozen steps beneath them.

"I want to thank you," she whispered, "and wish you luck."

"That's all right," said old Gunshannon. "If we can only blarney his nobs into getting aboard that ship this evening without you—well, I'll lie to him like a house afire!"

Maggie, suddenly inspired, tugged off a bracelet.

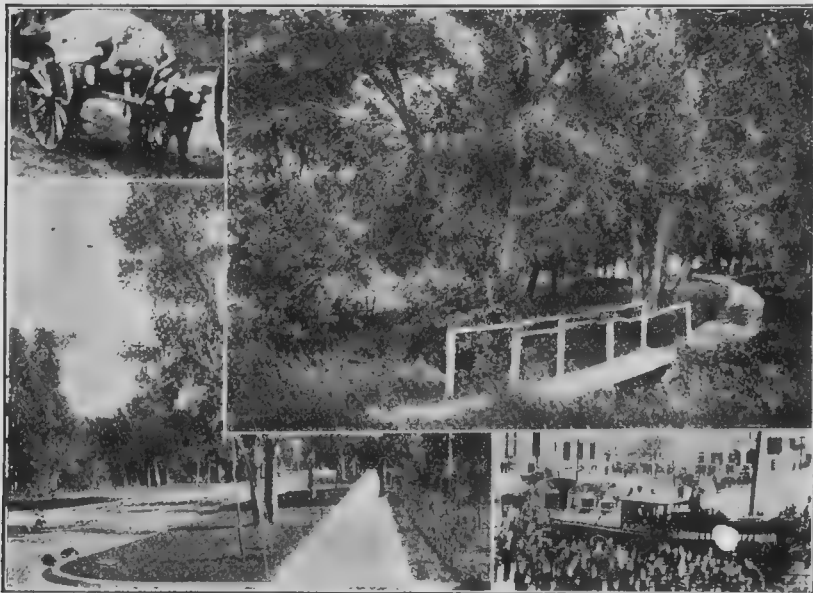
"Give him this, colonel. He noticed it on me at the theatre. Tell him it's a sign from me that I'll meet him on the steamer, or something—you know. That'll help."

"You bet!" Gunshannon pocketed the bracelet and grasped her hand. "So long, Maggie. Be good, for Con Hogan's sake."

"And I wish you luck," said she.

"Oh, we'll win, if we can get our guns and stuff out of the harbor to-night without those blasted United States detectives—"

"Here is it the entrance!" bawled the



Winnipeg Park Scenes.

"He was shot against a stone wall in Montevideo," said Gunshannon, "with a bandage over his eyes. In the prison-yard it was, and me in a cell, waiting my turn. We were blanket mates, me and Con Hogan, twenty-five years ago." He glared malevolently at Saz. "Come, move on," he snapped, "before I die with the black shame of this!"

He pounced upon the Spaniard and propelled him, squirming, toward the door.

"But Don Anabel!" the doctor panted. "But his answer!"

"When gentlemen friends ask me such questions," interjected Miss Hogan, "I answer them myself."

Gunshannon spun on his heel.

"See here," said he. "I'll do your answering. I'm running this shooting-match. Anabel's got a sallow runt of a fool queen in Rio, married to him by all the archbishops in South America; so you'll give him the frosty face, that's what you'll do, Kate—Maggie—Nora—what is it?"

"Maggie," said Miss Hogan. "But—oh!" Her cheeks turned to an indignant crimson. "What did you think I was?" she moaned.

"I didn't know you were Con Hogan's girl," replied Gunshannon curtly. "I told you I'm no saint. If I was, I'd change my trade. Move out, doctor—we've no more business here!"

"But the emperor will be in tumult!" Saz whispered. "He will delay—abandon!"

"He can go," said Colonel Gunshannon, "to—"

The door slammed behind him. Mag-

gie's distant Saz.

From the vestibule Miss Hogan watched the colonel and the doctor turn the street corner. There was a letter for her in the mail rack. It was from Billy Keefe, asking her to meet him at the Battery after sunset for an excursion down the bay.

It was a pleasant evening in the open places along the water front. The riding lights of ships at anchor wavered like hovering fireflies against the dull glow of the Jersey shore, and childish waves lapped sleepily the piles of the deserted little wharf where Miss Hogan loitered.

She was half an hour too early for her appointment with Billy Keefe at the Battery, farther south, and she had strolled aimlessly up West Street to the narrow wharf next a ferry-house. Maggie listened idly to the mysterious night voices of the bay. Sailors were at work on the deck of an anchored steamer, a disreputable tramp with yellow, smoking funnels. Miss Hogan heard chains clanking and saw occasionally the flare of a torch. Below her, a rowboat bumped against the wharf ladder, and two men in it murmured excitedly while they made fast.

"We ain't got time," said one.

"Hustle!" said the other gruffly. "Did you pipe the old Irishman with the two ginnies on the bridge? And them boxes is the rifles, I know. Hustle!"

"Their steam's up," complained the first.

"So's the revenue cutter's at the pier,



"A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush"

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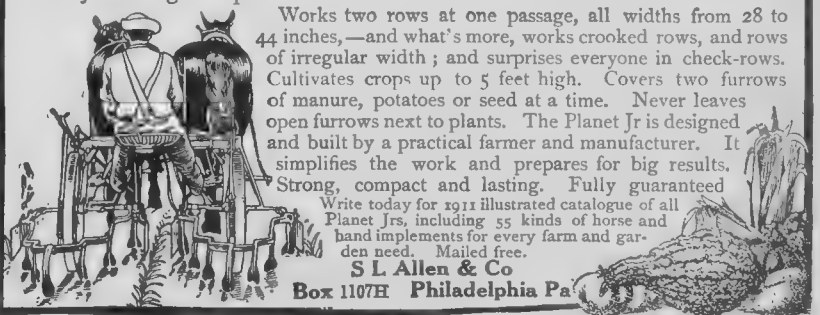
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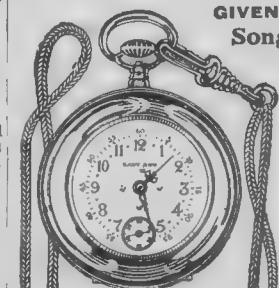
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yonder," was the reply. "Oh, I guess I'm a rotten ammytoor detective, hey? We'll make those brass buttons take notice, hey? And half the boodle quick, now!"

An evil face, with a peculiar green patch over an eye, came into sight above the string piece. Crouched behind a snubbing post, Maggie remembered that it was a season when a woman's cry in the streets made mobs. The two spies were scampering across the wharf, but Greenpatch caught his foot in a rope and fell. Miss Hogan was upon him in an instant.

"Help, help!" she screamed, like a siren whistle.

"What the devil's this? Lemme up!" sputtered Greenpatch, struggling in the grip of her strong hands. His companion stood by, paralyzed.

"Help!" screamed Maggie.

People ran from a dozen different directions; men dropped, seemingly from the sky, and popped from the pavement. Four brawny police officers fought their way through the angry crowd to Maggie.

"That's the pair!" she said wildly.

"Aw, lynch 'em!" yelled a shrill-voiced boy, far back in the throng; and the cry was speedily echoed.

A young officer drew his revolver.

"Into the ferry-house!" ordered another. "Close the gate—that's the ticket! Wagon, Gus!"

"It's a plant—I never saw her," wrangled Greenpatch desperately. "I got to go—I got—"

"Shut up, you!" said the policeman.

"crooked or not, you're lucky to get to the precinct with that bunch outside ready to skin you." He contemplated Miss Hogan, obviously impressed.

"Don't be nervous," he entreated.

"Thank you," said Maggie.

She wondered what he would think of her when she withdrew her charge, and how soon she must do it. Behind the fence of the ferry-slip the prisoners were raving incoherently to the contemptuous policeman. A patrol wagon clanged up to the gate, and with it there appeared a tall, broad-shouldered fellow in uniform, his clean-cut face white and frightened.



Quarrying Building Stone in Manitoba.

"Why, Billy Keefe!" cried Miss Hogan radiantly.

"Was just rubberin' 'round," blurted Keefe; "and—Maggie, for heaven's sake! That you, Springer?"

"Good evening, Mr. Keefe," said the policeman.

"Tell the sergeant I'll bring the young lady to the precinct," Billy said. "Friend of mine—you know—want to get her out of this."

Mr. Keefe had a way of doing things. Soon Maggie found herself escaping by a side entrance and walking with her lover towards the Battery Park. They halted in a secluded nook beyond the Aquarium, leaned on the iron railing of the sea wall, and gazed at the purple waters of the harbor.

"That was a fierce business to happen

to you," commented Keefe. "The dirty loafers!"

"They only scared me, Billy," said she. "Really, that's all. I was kind of ashamed to say so before the cops, but nothing ought to be done to 'em. It was an accident—honest. I needn't go to the police-station, or anything, need I, Billy?"

"Why, no," said Billy, wondering, "not if you don't want to. I guess I can fix it."

A disreputable looking tramp steamer with yellow funnels churned slowly by them, outward bound. Miss Hogan drew closer to the young detective, and his hand searched her wrist timidly.

"I've lost it—that bracelet you gave me," she confessed. "I'm awful sorry, but—but—"

"But what, Maggie?"

"But you can give me something else when you like," said Miss Hogan. "Something to go on my finger—my third finger, Billy. I've lived by my lonesome long enough!"

Night Schools in Agriculture.

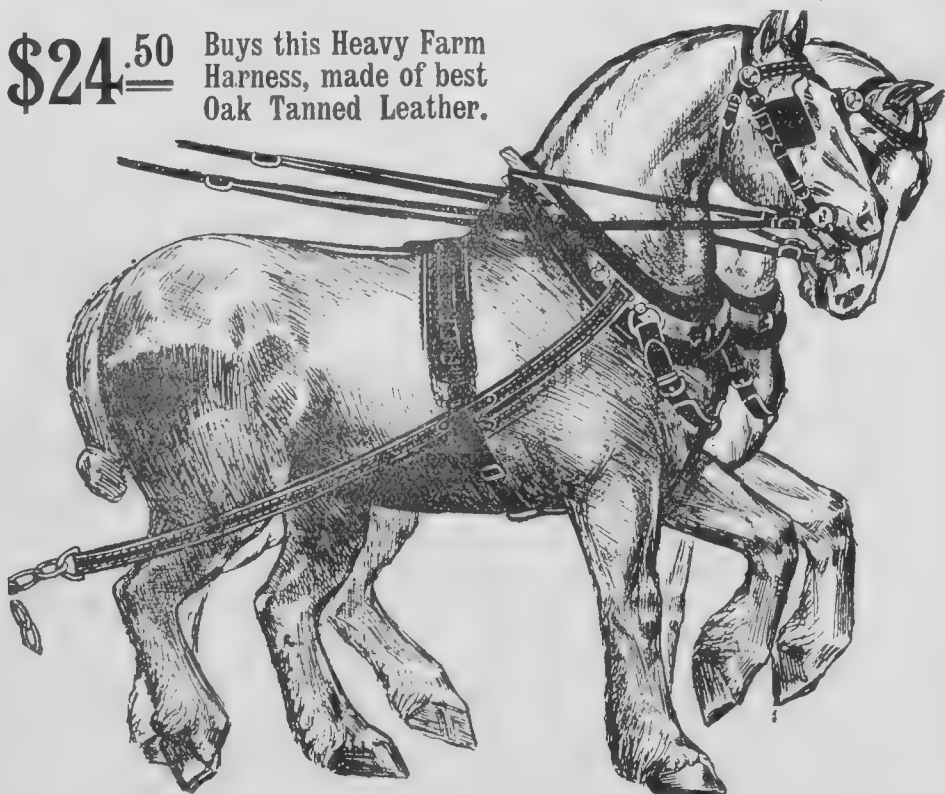
Manitoba Agricultural College has undertaken an experiment at Stoewall to determine the extent to which the young men of Manitoba, who heretofore have not been interested in improving their education, would take advantage of lectures in agriculture delivered during the winter evenings. The first meeting was held at Stonewall, on the night of Tuesday, the 21st inst, when Principal Black outlined the scope of agricultural education and the need of training for country life. Prof. Churchill followed with a lecture on "Soils, their Formation and Classification." On Friday evening, Feb. 23rd., Professor Bedford will give a lecture on "The Principles of Soil Cultivation," and Mr. Hooper, also of the College staff, will deal with the "Principles of Plant Growth."

It is proposed to continue this work for three weeks, giving in all 12 lectures. The majority of those who attended the first meeting were young men, and indications point to the successful outcome of this new undertaking. This is probably the first night school in agriculture that has been undertaken anywhere in this country, and the success of it will be of great interest to agricultural educators elsewhere.

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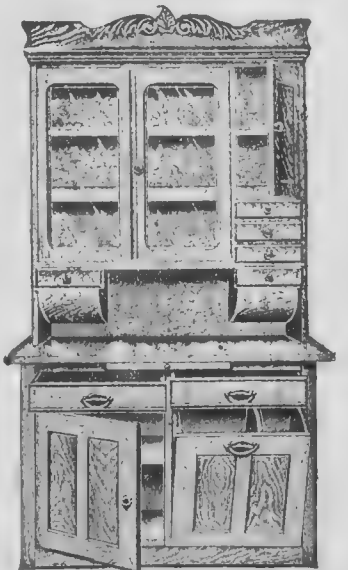
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The Underpaid Profession.

Written expressly for the Western Home Monthly by Arthur Bumstead, Ph.D.,
 Yale, Editorial and Magazine Writer, Kansas City, Missouri.

Is our American educational system to be wrecked because the best and brightest talent is turning aside from the teaching profession and going into commercial lines?

There must very soon be an answer to this question, for already the alarm signals have been sounded from every corner of the land. Indeed the situation has become actually acute since recent happenings have called sharp attention to the increased cost of living; and school boards, as well as the rank and file of the teaching profession are now coming to understand that however noble and dignified the calling, nevertheless, the laborer is worthy of his hire, and must have that hire in terms sufficiently remunerative to make both ends meet. The teachers themselves, and especially the women teachers, are also devoting a good share of apprehensive thought to the problems arising from present day conditions; here and there we begin to hear the murmurings of approaching readjustments, and foresighted heads among those most closely in touch with things educational would doubtless express but mild surprise should Miss

make this statement even stronger, and say that in almost any of the leading lines of professional or commercial activity these men and women would today be commanding pecuniary remuneration decidedly more in keeping with their splendid records and high attainments in the fields of learning and culture.

In the present instance, the writer might even go on to relate the not unfamiliar story of an early ambition to become a sharer in the labors and rewards of this same profession—of an actual record of several years' duration as an instructor in high school, academy, and university—of his dawning recognition of the obvious disadvantages of the underpaid profession as a field for the ambitious worker who feels the need of laying by something for a rainy day, and finally of his opportune escape into the more expansive fields of opportunity afforded by the conditions of present-day commercial life, where remuneration more nearly corresponds with service rendered, and where there is a somewhat more flexible adjustment to the ever advancing prices laid upon the necessities of respectable and wholesome



The Home of Miss Merwin's Dressmaking and Tailoring School.

Schoolmarm some fine morning decide to "walk out," leaving behind only the sad device, "No School Today," tacked upon the schoolhouse door.

The Search for New Occupations.

Probably one of the most serious of the problems confronting the American school teacher of today is that of a new or different profession—one that will at least hold out a reasonable promise of a fair living wage, to say nothing of the opportunity for future advancement to those energetic personalities equipped with that priceless talent—the ability to forge ahead and achieve success in the face of heavy odds.

Speaking from personal experience and observation, the writer might state that he has enjoyed peculiar advantages for studying this question from the standpoint of practical economics. As a student at Yale, and later at the University of Chicago, he not only became acquainted with a large number of the best known and best equipped representatives of the teaching profession, but was also afforded unlimited opportunities for observing the loyalty as well as the self-sacrifice of men and women of large abilities—talents, in fact, which under other conditions, and set in operation in mercantile lines in any of the great marts of commerce and industry, would undoubtedly have compelled quick recognition. We might

living. But that is "another story," and might not throw special illumination upon the problem of the underpaid "schoolmarm."

The Testimony of Trained Observers.

Dr. Lyman Abbott, editor of the Outlook, stated in a recent address that it is often the case that teachers are paid less than cooks. "The Japanese," said Dr. Abbott, with 98 per cent. of their children in the public schools, and with an educational system in the hands of adequately paid teachers, has out-distanced the United States."

A further thought is also suggested by Prof. Fisher's calculations, namely: Is it altogether a propitious outlook for our national future when shrewd stock breeders believe it to be good business policy to pay their overseers salaries of from \$100 to \$500 per month, while at the same time they place their children under the instruction of overworked teachers whose salaries range oftentimes as low as \$50 to \$75 per month? Is such a situation altogether encouraging to our national pride and self respect as a people of culture and enlightenment? And, furthermore, are not the teachers themselves in a large measure responsible for the present state of things through their meek and unprotesting submission to conditions that have long been well-nigh intolerable? Surely the law of supply and demand should in time adjust this matter; but in the

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meanwhile the adjustment might be greatly accelerated should the teachers more generally take up the cudgels in their own behalf; and on failing in their demands for adequate compensation, proceed to look about them for other and more remunerative means of livelihood.

High Prices—Pitiful Salaries.

In an address before a meeting of New York City teachers a few weeks ago, one of the speakers summed up the whole matter of the position of women in the teaching profession as follows: "The fact is that women are not going into the teaching as a profession because the salaries are so low, and the calling of teacher is no longer best for women. They say that I have a large salary. That is true; but I am sure that if I had gone into medicine or the law I should be earning more. Yes, if I had gone into a dry goods store as a cash girl, I believe I should be earning more as a buyer, and might be having my expenses paid on trips to Europe."

Plain living and high thinking used to be a favorite doctrine, especially among teachers a generation ago. To-day there is grave danger lest the teacher's living should become entirely too plain for comfort; while as for "high thinking," its attainment is altogether easy for any teacher who will concentrate her thought upon the present level of prices. Secretary Wilson, of the Department of Agriculture, states that it costs more to get the common necessities of life in the United States today



Ready for the Summer work at Selkirk, Man.

than in any other country in the world. This being a fact, what are the teachers going to do about it; especially during the waiting periods while school boards the school authorities are debating and deliberating as to whether a three per cent. increase in teachers' salaries is really called for as yet.

A conference of deans of women of state universities was recently held in

Chicago to look seriously into this problem of the non-equity of the "fine profession but poor trade," and to cast about for more remunerative vocations for such women teachers as have the determination to seek and prepare for them. Representatives of fourteen state universities attended the conference and a number of definite commercial lines of activity especially inviting to women

were exhaustively discussed.

A Bright Woman's Solution.

In the search for new occupations offering fair remuneration with a reasonable prospect of advancement on the basis of experience and increased efficiency, various solutions have been suggested. Some of the plans offered have undoubtedly contained elements of real merit; but being often somewhat theoretical they have failed in many instances to prove up to the decisive test of actual experience. At least one bright Western woman, however, has succeeded in working out this difficult problem, to her own satisfaction at least, as well as the twenty-odd thousand women who have followed the pioneer trail she has blazed for them, and her straightforward testimony will doubtless be of interest to every teacher who is now facing the urgent questions already suggested.

Miss Pearl Merwin, of Kansas City, Mo., both a college graduate and teacher, possesses the happy faculty of relating her own experiences in a manner that is at once convincing and unaffected, as was discovered by the writer in a recent interview. But what this former public school teacher, now an enterprising and successful business woman, says, can best be told in her own words.

"How did I come to leave off teaching and settle upon dressmaking as my life work? As I glance back it seems to have been the most natural thing imaginable. It is much like the case of the boy who whistled in school, and when called to task by his teacher for his innocent indiscretion, in perfect honesty stammered out, 'No-no, ma'am, I never. It-it just whistled itself!'"

"There is really nothing about my work," said Miss Merwin, "but what any ambitious woman of average intelligence, fair education and sufficient ambition, pluck and capacity for work can duplicate. Yes, I must confess that I have always been accredited with having more or less of a talent for dressmaking, but I don't think that is at all essential to a woman's success in doing all the sewing for her family, and home community as well for that matter. Certainly a 'knack' at the trade, and being, as we say, 'handy with the needle,' is decidedly to one's advantage. But what woman has not instinctively a tendency to a greater or lesser extent in this direction? Of course, the 'know how' is necessary, without which, natural talent, a love for the work, ambition, perseverance, and all that cannot of themselves alone bring success. A certain amount of technical knowledge and training is necessary, and the wise woman will put forth every possible effort to acquire it."

"From childhood I have always aspired to become a finished and artistic dressmaker. As a girl in school, all the studies which underlie the science and art of dressmaking, such as drawing, designing, color and observation work, had a deep fascination for me. While still a young girl at home the responsibility of making my younger sisters' and brothers' clothing fell to me. How I delighted in designing and drafting little patterns for them, and how careful I was that every stitch should be in the right place, and that each garment should fit as well as if it were for a grown person. Moreover, I early saw in my teaching work that the practical, the industrial, training is of first importance in this work-a-day world of ours, under the present day conditions."

From School Room to Bank Building.

"It is not over five years ago since I arrived at the decision to reach out for larger results than appeared to be possible in the ordinary channels of the teaching profession. Previous to that time I had travelled the customary pathway marked out for the graduate of a state normal school, leading through the irksome stages of advancement to the point where a fair living wage may be hoped for at some future date."

"What little I knew about dressmaking in those days I had managed to pick up by observation. I knew I could not expect the wealthy to trust their costly gowns with me. After trying many other plans I struck on the following, which proved to be the turning point in my life, although I am scarcely entitled to claim complete originality for the idea on which it is based."

"I commenced at once a scientific study of the various systems of dressmaking."

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I have found a great lack of uniformity as to system among dressmakers. Every dressmaker has 'her own way' of doing things, and there are too often no two alike in the same establishment. Dressmakers have long been agreed that there should be a universal system. With this idea in mind, assisted by the counsel of a number of the most widely known dressmakers, and using only the best elements of all the old systems, I struck out on entirely new and original lines; and the reception being accorded the product of my labors is surpassing my most sanguine hopes. Indeed, so enthusiastically is this system being received that it has already been introduced into a number of leading industrial schools, and bids fair to become the one recognized and universal system of America—hence its name.

"The making of all patterns, be they stock or individual, is based upon simple calculations easily performed from the measurements to which the pattern is to be built. Why not every woman be able to modify her own patterns? Why not every woman be able to draft her own patterns from her own measurements? The fact that the woman who can pay a dollar for an individual pattern drafted from her own form rather than a dime for a stock pattern, proves the value this knowledge will be to every woman who possesses it. A much better fit can be secured from an individual pattern than from a stock pattern. To put this information, this ability to do her own sewing, to draft her own patterns, into the hands of every woman who wants it, however humble her station or limited her means, is the task I have set myself for my life work."

A glance about Miss Merwin's spacious offices—her college, as she likes to call the place, and as she is justly entitled to call it, situated as it is on the top floor of the largest bank building in Kansas City—suggested to the interviewer a vivid contrast with the humble beginnings described by this now highly successful teacher, and dating back just five brief years. For teacher she still is, and this is a point which Miss Merwin strongly insists upon. In fact it was due in large part, no doubt, to her interest in teaching, and in the fellow members of her profession, that she was led to enter her present specialized field. Just now she is actively interested in the establishment of branch departments of her college in various parts of the country; and through the co-operation of teacher representatives is building up a very extensive educational system which is already being accorded recognition on the basis of its intrinsic merits and its unquestioned kinship with the so-called "industrial training" in its most approved form.

Such is one solution—and a very feasible solution it appears to be—of the great problem of the "underpaid profession," and the best part of it is its simple practicability. Would that many other hardworking but ambitious teachers might "go and do likewise."

Purely Doctrinal.

During a close campaign Senator Vance arrived at a village where a great deal depended upon his securing votes. Religious spirit ran high, and Vance was told beforehand that a candidate who did not belong to the popular church might as well save his breath. He determined to be a convert, but for the life of him could not remember which sect it was. He strolled into the village store, hoping by some chance word to find out. Every box and barrel-head was occupied by a leading citizen, whittling, smoking, chewing, talking of everything but the one subject he was after. Presently some one approached him and asked "Stranger, what church do you belong to?"

"Well," said Vance, in a bad predicament, "you ask me an honest question, and I will give you a straightforward answer. My grandmother was a Scotch-woman, a rigid Presbyterian." A perceptible chill promptly fell over the company. "My grandfather was English, and naturally an Episcopalian," Vance added quickly. A frown appeared on the forehead of the chill. "My father

believed in immersion, and was a good Baptist," Vance continued, looking anxiously for the verdict, to see in shaking heads an indication that he had not struck it yet. It was growing desperate. He squared his shoulders and went on solemnly. "My dear old mother, whom I loved and honored with my whole soul, was a Methodist." Instantly every face was adorned with a luminant smile, and in a burst of enthusiasm Vance concluded—"And, gentlemen, I followed the precepts of my dear old mother. I am a Methodist, and I don't care who knows it!"

"Stranger, you're just as good as elected!" cried a delighted listener. "For the fellow who's comin' here to-morrow, 'lectioneerin', is nuthin' but a Congregationalist."

"And that's just what I should have been next go," Senator Vance said in telling the story. "But, as a matter of fact, I had not spoken one word that was not truth."

So Generous.—"Tommy, did you give your brother the best part of the apple, as I told you to?" Tommy: "Yessum. I gave him the seeds; he can plant 'em and have a whole orchard."

A Remarkable Choir.—An old farmer and his wife were attending church services one hot Sabbath day. The windows were open, and the noisy chorus of the crickets was distinctly audible. In due course the choir sang an anthem,

and the old man, a music lover, listened enraptured. At its conclusion he turned to his wife and whispered: "Ain't that glorious and divine, Mirandy?" "Yes," she answered, "and to think that they do it all with their hind legs!"

He Lacked Perception.—A colored girl asked the drug clerk for "ten cents' worth o' cou't plaster." "What color?" he asked. "Flesh cullah, suh." Whereupon the clerk proffered her a box of black court plaster. The girl opened the box with a deliberation that was ominous, but her face was unruffled as she noted the color of the contents and said: "I ast yo' fur flesh cullah, an' now yo dun give me skin cullah!"

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We know that every progressive, up-to-date farmer realizes the advantage of always having sharp, bright tools to work with. You know how much work can be done with tools which are always in good condition. You know how much easier your work is and how much longer your tools last. You know all these things and yet—you DO sometimes work with dull tools, don't you? I want to prove to you that you can **easily keep all your farm tools in good condition, all the time, with this wonderful, simply wonderful, outfit which I send to you free.**

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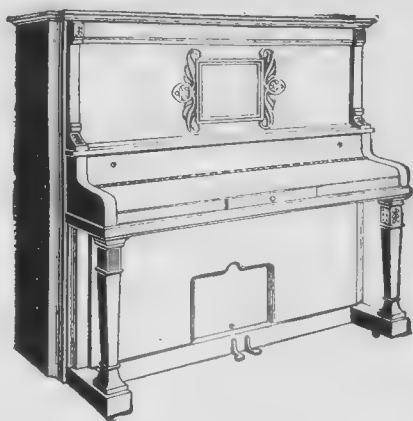
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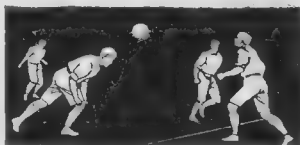
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Scotch Column.

Conducted by William Wye Smith, Scottish expert on standard dictionary and Translator of "New Testament in Braid Scots," etc.

The Visitor.

And ye've been ower to Scotland, lad,
And trod her hills of green?
Sit doon and tell what times ye had,
And a' that ye hae seen!
Do Scotland's maids as lovely seem
As once they were to me?
Or heather bells twine like a dream
Of sweet reality?

Is still the hawthorn in the dale
The poet's gladsome theme?
And ever within sight and hail
Of some meandering stream,
And mounts the lark at early morn
The glowing eastern sky?
And comes there still, on breezes borne,
The whaup's wild moorland cry?

Oh, lad, and have you dreamed your dream
(Oft clamorous to fulfil)?
And there, by mountain, wood and stream,
Have grown inspired at will?
And came ye back by simple choice,
Nor left your heart behind?
And with a leal and honest voice
Say, "Here my home I find."

William Wye Smith.

Directions.—I asked a boy on the Borders the direction to Hawick. I had to turn at a "smiddie."

"Oh, but, hold on!" I said. "What is a smiddie?"

"Oh, a place whaur they shoe horses,"
"Oh, yes! You mean a blacksmith's shop."

"Ay; but they ca' them smiddies hereway."

I professed to be ignorant on many other points, and he enlightened the stranger.

"Williewaught."—As generally printed, "a richt gude williewaught" is found in the concluding couplet of "Auld Lang Syne." But in reality there is no such word as "williewaught." We find "waught" or "wacht" in Jamieson's Dictionary, but he never heard of "Williewaught." The fact is, the adjective is "gude-willie," that is, "for good-will," and the noun is "waught," drink—especially a very full draught of anything. In the first printing of the song (in a musical publication) Burns intended it to be printed "gude-willie-wacht" (a drink for good-will), but the end of the line comes after "willie," and you cannot tell which way to take it. Had the English style of printing used a double hyphen at the end of the line, as in the German, there never would have been this mistake. Half the editions of Burns have it one way and half the other. But we don't need a word that has no meaning.

My father wad hae me to marry the miller.

My mither wad hae me to marry the laird;
But brawly I ken it's the love o' the siller

That brightens their fancy to ony regaird!

The miller is crookit, the miller is crabbit,
The laird, tho' he's wealthy, is lyart and lean:

He's auld, and he's cauld, and he's blin',
and he's bald,
And he's no for a lassie o' merry eighteen.

Robert Tannahill.

Potatoes.—The modern "early potato"—which only came in fifty years ago—will often permit other crops to be sown or planted after they have been lifted. This year in Argyllshire a farmer reaped a crop of barley, sown after a crop of early potatoes had been lifted. Potatoes are cheaper in Scotland this year than with us. At Had-

dington potato market this autumn they brought from 50 to 55 shillings per ton.

"A Kist o' Whistles."—It is hard to keep track of Mr. Carnegie's doings. But one of the last is the donation of an organ to the church he attended as a boy in Dunfermline, in Fifeshire, at a cost of £500.

Enterprise.—A Glasgow photographer announces "refreshments" for his customers. It is scarcely likely to end well, even while it may illustrate his enterprise. But experiment is the only way to decide many questions, and we shall see. Another photographer on the Borders announces that he keeps all sorts of costumes on hand for his customers—Highland kilts, fishwives' costumes, etc., etc. This ought to be "taking" with many of the young people.

Scotch Songs.—Sir John Leng, proprietor of the People's Journal, People's Friend, etc., Dundee, believes in the singing of Scottish songs, and gives prizes in that department to the scholars of the schools. This year Dorothy Barrie, of the Morgan Academy, and John Mudie, of "Mars" Training Ship, were the successful contestants.

Memorial to King Edward.—Ever since the lamented death of King Edward, some Scottish memorial to his name has been in the minds of many people. It will probably take the form of the restoration and embellishment of Holyrood Palace, Edinburgh, to fit it for the occasional residence of the Sovereign. Lord Provost Brown said the other day in an after-dinner speech: "That this scheme must be a national one in Scotland. Edinburgh would buy up some properties which interfered with the proper approach to the Palace, but the restoration proper was the work of the nation as a whole."

There's news frae Moidart come yestreen,
Will soon gar mony ferlie;
For ships o' war hae just come in,
And landed Royal Charlie.

Come through the heather, around him gather!
Ye're a' the welcomer early!
Around him cling, wi' a' your kin,
For wha'll be King but Charlie?
Lady Nairne.

A midgie is as big as a mountain—almost.

He that winna when he may, shanna when he wad!

As broken a ship's come to land!

Ilka miller wad wise the water till his ain mill.

Death comes in and speirs nae quistens.

Fools and bairns shouldna see half-dune wark

He's fond o' barter that niffers wi' Auld Nick!

When the tod preaches, tak' care o' the lambs.

"What's no i' the bag will be i' the brose," quo' the Hielandman, when he dirked the haggis!

Fruit.—A great increase in the price of fruit is noticed this year. Raspberries sold, by the ton, at £13 8s. 9d., against £7 10s. 9d. last year; strawberries, £28 2s. 6d., as against £14 last year; black currants same as last year, £37 6s. 8d. It is worth while to raise black currants in Scotland.

Home Economics.

By Miss Annie B. Juniper, Professor of Household Science, Manitoba College.

"Economy is the Art of Making the Most of Life."

What does the title of this article mean? The first word everyone understands. It means all that is dearest to most of us—sympathy, shelter, protection and happiness, a place where our physical, mental, moral and spiritual advancement is cared for.

And economics—what does that stand for? Why, simply the prudence and wisdom necessary for the highest fulfilment of the functions of home. Webster defines it as "the science of the temporal wellbeing of man in the widest sense."

Since work of all kinds well performed is a result of scientific principles followed, wittingly or unwittingly, it is therefore necessary for men and women alike to have some knowledge of the science of living if there is to be true economy of life, health, time and money.

Let us consider the effect of science as applied to the functions of the home with respect to health, without which life is of very little value.

Home economics naturally falls into four divisions—shelter, foods, clothing and social ethics.

Take a single illustration of sanitary science as applied to shelter. Suppose a mother and father do not fully understand the vital need for a constant supply of fresh air in the house all the time. What happens? The inmates of the house breathe during the day, and far more during the long hours of the night, impure air, which they and other members of the household have breathed before. It would be considered an insult to offer anyone dirty food, or water in which to wash, neither of which are more objectionable and both are possibly less dangerous than dirty, twice-breathed air. As a consequence of impure air, the general vitality is lowered, the tendency to succumb to all diseases is increased, particularly headaches, colds, sore throats, pneumonia and consumption. In many cases such diseases are a direct result of ill-ventilation. The parents expend needless nerve force in worry and time trying to remedy the ill, and money on medicine. The patient loses time, strength and comfort as a result. How does the cost of such a state of affairs compare with the amount of money which would have secured the removal of the products of respiration and a supply of fresh air by scientific windows and other ventilating appliances?

Secondly, think of the economic loss through lack of scientific knowledge regarding the composition and preparation of foods. What percentage of parents understand which foods contain the largest amount of muscle or flesh-form and energy, which are richest in material ing material, which supply most heat necessary for making brain, bone, teeth, hair, nails? How many know what proportion of these body-making materials an individual needs each day? or what circumstances alter and affect these needs of the body? Is it generally understood how cooking affects different types of food, and by which method of cooking each may be so altered as to be most easily digested and assimilated and become part and parcel of the blood going to nourish the muscular, nervous, bony, and fatty tissues of the body? Does it not seem worth while to study the science of foods and feeding, to effect an economy in general physical efficiency?

Thirdly, ponder on the lack of Science and sense as related to clothing. Most people are interested in clothing. How many are intelligently interested? The essentials of good clothing are health, comfort, beauty, and style last of all. Yet witness the gigantic and heavy hat, which is no protection in cold, windy weather; or the hobble skirt, which restricts instead of aiding, graceful motion; the corset, which too often displaces internal organs; and the corn-producing boots and shoes.

Is the manufacture, adulteration and true worth of textiles used in clothing, and made articles of all kinds used in

the home, understood to any extent by the housewife sufficiently to guide her in buying, in the same way in which the materials used by the manufacturer are understood by him, for example? Individuals cannot afford to keep chemists, as manufacturers do, to test the various materials used in the production of their goods. But what is to hinder intelligent housewives, by co-operation, agitating for Home Experiment Departments, where trained women can test textiles, utensils—in short, all manufactured articles used in the home as they appear on the market?

Lastly, have men and women a clear idea of the value, the monetary value, of health, happiness and time? Are they looking at things in their true relative proportions, or is economy lacking in life generally? If pleasures are indulged in to the physical and mental detriment of individuals, it affects the family and nation also: there is need for true wisdom, moderation and economy in the matter of pleasures, as in all else. The mind requires to be fed with physical, mental and moral food, which will produce healthy thoughts, for otherwise it cannot progress, grow and flourish, any more than the body unless fed economically. The two are intimately connected. Bernard Shaw has said that "Economy is the art of making the most of life." This is what the study of "Home Economics" will help us to do.

The Home Economics Course at Manitoba Agricultural College.

Session Starting April 17th.

Since the Home Economics at the M.A.C. was opened in May of 1910 two sessions of three months have been held, both incidental as regards work, but with this difference: Students attending last summer were able to live at Roblin Hall, the agricultural students' rooms being vacant; those studying at present have to live in Winnipeg, since there is no sleeping accommodation at the College. This difference between the summer and winter courses will exist until there is a Women's residence.

A third session starts on April 17th, lasting until July 7th. Two courses will be offered—another junior course for new students, and an advanced or senior course for those who either last year or this have already taken the junior work. The subjects for each course are outlined below.

Since the agricultural students leave at the end of March, their rooms will be available for the students taking the April course. The social life the girls are thus able to have amongst themselves, particularly when the Normal students come in June, adds greatly to the enjoyment of their studies.

The cost of this training, with board and residence, is, roughly speaking, about \$100:—

Registration fee	\$5.00
Laboratory fee	5.00
Cost of necessary books, about.....	5.00
Caution money deposit (returned if no damages occur)	\$5.00
Twelve weeks' board at \$4.....	48.00
Personal laundry (approx.)	5.00
Materials for dressmaking	6.00
Millinery	3.00
Car fares, etc.	2.00

\$85.00
Balance for incidentals \$15.00

\$100.00
The registration fee for non-residents of Manitoba is \$30.00, instead of \$5.00.

Junior Course of Three Months.

This course will consist of practical and theoretical work in cookery, laundry, needlework, millinery, house cleaning and home repairs, with illustrated lectures on hygiene, sanitation, home furnishing, home nursing, with one



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The old way is wrong. This is clearly proved by the fact that separators built that way have too little skimming force and must have bowls filled with disks or other complicated, hard-to-wash, quick-to-wear parts. The new way is right. This is proved by the fact that Sharple's Dairy Tubulars contain no disks or other contraptions, produce twice the skimming force, skim faster and twice as clean as others.

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or more lectures on meat cutting, home poultry, horticulture and dairy work.

Senior Course of Three Months.

This course will include more advanced work in cookery, laundry, dressmaking, millinery, home nursing, home management, household handicraft, with lectures on chemistry, bacteriology and physics as applied to the home, the care and training of children, the serving of meals, and home administration.

Senior students will be allowed to select one of the following subjects:—Bee-keeping, management of poultry, dairy work or home gardening, in which practical work will be given. The subjects will be dealt with in the light of remunerative hobbies possible for those living at home. Not less than twelve students must apply to form a class.

Already a number of applications have been received for the junior course, and it is hoped that all who intend taking either the junior or the senior work will make application as soon as possible, so as to facilitate arrangements. Full particulars on application to Manitoba Agricultural College, Winnipeg.

DOMESTIC SCIENCE ASSOCIATIONS.

The Western Home Monthly will publish on this page from month to month reports from home economic societies throughout the west. These organizations have been recently instituted through the efforts of the Domestic Science Department of the Manitoba Agricultural College, and are destined to accomplish a great work. Secretaries of societies will greatly help by mailing to the Western Home Monthly brief outlines of their meetings. It is felt that branches should exist in all parts of the province, and it is hoped that the publication of such news as we purpose giving will stimulate interest in those communities where at present no organization exists.

Carman, Man.

Carman, Feb. 13th.—Sometime in November, through the kindness of Miss Juniper and Miss Kennedy, of the Household Science Staff of M. A. C., an association for the study of matters pertaining to household science was formed here. Since then we have had three public meetings and two meetings of the board of directors. At the first public meeting, very interesting papers were read by Miss Harrison and Miss Campbell. These two young ladies have, during the past summer, attended the first year course at the Household Science School of M. A. C., and proved to us that the time had been well spent. Our second meeting was held Jan. 19th, and in spite of unfavorable weather a large number of visitors and members attended, and all enjoyed a well prepared paper by Miss Fender on "Best Literature for the Home." Miss Fender drew our attention to the fact that as good reading matter is one of our most priceless possessions the taste for the best should early be cultivated in young Canadians. This being the annual meeting, the election of officers resulted as follows:—President, Mrs. W. S. Murray; sec.-treas., Miss Sadie Campbell; vice-president, Mrs. R. Malcolmson; directors, Mrs. Aikin, Mrs. August, Mrs. McCormick, Mrs. Roblin, Mrs. T. Campbell and Mrs. Macoun.

The third meeting was held Feb. 9th, 3 p.m., with a good assembly of ladies of both town and district. An excellent paper from Miss Jones was read and delighted all present. Miss Jones handled the question of "Order and System in Housekeeping" in a most capable and witty manner. A few of the ladies brought home made candy to this meeting, and while it was being sampled a discussion on candy making was held.

At a meeting of the new board of directors, held Saturday, Feb. 9th, at the home of Miss Mickle, a programme for three meetings was framed. For March meeting we are to have discussion on cake making and social tea, also re-

ports of the delegates to convention. For April a demonstration of the vacuum cleaner, paper from Mrs. Melville on Housecleaning, also suggestions for Easter. For May, papers will be given by Nurse Adrian, "Care of Fever Patients," and Dr. Daynard on "Care of the Teeth."

We decided to hold all meetings in the Court House, on the second Thursday of each month.

Four delegates were appointed to attend the convention in Winnipeg:—Mrs. J. Simpson, Mrs. W. S. Murray, Miss Fender and Miss Mickle. At present our association has a membership of thirty-five.

Emerson.

A meeting of the Emerson Household Science Association was held in the Town Hall, on Feb. 9th, at 3 o'clock. Nineteen members were present. The meeting was opened by some introductory remarks by the president, Mrs. Bell. A letter from the Agricultural College was read, asking that delegates be sent to the convention at the Agricultural College, on the 14th and 15th of February. After some discussion it was moved by Mrs. Wallace, seconded by Mrs. Neve, that Mrs. Fraser and Mrs. Koen be appointed delegates.

A paper was read by Mrs. Fraser containing valuable hints on home sewing.

Mrs. Sherbino gave a very interesting talk on making children's clothing with the garments for illustration, after which the meeting was thrown open for discussion.

The president asked that one or two ladies be appointed to interview the Mayor for permission to use the Council Chamber. On the motion of Mrs. McRae seconded by Mrs. Gault, Mrs. Bell was appointed.

After the meeting was dismissed, the ladies of the executive served tea and sandwiches and cake to the members. A very pleasant social hour was spent.

M. L. McKenzie, Secretary.

Morden.

Our branch of the Household Science Association at Morden has only twenty members so far, but the prospects are bright. Those who have joined are all deeply interested, and we feel sure that many more will join as soon as they see the club is going to be a success.

We meet the second Saturday of each month in the Municipal Hall, which we get free of charge, and our first annual meeting was held on January 14th, 1911.

The officers for the year were elected as follows:—President, Mrs. Kirby; first vice-pres., Mrs. Mott; second vice-pres., Mrs. Ching; secretary-treasurer, Miss Lloyd; and four directors, two from the town and two from the country. At the February meeting held last Saturday, there was a most interesting paper read on "Short Cuts in Home Sewing," and after the reading of the paper, the committee in charge of the day's programme demonstrated the various suggestions mentioned with patterns and old garments to be "made over." Newspapers and scissors were provided, and patterns cut off for members who wished for them.

When our membership is larger, and we have enough funds on hand, we hope to have a club-room of our own, where all literature belonging to the association can be kept, and where we can drop in and exchange ideas any time we feel inclined.—R. Lloyd, Secretary, Morden Household Science Association.

Russell, Man.

We have held three meetings since our association was formed. The first was very well attended, but since that the roads have been almost impassable, and country people could not get in.

Our sec.-treas. left town, and we have found it hard to get anyone to take her place. We hold our meetings on the second Saturday of each month, and charge a membership fee of 25c.

At our January meeting we revised (Continued on page 64.)

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THE PHILOSOPHER.

EASTERN UNWISDOM.

During the past few months there has been a most extraordinary increase of Eastern utterances, in print and in public speeches, deploring what is termed Western antagonism to the East. The plain truth is that these utterances of Eastern antagonism to the West are the most active agencies there are for setting West and East at variance. There is altogether too much Eastern lecturing of the West and Eastern assertion that the people of the West are failing to manifest a proper spirit of gratitude for all that has been done for them. Such talk is grotesquely unjust and most injurious to the cause of Canadian unity. The people of the West are paying now, and have paid all along, their full share and more than their full share of every public expenditure of Canada, including all the expenditures for the West, from the original purchase from the Hudson's Bay Company of what is now Western Canada. That money, like all other national expenditures, was provided by floating national bonds, the carrying charges of which, extending over long terms of years, are borne by the whole country. As for the cost of providing the West with railways, of which so much is said by these Eastern deplorers of Western ingratitude, the West has in a thousand and one ways borne decidedly more than its share. Nothing is commoner nowadays than for Eastern objectors to the construction of the Hudson Bay Railway to speak of the overweening presumption of the West in asking that millions shall be provided from the Dominion treasury for that purpose. On the contrary, every dollar required for that national undertaking will be provided by the West, under the policy by which the proceeds from the sale of pre-emptions, amounting already to more than \$21,000,000, are set aside for that work.

A ROYAL COURT AT OTTAWA

Last year Rideau Hall, the residence of the Governor-General at Ottawa, cost the people of Canada some \$43,000 for repairs, maintenance and furniture. In the past dozen years \$500,000 of the public money has been spent on that residence for repairs, maintenance and furniture, and \$125 for construction, to say nothing of a round \$1,000,000 which has been required for vice-regal salaries and the emoluments of the vice-regal staff. Salaries aside, however, Rideau Hall is a white elephant. It eats up money in amounts that grow larger every year, and continues to be anything but a thing of beauty. The question was asked in the House at Ottawa a week or two ago whether the Government was considering the erection of a new vice-regal residence. The Minister of Public Works, Mr. Pugsley, replied that he was personally in favor of demolishing Rideau Hall, selling the grounds, buying another site and putting up a modern residence on it for our future Governors-General. He estimated that the grounds of Rideau Hall could be sold for \$700,000, if cut up into building lots. "This is probably a fairly accurate calculation," says a Toronto paper, which proceeds to dilate upon Ottawa snobishness. "There are many people in Ottawa," it remarks, "who would pay two prices for land which had been for years the site of the vice-regal residence. It would almost add a cubit to their social stature to be able to write home, 'Our drawing room is just where the vice-regal stables used to be.'" Seriously, though, it is to be said that such a change as the Dominion Minister of Public Works foreshadows will only be desirable under certain conditions. If it is the intention to erect a palace, which would cost the Dominion an even larger sum for maintenance than the present Hall, the democratic people of this country will hardly approve of such a proposal. The temptation to establish a royal court at Ottawa, now that the Duke of Connaught is to reside there for a term as Governor-General is one which is very alluring to Ottawa "society," but the idea is not one that commends itself to the Canadian people at large.

BENEFIT ALL AROUND.

Nothing could be more enlightening in regard to the propensity to take narrow, local views of large matters than the fact that upon the announcement of the reciprocity arrangement there were strenuous protests heard from some fruit-growers in the United States, and no less strenuous protests from some fruit-growers in Canada. Surely the hundred millions of people living in Canada and the United States will use all the fruit that all the fruit-growers in both countries will have to sell. Surely free trade in fruit will not ruin or injure the fruit-growers in both countries. Yet some of the Ontario fruit-growers proclaimed that they would be injured, as also some of the British Columbia fruit-growers. And at the same time Speaker Cannon was making doleful predictions of dire ruin to the fruit-growing interests in the United States. "Ask the fruit-growers of California," exclaimed Mr. Cannon dismally, "what they are going to do when Canadian fruits are free!" All of which—and of the other like manifestations of a local narrowness of view—has

unquestionably been of great educational value to the people of both countries. The fact in regard to these simultaneous cries of alarm from fruit-growers on both sides of the line is, of course, that a half-truth is presented in each case. Canadian fruit-growers and United States fruit-growers will both meet a new competition, but they will both also enjoy a larger market. More United States fruit will enter Canada. More Canadian fruit will enter the United States. The freedom of movement of fruit, vegetables, grain and other natural products will be greatly increased—which is the designed effect of all reciprocity arrangements, and in fact, of all trade and commerce. Western Canada, which has to import most of its fruit, will be able to draw upon a larger field for a longer time. There will be a freer flow of fruit, varying with the seasons.

THE CORONATION COURT OF CLAIMS

It is expected that two millions of visitors will be attracted to London by the magnificent proceedings in connection with the coronation of King George and Queen Mary on June 22. To many the appeal made by those proceedings will be merely the appeal of the spectacular; they will be drawn to the coronation as they would be to a Durbar in India, or to the enthronement of a Czar and Czarina, which for gorgeousness and lavish splendor outrivals the greatest spectacles East or West. For many the coronation ceremonies in London will have a high patriotic and religious significance. To others they will appeal strongly on the historical and heraldic side, and these latter will be interested in the hundreds of cases which are being considered by the Court of Claims—cases of hereditary claims to do certain things, or occupy certain places at the coronation proceedings. The case which is attracting the greatest amount of attention, as it is giving the Court of Claims the greatest amount of trouble, is the three-cornered one between Lord Grey de Ruthyn, the Earl of London, and Lord Hastings, to bear the Great Spurs at the ceremony. Each of the three can claim descent from the baron who carried the Great Spurs at the coronation of Richard II. The suggestion that the matter might be settled by the Court of Claims ordering a three-handled silver dish to be made, in which the Great Spurs should be carried, each of the three claimants holding a handle of the dish, would be regarded, of course, as little short of sacrilege by the upholders of the sacredness of all these fine points of ancient quaintness and historic ceremonial, which are reminders of the acts of personal service to the sovereign, upon which estates and titles used to be held. Viewed in the right historical perspective, they have their import, and play their part in making the coronation a pageant of historical interest and value.

SHOULD BE INVESTIGATED

The Dominion Parliament might with advantage to the country have adopted Mr. Monk's resolution for a commission to investigate mergers. Such a commission would not conflict with the Combines Act placed on the Dominion's statute book last year—a law with many excellent features, but as no action has been taken under its provisions, it would appear that it needs to be strengthened on the side of enforcement. This is the view taken by ex-President Roosevelt, who summarizes the Combines Act in a recent article in the Outlook. He writes: "The principal questions are: (1) How to provide for such an investigation as shall determine whether a given combine is a harmful monopoly; and (2) How to provide the proper course of action where it shall be found that such a monopoly exists. Canada has shown us the answer to the first question, and Germany to the second." The German method is not very clearly explained, but a commission, such as Mr. Monk suggested, could obtain this and other information. Mr. Monk brought up specially the matter of overcapitalization, and the enhancement of prices in order to provide dividends on "watered" stock and bonds. These are large and important questions, and if Parliament is not ready to deal with them by legislation, all the more reason for a thorough investigation. We have had altogether too much in Canada of the making of millionaires by the merger method, at the expense of the general public.

NEIGHORLY PEACE AND GOOD WILL.

The movement for an international celebration of the completion of a hundred years of peace between Canada and the United States is growing in Eastern Canada, but is by no means confined to that half of the Dominion. An international movement is afoot in British Columbia and the State of Washington, with a view to the erection of a tall shaft of stone as a monument of peace on Boundary Bluff, where the international line meets the Pacific Ocean. The idea is for the two Governments to provide a strip of land at least one mile wide on each side of the boundary

as an international park, and for the shaft to be erected by popular subscription. The feeling in both countries is deep-seated in favor of the continuance of neighborly peace and good will between Canada and the United States under their respective flags.

CANADIAN MONEY IN SOUTH AMERICA

There are millions of good Canadian money invested in Mexico, Brazil, and Central America, that could, to the general advantage of the country, be better invested at home. Recent happenings in these Latin-American countries should prove an object lesson to our capitalists that for safe and profitable investment of their money there is no occasion to seek foreign fields where life and dividends are both uncertain. —Monetary Times.

LETTERS IN THE POST BOX

Sir John Henniker Heaton, the apostle of British postal reform, is by no means of a mind to rest content with what he has already achieved, but has recently forwarded no less than sixty-two suggestions to the British Postmaster-General for further improvements. One of the matters to which this great originator of postal reforms and critic of postal regulations is now devoting special attention is the impossibility, according to law, in Great Britain as in this country, of the writer of a letter getting it back into his possession after he has mailed it. Once a letter has been mailed, the postal regulations declare it to be the property of the person to whom it has been addressed. There may be an occasional person in this country who has had an experience contrary to this. A friendly postmaster may have handed back a letter whose writer regretted having mailed it. But the obliging official in that case acted contrary to the regulations. In some countries, the United States, for example, the point at which a letter becomes the property of the person to whom it is addressed is not located so close to the sender, and the latter may get it back any time before it is delivered.

PASSENGER TRAFFIC IN THE AIR.

The most notable feat of the birdmen during the past month has been that of the French aviator, Roger Sommer, in carrying six passengers thirteen miles. It is specially interesting, because it is in the development of the capacity of carrying considerable loads with safety and ease that the practical progress of the flying progress of the flying machines must be made, if flying is ever to come into practical use. It is notable that aviation continues to attract attention more from the military and naval points of view than from any others. A distinguished German military authority has recently published a book on night operations, in which he takes the ground that hereafter it will be necessary in war time for troops to march mainly at night, in order to avoid observation from overhead. Will the next step be aerial cruisers equipped with searchlights for detecting such nocturnal movements?

THE WORLD'S FORGOTTEN PEOPLES.

Many are the mysteries connected with the peoples who vanished from the world in prehistoric times. This continent had its mound-builders, in connection with whom one of the most interesting discoveries yet made was a recent one among their remains in the Lake of the Woods region of some articles made of a jade which is not to be obtained north of Mexico. The old world mystery of the lost Atlantis has been revived by a German scientist, Dr. Frobenius, who announces that he has discovered remains which prove that Atlantis was in the site of Atlantis in British West Africa. According to his account, he has come upon traces of an extremely ancient civilization, capable of producing wonderfully worked quartz pillars, granite figures, burned clay portraits of classic beauty, and vessels and fragments of pottery splendidly overlaid with various colors. The discovery to which he attaches most importance is that of a hollow bronze cast of a head covered with fine tattooing. He is convinced that he has come upon the site of Atlantis, which the ancient Greeks, however, believed to be a large island west of the Straits of Gibraltar, whose inhabitants had attained a high degree of civilization, and were wealthy and powerful, but were swallowed up by the ocean, together with their island, because they had offended the gods by their impiety. Dr. Frobenius is convinced that Atlantis was an island all right enough, but that it was in a sea that in ancient times covered part of Africa and that the way to it from Greece was through the Pillars of Hercules, as the Straits of Gibraltar were then named. That there was an Atlantis is altogether more probable than that there was not. In Peru, Yucatan, South Africa, and elsewhere in the world there are wonderful ruins left by peoples of whom there is absolutely no record.

What the World is Saying.

The Storm from Kansas

The fact that the storm struck Kansas before it reached Saskatchewan spoiled it for American immigration purposes.—Toronto Star.

The Douks in B. C.

The Doukhobors in British Columbia are successful settlers. Even the fine climate does not tempt them to the old habits of discarding clothes.—Calgary Herald.

Ottawa Has a Grievance

Of a truth, it is incumbent upon the postoffice authorities to replace that antediluvian porch with a modern revolving door.—Ottawa Free Press.

The Iron Horse

"Stalled in the Mountains" is not an equine tale, although its title might indicate a lack of horse power on the part of the engine.—Vancouver Province.

Good Roads and Progress

A prominent Michigan newspaper says the sections which have the best roads show the most advancement. There is considerable force in this contention.—Toronto Telegram.

The Real Explanation

Usually if there is anything good or bad about a man it is known in his home town—perhaps that is the reason so many people are now living in the cities.—Camrose Canadian.

Protectionist Fallacies

As soon as protection theorists evade one horn they are impaled on another. The Americans are calling for free spruce because they really need it. Things they do not need will stay out without a tariff.—Kingston Whig.

A Gibe at the Senate

The fossils, minerals and other specimens are being removed from the Geological Museum to the new Victoria Memorial Museum. The antiquities in the Red Chamber will not be disturbed at present.—Ottawa Citizen.

Our Neighbors Across the Line

The hundred million people seem to be growing so courageous that they may neglect the searching of valises at the border. They no longer dread cheap food; in fact some of them would almost welcome it.—Hamilton Times.

To Keep the Railways in Check

The Hudson Bay line will be a short connecting link between ocean tide and the western railways. As such, it can be made to serve the purpose of a check on the railways—serving the true interests of the people.—Peterboro Review.

Economic Exchanges

Mr. Russell, special pleader for the manufacturers, talks of the million and a half Canadians in the United States. Those men as naturally find their way into the States as the thousands of Americans find their way into Canada. It's an economic exchange and one gradually coming to our favor.—Saskatoon Phoenix.

No More Tail-twisting

Will the United States Senate approve a proposal to submit all disputes with Great Britain to arbitration? Fifteen years ago the answer would have been "No," but the tail-twisting days are gone. Such a treaty would kick the ball a good deal nearer the goal of universal peace.—London Advertiser.

Furs and Pelts

The value of the skins of fur bearing animals sold in Canada and the United States during the past five years is estimated at over forty-two million dollars. This does not include the pelts of the Wall street "bears," which, when in season and good condition, are rated in the millions.—Montreal Herald.

The Future is With the West

The new Alberta parliament buildings are to cost ten million dollars. Certainly Alberta is looking far enough ahead. Perhaps indeed the western prairie

province is looking to the time which legend says Sir John A. Macdonald foresaw, namely when the Canadian Capital would be moved somewhere out on the western prairies.—Woodstock Sentinel-Review.

New Zealand Has No Millionaires

New Zealand is one of the happiest, most prosperous countries under the sun, and has not a single millionaire. The population numbers one million. The value of products for last year exceeded that of the previous twelve months by 6,000,000 pounds sterling. The government is now putting up a great fight against the trusts.—The Public.

Before Canada Was British

A Montreal nun who died at the age of ninety-four in Quebec this week, had in her earlier life a friend, another nun, who witnessed Montcalm's funeral in 1759. Thus the two lives bring us back to before the English occupation of Canada, an event which most of us mentally place away back in the dim dawn of this continent's history.—Ottawa Evening Journal.

The Western Spirit

You have, no doubt, read and heard repeatedly the old, old story about Western Canada and its opportunities, and also have observed how every city, town, village and hamlet have advertised their district as being the best possible place to locate. We are not going to say that, but what we will say is, that we believe, in fact we know, that there is no place in Canada or, perhaps, in the world, that has better opportunities than our own country immediately surrounding Macoun.—Macoun Post.

The Amiable Murderers

The murderer in his hours of ease is most often a kindly, amiable and sympathetic gentleman, as long as his will, at once violent and infirm, be not thwarted. "Amiable," "kind hearted," "good tempered," "one of the nicest men I ever knew"—these are some of the tributes paid to Crippen, for example, by his friends, and they may be matched over and over again in the annals of murder.—British Medical Journal.

About Enough for the Present

Ernest Seton-Thompson says the "barren" north land has 60,000,000 caribou. Another explorer has found in north Canada a mountain higher than any yet before discovered in America. Still another reports a hitherto undiscovered lake larger than Superior. A late report says that there has been no snow and little frost at Hudson Bay this winter. That's about enough for the present, until we readjust our ideas.—Detroit Free Press.

Another Guess Coming

The Montreal Gazette speaks of the grain-growers who appeared for the farmers of the West in Ottawa as representing a capital investment of twenty million dollars. The Gazette had better guess again. This year's crop in the Province of Saskatchewan alone was worth on a conservative estimate \$100,000,000, and The Gazette may figure out for itself the capitalization upon which that would be a reasonable return.—Regina Leader.

A Vision of the Time to Come

Public power, through the agency of the Edison storage battery, can be taken to the home, to the hamlet, far from the maddening crowd, days' journey from transmission lines and all their fancied dangers. A York Township farmer can team his load of hay into the city and return home with a charged battery that will run his threshing outfit and light his house. With the same battery his boy can saw the cordwood, his wife milk the cows, and the hired man run the cider mill.—Toronto World.

The Lure of the West

The great scarcity of teachers throughout eastern, and, indeed, the entire Province of Ontario, made it imperative that the Government take some action to supply the ever-increasing demand for school marmes and masters. Matrimony and the lure of the West have depleted the schools of old Ontario of instructors, and, despite the ever-increasing number of pedagogues that the Normal schools are turning out each year, the Government and the school boards are hard pressed for teachers.—Brockville Recorder.

British Columbia's Fisheries

British Columbia fish are displacing the American product in the markets of the Eastern provinces. Rapid transportation and modern cold storage methods places the Pacific catch before the consumer in prac-

tically as fresh condition as when landed from the water. This Province contributed nearly four millions to the increase in fish and fish products for the past fiscal year.—Victoria Times.

The Cost of Armaments

The French economist, Edmond Thery, who estimates that Europe's armed peace in the last twenty-five years has cost \$20,000,000,000, should now set himself the task of estimating what the next twenty-five years will cost, assuming the same rate of increase in expenditure for war that has obtained in the past decade. Every year the cost of military preparation rises. At the end of half a century the present pace will involve a universal bankruptcy. Does it pay?—Springfield Republican.

Uses of Wealth

There is no doubt that General Booth could make good use of a few of Mr. Carnegie's millions; still the Salvation Army seems to be getting along very well without them. Besides, a religious organization is more liable to suffer from too much money than it is from too little. The Army has drawn nobler aspirations from its poverty than it would be likely to draw from accumulated wealth. Still, as has been said, there is no doubt that good use could be found for a few millions.—Toronto News.

Good News for the Coast Province

It is announced that the Grand Trunk Pacific is going to bring out five thousand Scotsmen to work upon its railway in British Columbia. This is very good news. These men will all, or nearly all, become settlers in the Province when they have finished work on the railway, and better settlers than Scotsmen cannot be found anywhere. From the standpoint of the company this will prove a beneficial step. While Oriental labor would be cheaper in dollars, we do not believe it would prove cheaper in results, and the settlement of a large number of men along the railway line will mean the development of business for it when completed.—Victoria Colonist.

An Eastern Refinement

Smoking among women is evidently on the increase. The manager of the Windsor Hotel, Montreal, sees no objection to it, and will not prevent women from smoking in any part of the hotel. The manager of the St. Regis restaurant, Montreal, also says that some of the women of the most select circles in Montreal smoke in his place. Which may be—but it is none the less to the supreme discredit of the women who indulge themselves. Our own opinion—and we give it for what it is worth, be it little or much—is that the woman smoker will not for long retain the respect of respecting men. Sometimes we wonder how she can retain her own respect.—Kingston Standard

Luxury at Toronto University

When the young gentlemen at the University have made full use of the smoke-room and billiard-room and lounging-room and dancing-hall and swimming-tank in the new club building soon to be erected, will there be perchance a few moments left for study? "A students' paradise" it is to be. The forbears of a large proportion of the students had no paradise when they wrestled with fortune for an education at Edinburgh or Glasgow or Aberdeen. They brought in a bag or two of oatmeal in the autumn and took out a well-won parchment at the end of their course. That system made for "plain living and high thinking." We are not so sure of the paradise method.—Toronto Globe.

Barriers Thrown Down

The German Government's throwing open of its country to the admission of foreign cattle, save on the Russian side, marks a great victory for public opinion and the breakdown of one of the most interesting protection experiments the world has seen. At the behest of the Agrarians, who control the Government, the importation of foreign cattle was practically prohibited. If Germans wanted to eat meat they must eat German meat or none at all—that was the way to protect the home industry of cattle raising. But the Agrarians at once took advantage of the tariff to raise the price of cattle, with the result that, as the population grew, it went still higher. Latterly there has been a regular meat famine, with many thousands of people going without meat as they would without tickets to the Imperial opera. The despatches state that the headway made by the Social Democrats in consequence of this state of affairs is what compelled the Chancellor to permit the entry of Dutch, French and Belgian cattle.—Canadian Trade Review.

THE YOUNG MAN AND HIS PROBLEM.

By Rev. James L. Gordon, Central Congregational Church, Winnipeg.

A MIND OF YOUR OWN.

The universe has been carved out of mind stuff. The universe is evidence of the fact that the Creator has a mind of his own. He arranges things his own way and then waits for humanity to readjust itself to suit the divine idea. Oh that men were as independent as their Creator!—Aye—and young men in particular.

The *Evangelist* remarks in a recent issue. "Only a few days ago a young man who had recently come to New York found himself in an office with a dozen other fellows, with whom, from the nature of the work, he was bound to associate very closely. These men spent their evenings first in cheap theatres, then afterward in a cafe gambling, and often girls from the choruses of the theatres were with them. It was all utterly repugnant to this young man. But he found it was the common life of most of the young men in his station, and he found it was going to be very uncomfortable and unpleasant for him in the office did he not conform to the habits of the others. He spoke to the superintendent of the office, and that man immediately replied, 'You are the first young man to come into this office in years who has not conformed to the other fellows within a week. Now, don't be lofty with the other fellows, but stick it out.' He did 'stick it out.'"

ON THE SQUARE.

Do it "on the square." Live the square life. Turn your face squarely toward the light and square your life persistently by the right. Ask yourself the question "Is it right?"—and not "Is it popular?" "Is it right?"—and not "Is it expedient?" "Is it right?"—and not "Will it pay?" Thomas Carlyle said concerning Cromwell that he "believed in God, not on Sundays only, but all the days of the week, and in all cases."

A PERFECT GENTLEMAN.

"A perfect gentleman" is not an individual whose garments are true to the latest cut and fashion, or whose style and manners are in harmony with the latest book on "*Decorum*" or whose table manners have reached the thirty-second degree in the realm of pink tea perfection. My heart tells me that "a perfect gentleman" is the gentleman who treats me "like a gentleman." "Treat the people as if they were real," said Emerson; "perhaps they are so."

MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS.

It may have been flung into your face as an insult but the best piece of advice which was ever given to you by friend or enemy is expressed in these words:—"Mind Your Own Business." As Benjamin Franklin used to say "Take care of your business and your business will take care of you." Don't attempt to run the universe. It "ran well" before you were born, and will be "still going" after you are dead. Absolutely refuse to be made responsible for every organization in your neighborhood. Even to the preacher we offer the advice "mind your own business." "Thou art a minister of the Word," wrote the learned William Perkins beside his name on all his books, "mind thy business."

SPEAK THE WORD ONLY.

In the course of the day you will meet a score of persons. This score of persons multiplied by the three hundred and sixty-five days of the year will blossom out into a company of over seven thousand individuals. What a vast opportunity! And yet it is an opportunity which is granted to each one of us. An opportunity to "feed the multitude"—as, one by one,—they approach you. No vast capital is needed. Only a word. A kind word for each one whom you may meet. When Savonarola referred to his conversion he said: "A word did it," he used to say, but what the word was his closest friends never knew.

TOOLS AT HAND.

I have infinite faith in you, my friend. I have no doubt whatever, that if you were called to some high position of prominence, that you would fill it and fill it well. I doubt not that if you were brought face to face with some terrible emergency that you would suddenly develop certain heroic qualities which would make you famous. But the "call" may never come and the "emergency" may never appear. The vital question is "What are you doing with the men, tools and materials within your reach?" Staupitz, the Reformer, wished to raise none but distinguished men to important offices. But not finding them, he employed others. "We must plow with such horses as we can find," he said, "and with oxen if there are no horses."

SATISFIED.

The most narrow and exclusive circle in the world is composed of people who are satisfied. Not satisfied with themselves or with their attainments, but satisfied with their own place in the world. Satisfied with a modest home to live in, a fair income to meet expenses, a sure place for their name on the roll and scroll of "Honest Neighbors" and a fair degree of mental peace and spiritual composure. The philosopher Albert Hubbard remarks: "Ernst Haeckel has been Professor of Natural History of Jena for forty-two years. All the efforts of various other Universities to lure him away, have failed. He even declined to listen to the siren song of Major Pond, and at big baits dangled on long poles from Cook County, Illinois, he only smiled."

"I have everything I want, everything I can use is right here; why should I think of uprooting my life?" he asked.

PERSONALITY.

Personality is more than fifty per cent in the equation of successful achievement. Gifts and talents measure twenty per cent. Circumstances and a favoring environment measure ten per cent. Zeal, enthusiasm and persistence ten per cent. But that mysterious thing which men call "personality" is the largest factor in life's achievement and by far the biggest investment which any man can make toward the guarantee of his present and future prospects. When Buchanan, the teacher of James I, was asked why he made such a foolish pedant out of his royal pupil he replied that he had made the best that could be made out of him.

SENSITIVE PEOPLE.

Gifted people are all sensitive. Great singers are sensitive. Strong preachers are sensitive. Skillful surgeons are sensitive. Men of genius are sensitive. It is the price which high strung souls must pay for the privilege of being "keyed up" for work of a fine order. But don't let your nerves run away with you. Get control of them as Goethe did. Listen to the great German philosopher for a moment. "My health," says the poet, "was tolerably good; but a nervous irritability rendered me unable to endure the noise and sight of infirmities and sufferings. I could not stand on an elevation and look downwards without feeling a vertigo. I accustomed myself to noise by taking my station, at night, near the trumpets that sounded the retreat, at the risk of having my tympanum cracked by their loud braying. To cure myself of giddiness, I often ascended to the top of the Minster tower alone. I used to remain a quarter of an hour sitting on the stairs before I durst venture out. I then advanced on a small platform, scarcely an ell square, without any rail or support. Before me was an immense extent of country, whilst the objects nearest to the Minster concealed from my sight the church and the monument on which I was perched. I was precisely in the situation of a man launched into mid-air in a balloon. I repeated the experiment of this painful situation, until at length it gave me no sensation at all. Of the utility of these trials I was afterward fully sensible, when the study of geology led me to traverse mountains. When I had to visit great buildings, I could stand with the workmen upon the scaffolds on the roofs. These habits were no less useful to me at Rome, where I wished to examine the celebrated monuments of that city closely. In studying anatomy, I learned to endure the sight of those objects which at first shocked me most. I attended a course of clinical lectures, with the twofold intention of gaining an increase of knowledge, and of freeing myself of all pusillanimous repugnance. On the whole, I succeeded in fortifying myself against all those impressions of the senses and imagination which disturb the tranquillity of the soul."

SEEING THE WORLD.

There are young men who are exceedingly ambitious to "see the world" who are doubtless ignorant of the price which the world demands for the privilege of youthful inspection. While we intimate that there is a good deal in the world which is not worth looking at, we wish also to glean a quotation which will clinch the nail. Henry Ward Beecher remarks: "If there are any that have made up their mind to 'know life,' I say to them, Stop! you may pay too dear for your knowledge. Men have looked into the crater of a volcano to see what was there, and gone down to explore, without coming back to report progress. Many and many a man has gone to see what was in hell, that did see it. Many a man has looked to see what was in the cup, and found a viper coiled up therein. Many a man has gone into the house of lust, and found that the ends thereof were death,—bitter, rotten death. Many a man has sought to learn something of the evils of gambling, and learned it to his own ruin. And I say to every man, the more you know about these

things, the more you ought to be ashamed of knowing; a knowledge of them is not necessary to education or manhood; and they ought to be avoided, because when a man has once fallen into them, the way out is so steep and hard. Many a man has begun to climb the giddy cliff of reformation; but, O, how few have succeeded in getting over its brow!

SET THE FASHION.

Strong minds set the fashion, but more often upset the fashion. They do things in their own way. They dare to be plain, simple, direct, sincere, outspoken and true. They are blessed with the originality of simplicity and walk in the garments of sincerity. Samuel P. Jones once remarked: "One of the governors of Georgia removed to the capital of the state. His wife, a good woman, accompanied him. After they had moved into the city of Milledgeville, she sent her children to school, and one afternoon they came home and said to their mother: 'Mamma, if you don't take these red flannels off of us we'll quit school.' 'What's the matter?' said the mother. 'Well,' said her children, 'all the other children laugh at us for wearing red flannels, as they're out of fashion.' The old governor's wife said: 'Now, look here, children; you mustn't come here and complain about the fashions, because I set the fashions for the other folks.'

SELF-EDUCATION.

Get a college education if you can. It will in all probability do you no harm. It will certainly, if you keep half an eye open, do you some good. At all events it will cause the ignorant to stare at you—which ought to be a cause of inward satisfaction to you. Get a college education, if you can. But if you can't, then, educate yourself. The self-educated man is on good terms with his professors and carries his diploma in a secret vault where nobody can rob him of it. Hubbard, the eccentric, remarks: "Whitman, ignoring academic literary values, was forced to publish his first book at his own expense; twenty-five years later he was regarded in Europe as one of the few spiritual products of America worthy of consideration. Cromwell was an unnoticed English gentleman for forty years, and it is not recorded that he studied political science at Oxford before starting to make history. And the accounts of Mohammedanism are strangely lacking in reference to the Prophet having first completed a college course on the cure of souls; he began by converting his wife. Cherish the potencies within you. Men become mighty by inner development."

A SKEPTIC.

The skeptic is very often a man who refuses to use his common sense with regard to those things which belong to the spiritual world. Somebody has "queered" him on God, Religion and Christianity. When he turns his mental faculties towards the unseen world he immediately "gets rattled" as the street arab remarks. For such Gladstone has a wise word: "The skeptic is, of all men, the most inconsistent and irrational. He uses a plea against religion which he never uses against anything he wants to do or any idea he wants to embrace. viz: the want of demonstrative evidence. Every day and all day long he eats the dish he likes without certainty that it is not poisoned; he rides the horse without certainty that the animal will not break his neck; he sends out of the house a servant he suspects, without demonstration of guilt; he marries the woman he likes, with no absolute knowledge that she loves him; he embraces the political opinions that he prefers, perhaps without any study at all, certainly without demonstrative evidence of their truth. But when he comes to religion, he is seized with a great intellectual scrupulosity, and he demands as a pre-condition of homage to God what everywhere else he dispenses with, and then ends with thinking himself more rational than other people."

SNAGS.

Preachers must ignore the eccentricities of certain church members. Politicians must keep on good terms with certain voters who are more influential than sanitary. College presidents must consult men who atone for murdering the King's English by the gold which they amass. Merchants must smile on customers who are mean, irritable, unreasonable and diabolically slow in the settlement of their accounts. So be it. Lord Roseberry closes his splendid book on Peel with these words: "The path of the statesman rarely skirts the heights; it is rough, rugged, sometimes squalid, as are most of the roads of life. We are apt to make idols, to ignore shadows, and to fancy that we see stars; not too apt, for it is an illuminating worship. But, that being so, let not those who have to scrutinise therefore condemn. All careers have their blots. The best and happiest are those in which the blemishes are obscured by high achievement."

THE HUDSON'S

SPRING AND SUMMER

1911]

Men's and Boys' Clothing



Particular attention has been given to the illustrations in these lines. Besides the figure or two shown with real cuttings of the goods we have illustrated samples of several patterns which gives a wider range to choose from. A considerable slice has been chipped off the price usually charged for this class of material giving our customers the benefit of "Seal of Quality" garments at the cost of the lower priced grades. In fit, style, workmanship and service they are guaranteed to please you or you may have your money back with transportation charges.

Men's and Women's Rubbers



Here is where our low prices are plainly below that of other houses. The rubber market has given us a chance to prove that we are on the alert to take advantage of every occasion to cut the price to our patrons. Early we got in touch with what was in the wind concerning rubber prices; pressed the factories hard to give us a price for an immense order and here you are enjoying the pleasure of wearing rubbers at something of the old time prices. No need to have wet feet this Spring for lack of rubbers. Serve each member of the family with a pair. They are cheaper than boots at our prices.

Carpets and Linoleums



A long step in advance has been taken in the mode of displaying carpets and linoleums for your purchase. Quite a number of designs are shown in the actual colorings. By this means you can obtain a clear idea how they will look when on the floor in your own room. Indeed you are given a better opportunity for choosing than from the goods in the store. Right in your own home, with chance for discussing the choice with your family, you may make the selections. "The Seal of Quality" guarantee assures you satisfaction in every purchase.

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It is agreed between the sender of the following message and this Company that the sender shall be responsible for the accuracy of the message and for any error in the transmission or delivery of the message or for any delay in the transmission or delivery of the message or for any error in the transmission or delivery of the message or for any delay in the transmission or delivery of the message.

Correctness in the transmission of messages can be insured by contract in advance of the transmission of the message at a rate of one-half the regular rate, and in that case it is agreed that the sender shall be responsible for the accuracy of the message and for any error in the transmission or delivery of the message.

This Company shall not be liable for the act or omission of any other agent of the Company in the transmission of messages until the same are presented and accepted at the office of the Company's messenger, he acts for that purpose as the agent of the sender, being authorized to accept by the sender, within sixty days after receipt of the message, any message necessary for reaching its destination, but only as the agent of the sender.

Telegraph Company necessary for reaching its destination, but only as the agent of the sender.

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shall vary the foregoing:

B. S. JENKINS, Gen. Supt., Winnipeg, Man.
J. WILSON, Supt., Vancouver, B. C.
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The Young Woman and Her Problem.

By Pearl Richmond Hamilton.

SELF CONFIDENCE

It is not conceit for a girl to value her talents highly. It is more conceited for a girl to be continually crying herself down so that her friends may continually reassure her of her charms. One should take such pride in her gift that she will busy herself improving and cultivating it, until she feels a reverence for it. This spirit of reverence for one's pride will lift one above vanity.

Madame Schuman-Heink, the song-wonder, whom we all love for her genuine womanliness, says:

"When I find myself moving a great audience of thousands of people, almost feeling their very hearts throb in answer to my own, I cannot help having a great feeling of love well up for them—just the sort of feeling you have for those who are closest to you in sympathy and all that goes to make up communion. At the same time I feel humble in the presence of the great God who gave me the gift to move these people. It is a gift and only heaven could give it, and why should I be snobbish about it? As the years creep over my head I cannot help feeling a great thankfulness to God for my voice, and they tell me it is better and richer now than it ever was before."

A PICTURE.

I want to tell you about a picture that I have in my room. It brings me very near to the heart of girlhood. The name of the picture is "The Road to Tomorrow." It is in three parts and represents Morning, Noon and Night in the life of a lonely girl. The part representing Morning has in the foreground a bright, healthy, ambitious, pure-souled girl, who, with suitcase in hand is leaving her old country home for that much coveted city environment. She looks back at the quiet homely hearth—the place of love and comfort—and wipes a tear away with her handkerchief. Flowers in profusion along the path nod "good-bye" and birds above her throw kisses of sad farewell. But girlish ambition conquers heavy heart throbbings and we see her in the next picture—Noon... She is dressed in evening dress and her head is buried between two outstretched arms on a table in front of her. A tall bottle and empty glasses lie in profusion over the top and nearby is a basket filled with bottles and broken glass. Over her head a bloated beast in human form waiting impatiently for her to bury her remorse. The next picture is Night, where a poor old, care-lined woman, dressed in rags is eating a crust of bread. She is friendless and alone; with a fierce facial expression she looks out into space thinking—"Alas no hope beyond and no help here." I trust country girls who are tired of their home and long for the city will read this description the second time.

TWO RECIPES

There are two classes of girls in every country—those who save the country's honor and those who spoil its name. Here are two recipes that have been tested and found to turn out just what their composition suggests:

"Recipe for Failure"

A careless school life. Wasted evenings. Bad reading. An insatiable desire for sport or amusement, living from the ages of fifteen to twenty years without a definite idea of what you are going to do with your life.

"Recipe for Success."

A well spent girlhood. Healthy amusements. Evenings of recreation and study. Good reading and inspir-

ing companions. A definite idea of what you mean to be, and a belief that you will be what you make of yourself.

THE NEED OF AMIABLE WOMEN

Men in this country toss love-letters over the wide ocean into the laps of young women who read them, who trust them, and who say, "I will go." They come and when they reach here they are deserted. A young girl who came to this country a short time since has been walking the streets answering advertisements, trying to find a position that will keep her from starving. Her sweetheart sent her the money to bring her over and when she came he changed his mind. Perhaps he had changed in the new environment and she had not. I know other girls who have been likewise deserted. It is deplorable, but nevertheless true, and it is up to young women to be very cautious. It is also up to other more fortunate young women to lend a helping hand to these girls. She who can feel the smart of another's sorrow has a rare gift. Let us make the world a little better as we go. It is a very splendid blessing one experiences when she tries to make some pathway bright. Let us have for our aim that which will make our womanhood fair and pure and clean. Let us not neglect the obscure. The most beautiful women in the world should be expanded into the greatest, the wisest and the most amiable women in the world.

The Queen of the Belgians studied medicine so that she might help the unfortunate. The Albert-Elizabeth Dispensary for the relief of poor consumptive patients is an institution where she does splendid work. So many of the queens of Europe are remarkable for their fine sympathetic womanliness that it is an inspiration to study their lives.

MAKE A PROFESSION OF YOUR WORK

Any young woman is sure of promotion if she make a profession of her work. If she be in the kitchen she has opportunity, as domestic science proves, to develop the highest kind of art. She can study and practice until her dishes are examples of artistic excellence.

If the young girl be a clerk she may use her judgment and see many opportunities to increase her knowledge of the work, and thereby pave a way for advancement. A girl to be successful must be interested in her daily occupation. Every time a girl adds knowledge to her work she heightens her value to the company that employs her. If a girl sells laces let her make laces a study until customers value her judgment in their buying. She has a chance of rising to the position of buyer for her particular line of goods. If she sells muslins let her make a study of muslins. She, too, has great chance for advancement. The same is true of the girl who sells books, ribbons, leather articles—in fact anything. She can make a profession of her work if she will. By making a profession of her work she raises the dignity of her class. The girl who clerks lives in a world of externals. The shop window displays, the rich furs and rustling silks and sparkling jewels of her customers, the prestige of "carriage trade," the freedom in buying among the wealthy class—all pass before the eyes of the shop girl and she naturally neglects individual responsibility and resourcefulness. To be sure she is too tired to study but she can make a profession of her work while attending to her duties. Always aspire to the higher—no matter what you do.

CHOOSING ONE'S WORK

The business girl has many important tests to face in her career. One is that of choosing the work for which she is

adapted. Though women are capable of extraordinary endurance when impelled by sympathy or affection, they do not as a rule take the same trouble as men to protect their industrial efficiency. While men do not have all the brains, their experience in a shrewd world environment helps to conceal what they do not know, whereas woman's volition from simple home surroundings favors exaggerating her ignorance. Therefore, a girl should ask herself this question very seriously: "Do I really want a business career?" In the world outside of the home conditions are such that sympathy, sweetness, tender heartedness and affection are liabilities of the most dangerous type. The real test of success or failure for a business girl lies deep in her own life—in her very heart.

When a girl starts out she should name a definite end toward which she is working. There are three classes of girls who work: Those who are crowded out of the home; those who are forced into the wage-earning world by emergencies, such as loss of family fortune, death or illness, and the last is the ever growing class of young women who do not need to work but they want more luxuries. This last class, in a measure create low wages. They take precedence over girls just as capable and competent but who cannot present as good an appearance. These girls lead the restless, unskilled girl to believe that business success spells happiness. Therefore let the young girl ask herself this question: "What is my motive for choosing a business career?" Men are willing to wait and work, but women expect the success of a lifetime for a few years' work. They expect much. Women take things personally and hence cannot endure so much in the business world as in the home.

With men business is a permanent career while, on the other hand, with women, as a rule, it is only temporary. One writer says: "It is wrong for a woman to sacrifice her womanhood upon the altar of a commercial career because it leads her from the hearthstone with its possibilities of peace, to the great forge of commerce on which heart and soul may be battered with relentless blows." This class, he says, is a peril to the nation because it is developing a new race of women. But if the young girl, after careful consideration, decide upon a business career, let her be prompt in making her application. Do not tell an employer why you want the money, but why you think you would make a satisfactory employee for him. Be very careful what you say. Your manner of application means much.

Some girls start in wrong. They want a position so badly that they do not stop to investigate the conditions under which they are to work. Be business-like with your prospective employer. Here a clear understanding of what is expected of you. The employer will respect a girl for demanding a perfect understanding. Concentrate your mind on your work. Miss Rosa L. Fritz, the world's champion typist, is remarkable for her unusual power of concentration. She says: "I believe it is this faculty even more than all the hours of practice that has made me able to write six thousand one hundred and thirty-eight words in one hour." She knows nothing of what is going on about her while she is at work.

A QUESTION

A letter from one girl asks me: "Is it proper to go to luncheon with one's employer if he is married?"

Decidedly, no.

It places her under obligations to him. It makes him treat her in a patronizing manner and she thereby loses her self-respect.

There is no place where two may become more familiar than over the dinner table. Going out to luncheon with one's employer is the beginning of the loss of her womanly dignity. It is the entering wedge that splits the log.

The employer who says he does it out of real kindness because the girl cannot afford a good dinner should satisfy his sudden swell of generosity by raising her salary sufficiently to enable her to buy her dinner for herself. Women have the destiny of this country in their hands, and since the business girls' profession

brings her in personal touch with men she must preserve her dignity. A loss of dignity and the slightest fall in the estimation of men cheapens womanhood.

Perfect moral self-respect is God's law and she is a queen who has become master of herself in all the reaches of the universe of one's personality. The character of our new country calls for young women with the pure flame of Christian faith, love, patience and personal heroism. The sacred atmosphere of woman's personality is a constant appeal to the best that is in men and this sacred humanizing atmosphere is what our western men want.

WOMEN WHO HAVE FOUND THEIR POWER

While we see much of the seamy side of life there is much more of the wholesome. Women are climbing to prosperity and intellectual heights at a remarkable pace. There never was a time in the history of the world when women have created such world wide respect and admiration. They have broken down barriers that seemed impregnable and have conquered obstacles that appeared impossible. This is an age of splendid characters—an age when women are finding their power. Jenny Lind, when she discovered herself, said: "I got up one morning one creature, I went to bed another creature. I had found my power."

Mrs. Alice Hegan Rice has had the greatest financial success of any of the novelists-dramatists, "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" is said to have netted her \$100,000.

Selma Lagerlof, the Swedish author, has revolutionized Sweden's text books and has charmed the literary world by the magic of her genius and Canada has reason to be proud of her Canadian authors. Not only does social necessity demand women teachers, lawyers, physicians and nurses, but women are gaining political offices. Lately police departments have also appointed women.

Mrs. Roy Devereux penetrates the old world desert and studies sinooms, date-raising, and modern engineering. Girls are studying plumbing and are learning in detail the intricacies of drainage and water and gas distribution. Women never had such great opportunities as they have now and the very greatest of all are open in the Canadian West—the opportunities in the field of Canadian resources are the greatest in the world and ambitious Canadian women are even now setting a pace of ideals and accomplishments that astonish the outside world.

Yes, woman's position is full of wonderful achievement in sympathetic growth, intellectual attainment, physical power and moral influence.

A HELP IN TIME OF NEED

"When a girl's out of a job and has no money to pay for board and a place to stay, I tell you it's awful!" exclaimed one of a group of factory girls.

"Are you alone in the city?" I asked.

"Yes," she replied, "very much alone, and you don't know how hard it is to feel that no one cares for you. I just get hungry for some one to talk to me—kind-like, you know."

The pathetic remark went straight to my heart as I realized the force of the appeal.

This young factory girl and many more like her are starving for true friendships. They have an abundance of false friends—more than they should have, but when they are without work, money, or friends, they need good Christly help; and do you know that women in the city are, to a large extent, responsible for the welfare of its wage earning girls?

In a letter received not long ago, a wage earning girl stated that if every pure-souled woman would become interested in one girl and invite her to her home occasionally, few girls would go wrong.

Mrs. A. M. Fraser, of Winnipeg, is so much interested in wage earning girls that last month she initiated a movement that resulted in the formation of the Winnipeg Women's Friendship Band, the purpose of which is to help wage-earning girls who are away from home.



\$25⁰⁰ to \$50⁰⁰ A WEEK FOR WOMEN

Save Money by doing your own sewing. Make Money by drafting your own patterns. These lessons will enable you to dress far better at much less than usual cost.

Women who want to turn their spare moments into ready cash will find this the greatest opportunity ever offered them. Hundreds and thousands of women whom we have taught the American System of Dressmaking will tell you they are earning and saving much more than they ever dreamed they would be able to do before taking our course of instruction.

We Will Teach You to Your Own Satisfaction

THIS handsome book sent free. Our new book on dressmaking recently published is proving to be of great value to thousands of women who have secured a copy of it. At an expense of thousands of dollars this college has published 100,000 of these copyrighted books to advertise the American System of Dressmaking, and, while they last, will send you a copy free. Write for it today. One copy only to each woman. Requests will be filled in the order received.

LEARN DRESSMAKING AT HOME BY MAIL

Many women nowadays are earning \$100 a week, \$5,000 a year, by dressmaking. One woman, head designer in Chicago's largest dry goods house, is said to receive \$10,000 a year. Salaries of \$25 to \$50 a week are common. Graduate dressmakers are wanted right now in many good towns and cities. Never before has there been such a demand for competent designers. We teach you by mail and equip you to command a good income. Or you can start in business for yourself. Become a Graduate Dressmaker. The regular diploma of this College is issued to all who complete this course of lessons. The American System is most thorough and complete in every detail, and yet very simple and easily understood. These lessons will teach you how to Design, Draft, Cut, Fit, Make, Drape and Trim any garment, including children's clothing. This study will not interfere with your regular duties. This College is endorsed by leading high-grade fashion magazines, prominent educators, teachers of Domestic Science and Art, Home Economics, etc.

AN ECONOMIC PROBLEM SOLVED

The ever-present perplexing problem of how to eliminate wardrobe worries, how to do the family sewing at least expense of energy, time, "nerves" and money has been satisfactorily solved by a western institution—The American College of Dressmaking.

TO BE THE BEST DRESSED WOMAN IN TOWN

To know how to be and to be the best dressed woman in her home community is the natural, instinctive and commendable desire of every normal, self-respecting woman. Through the expenditure of thousands of dollars by its proprietors, the American College of Dressmaking has attained the distinction of providing the easiest way by which this desire may be attained. More than 28,000 women in the last five years have taken advantage of the opportunity offered through this system to equip themselves to be self-sustaining and independent in an honorable feminine profession.

ATTEND THE BEST EQUIPPED TAILORING SCHOOL

The American College of Dressmaking occupies practically an entire floor—over 6,000 square feet—in Kansas City's most modern office building, and has a large teaching force of practical and well trained modistes who give their entire time to training of students. Graduate Dressmakers are wanted to establish and conduct Branch Schools. We will teach you a business in which you can make more money than in any other line open to women. For those who cannot attend the College in person our Correspondence Course has been prepared. Write for our Free Book today.

THE AUTHOR OF THIS SYSTEM

(Clipped from "Human Life," published at Boston, Mass.)

Our readers will be interested to learn of the signal success of a western woman who had the initiative to test a new and somewhat unique idea—teaching dressmaking by correspondence. Only a few years ago Miss Pearl Merwin, now supervisor of the American College of Dressmaking, was modestly but successfully doing such sewing as came to her from her friends, as a natural result of the merits of her work. A college-bred woman herself, she conceived the idea of putting her knowledge and experience into the hands of those less favored, by crystalizing it into a series of lessons which could easily and successfully be taught by mail. She commenced advertising in a small way, until the practicability of the idea was fully demonstrated. Her advertising may now be seen in all the leading magazines. She has over 28,000 students and graduates throughout the country, and the product of her pen is widely sought. She is a striking example of the new woman—not, however, of the manish sort—who has 'come up out of the ranks' largely by her own efforts, and that by confining her work wholly within the generally conceded province of feminine endeavor.



HAS MADE \$150.00

32 Lyon St., Amsterdam, N. Y.

Dear Miss Merwin:

I cannot praise the American System of Dressmaking enough, and have had grand success and have more sewing than I ever had before. I find my work very much easier and can earn twice as much money as I did before I took your course. I think your system the best I have ever used. I have made altogether since taking the course \$150.27.

Mrs. Ella Walker.

MADE OVER FIFTY DOLLARS

Stockwe, Ind.

My Dear Miss Merwin:

I find the lessons of your course very simple and easy to learn. I wanted to learn dressmaking but dreaded the old way of apprenticeship. I am more than pleased with your lessons by correspondence, and can truthfully say the American College of Dressmaking will do just as it agrees in every particular. I have made over \$50.00 in money, besides helping with the household work.

Mrs. Mable Carr.

OPENED HER OWN SHOP

Olivet, So. Dak.

Dear Miss Merwin:

I opened a shop here and got a lady to help me, as sewing was brought in by so many it was impossible for me to do one-half of it. I take pride in making a perfect fit, and have made \$85.10 in four weeks, above paying the help I had. I know I saved \$30 to \$40 on my own sewing.

Miss Grace M. Long.

WHAT OTHERS HAVE DONE YOU CAN DO

One student in six days' time made from fancy broadcloth a complete street suit which could not be duplicated custom-made for less than \$40.00 and tailor-made would have cost her much more than that. It cost her, in fact, aside from the materials, just six days' time in making it.

Another made from heavy novelty goods a fancy coat which could not be had tailor-made for less than \$85.00. Aside from the material, the actual cost to her was just ten days' time.

Another made from Messaline Silk and Butterfly Chiffon a beautiful evening dress which could not be duplicated for less than \$65.00. Aside from materials it cost her just ten days' time.

A FREE SHIRT WAIST PATTERN

Drafted to Your Own Measurements by Our Experts

This is the service for which a charge of \$1.00 is regularly made at our Tailoring School, but which we are offering, Absolutely Free for a limited time to the readers of The Western Home Monthly to demonstrate the simplicity and accuracy of the American System of Dressmaking.

"What Every Woman Knows"

Every woman knows the great advantage of having at hand a personal pattern made from her own measurements and drafted by an expert Ladies' Tailor—a pattern which she can use as the basis for making or having made any waist for herself.

Every Woman Knows that such a pattern is in no wise to be confused or compared with the store patterns that are made from mathematical models and which have to be materially modified to adapt them to the individual measurements of the user.

All you have to do to secure this Free Shirt Waist Pattern is to fill in the coupon below, cut it out and mail it to us and we will at once send you measure blank and instructions as to what measurements to give us and how to take them.

Sending in this coupon places no obligation or responsibility on you whatever.

This Coupon will bring your Book Free or a Postal will do.

COUPON

American College of Dressmaking

1518 Commerce Bank Building, Kansas City, Mo.

GENTLEMEN: Please send me instructions for taking measurements to secure a Free Shirt Waist Pattern, and a copy of your free book, "Lessons By Correspondence," explaining how I can learn to do my own sewing, become a professional dressmaker and qualify for a good income.

Name

St. and No. P.O.

R. F. D. State



With a generous personal subscription and with the help of some of the churches, she planned very successfully a banquet for about six hundred wage-earning girls. During the evening addresses on subjects that concerned girls, were given by women who realize that the brilliancy of the western star depends on the character of our western girlhood. Several good musical selections furnished added pleasure to the programme and the guests were sincerely appreciative. I am sure Mrs. Fraser deserves great credit and her efforts will yield splendid results in the way of encouraging and strengthening the character of our young women who are among strangers.

At each plate a little leaflet was placed for the guests to keep. I copy it here for the benefit of girls in the country who intend coming to Winnipeg, and also for our wage-earning girls in the city who were not at the banquet. I trust my girl readers will cut the list out and keep it for a time when they may need it.

"The ladies whose names are given below desire to be the friends of young women in Winnipeg, especially those who are away from home and strangers to the city; and any girl who is lonely or in difficulty and needs a good friend is welcome to visit, or call up by phone or write to any of them at any time":

The list was as follows:

- Mrs. A. A. Shaw, (pastor's wife, First Baptist Church) 190 Edmonton St.
 Mrs. J. L. Gordon, (pastor's wife, Central Congregational Church) 366 Hargrave St.
 Mrs. J. J. Roy, (pastor's wife, St. George's, Church of England) 68 Isabel Street.
 Mrs. W. A. Cooke Pastor's wife, Zion Methodist Church) 629 Furby St.
 Mrs. C. W. Gordon, (pastor's wife, St. Stephen's Presbyterian Church) 567 Broadway.
 Mrs. Charles H. Stewart, (pastor's wife St. Paul's Presbyterian Church) 688 McDermot Ave.
 Miss Louis Duren, (Deaconess of Scandinavian Baptist Church) 406 Ross Ave.
 Mrs. G. L. Otto (Deaconess of German Baptist Church) 871 Bannatyne Ave.
 Miss K. D. Young, (Deaconess of Central Congregational Church), 501 Victor St.
 Deaconess E. A. Hurlburt, (Church of England) King Edward Settlement House. Rooms with board for working girls, 791 Selkirk Ave.
 Mrs. Greenstreet, (Church of England City Missionary) Laurel Block, Osborne St., Fort Rouge.
 Miss P. Smith, (Methodist Deaconess Home) 85 George St.
 Miss Cameron, Presbyterian Deaconess, 350 River Ave.
 Miss H. F. Ormond, Presbyterian Deaconess, 546 Burrows Ave.
 Miss Gunn, (Deaconess, Free Kindergarten) 296 Ellen Street.
 Miss Elliott, (Secretary Young Woman's Christian Association) Headquarters and Boarding House, Ellice Ave.
 Branch homes of Y.W.C.A.—Miss Munro, 95 Hallett St.
 Miss Finlay, 35 Hargrave St.
 Miss M. Gilmour, Travellers' Aid Agent, to help young women on their arrival in the city, 34 Campbell Block, Cor. Main & James Sts.
 Adjutant Mrs. McElheney, Salvation Army, 577 Elgin Ave.
 Miss Cassell, Girl's Welcome Home, Cor. Austin & Sutherland.
 Mrs. Laura Crouch, Home of the Friendless, 590 Furby Street.
 Mrs. Harding, the Strangers' Rest, (Mission for foreigners) 1051 Main St., North.
 Mrs. De Sherbinin, 191 Walnut Street.
 Dr. Mary Crawford, (Physician) 233 Kennedy Street.
 Dr. M. Ellen Douglas, (Physician) 136 Sherbrooke Street.
 Mrs. R. J. Buchanan, 405 Kennedy St.
 Mrs. John Dick, 384 Kennedy Street.
 Mrs. Farquarson, 658 Broadway.
 Mrs. A. M. Fraser, Suite 409, Bon Accord Block, Cor. Main and Logan.
 Mrs. G. N. Jackson, 331 Langside Street.
 Mrs. Julius, (Icelandic) 668 Alverstone Street.
 Mrs. C. H. Kemp, Suite 1, Prince Rupert Court, Cor. Ellice and Edmonton.
 Mrs. A. D. Mackay, 150 Sherbrooke St.
 Mrs. Matthews, 182 Colon Street.

Mrs. W. R. Mulock, 557 Wellington Crescent.
 Mrs. D. W. F. Nichols, 198 Colony Street.
 Mrs. W. L. Scott, 443 Qu'Appelle Ave.
 Mrs. C. E. Sugden, 391 Kennedy St.
 Mrs. E. H. Taaffee, 21 Waldron Court, Broadway.
 Mrs. J. M. Reid, 102 Sherbrooke Street.
 Mrs. E. W. Hamilton, (Pearl Richmond Hamilton) Suite 5, Avoca Block, Cor. Sargent & Kennedy.

Hints for the Housewife.

A Help to Keeping the Tablecloth Clean is to start a "spot bank." When any member of the family gets a spot on the tablecloth, he or she puts a cent in the bank. At the end of the week the money is given to the one having a record of the fewest spots. As children are desirous of winning pennies, this plan will make them careful. Even if this method is followed only a short time the effect may be lasting.

When Making Loops to Hold Hooks,

especially on goods where the needle is apt to catch, as in lace and any loosely-woven material, it is a good plan to mark the distances on a strip of paper, sew through the paper, and, after the loops are done, tear off the paper. They can be made much faster in this way.

To Arrange Pictures for Invalid Children,

instead of pasting them in a book, which may be (as is often the case) too heavy for weak little hands to hold, try the following plan: Buy thin pasteboard mounts, such as are used to put photographs on, and paste your pictures on the cards—on both sides, if you wish. Very pretty groupings and arrangements may be made. These cards make an excellent gift for a children's hospital, as they may be passed from one bed to another and each child have some to look at.

When Planning for a Home,

even if it may still be in the distant future, it is a good idea to cut out pic-

tures of houses that you like, or details of doorways, fireplaces, and even plans for a garden, and paste them in a scrap-book. Suggestions for curtains or other furnishings may also be cut out and pasted in. The book may be divided into sections for outdoor and indoor suggestions. When the time comes to build the house such a book will offer many welcome ideas which otherwise would be forgotten.

To Get Many Odd Things Accomplished plan to do twelve little tasks one day in the week, when the work is lightest—such things, for example, as we all put off to do "some day." Mend a rug, wash a bit of lace or ribbon, mend your husband's coat or gloves, clean a closet, sort papers, cut clippings from magazines or newspapers which have been laid aside with that end in view, paste up a scrap-book, burn or arrange old letters, return a borrowed article, clean a bureau drawer, write a letter that has been put off, or make a call that ought to be made. One can usually find a dozen things without difficulty, and at the end of the day it will be a joy to think of what has been accomplished.

Tin boxes in which crackers and coffee are bought may be saved to use for the keeping of dry materials or groceries. They may be used plain, marked or painted. A pound of paint (gray is preferable) will paint fifty boxes of the ordinary size. When the boxes are dry they may be lettered with either white, black or blue enamel paint. They will answer every purpose, and will save money. Baking powder boxes may be used in the same way for the keeping of spices. Select boxes of even size.

To keep sandwiches moist for a few hours until serving time, wrap them carefully in a dampened napkin and put them in a closely covered tin box.

Thick sour cream may be seasoned with salt and pepper, beaten up a little to make it light, and used as a dressing for lettuce, cold cauliflower or cabbage.

BLUNDALL PIANOS

ARE REAL VALUE

¶ You may think that Piano value means how good a piano looks for the money invested, and forget its wearing qualities.

¶ THE BLUNDALL is made to meet the demand of Quality and Service—not price! Its delicate action, sweet tone and artistic finish will last a life time. We back it up with our unlimited guarantee.

¶ Our one factory - to - home price places the BLUNDALL within easy reach of you.

¶ Write for booklet and calendar. You will be well repaid.

The Blundall Piano Co.
Toronto, Ont.

Order This Dress To-day



Comes in soft warm cloth in plain colors for general wear, Black, navy, dark green, dark grey, dark brown, dark red, also a fine luster in same colors as above and for evening wear in cream, pink, and sky blue. Give bust measure, waist measure, hip measure and length of skirt in front. This dress consists of a waist and skirt, waist has two tucks on each shoulder and tucked cuff, front of waist is trimmed with a tucked front and braid just as pictured. Skirt is made in the new side gore pleated style; 14 large satin buttons trim the dress. \$4 is all that we ask for this suit in either material. Order this wonderful bargain today, ask for suit No. 5, add 35c for postage. Mention this paper. National Suit Co., 5 Knox Block, London, Ont.

Finlay's .. Unrivalled Violin Outfit \$8.65

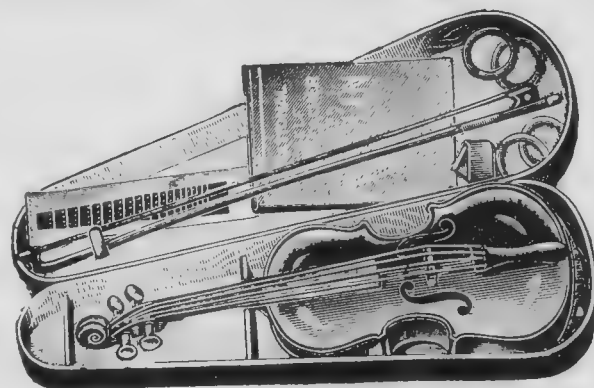
CONTAINS

1. First Class "Stradivarius" Violin, beautifully finished
2. Solid Black Wooden Case.
3. Bow of superior quality.
4. Full Set of Extra Strings.
5. Prepared Resin.
6. Standard Instruction Book.
7. Self Teaching Finger Board Chart.

All for \$8.65

Carriage prepaid to your address

We carry a good assortment of Violins, Guitars, Banjos, Accordions, Mouth Organs, etc., also Strings, Bridges, Tail Pieces, Resin, etc.



Scotchmen's Rare Chance

\$22.75), for \$9.85; carriage prepaid. This is part of a bankrupt stock that we bought in New York at a greatly reduced price

We have a beautiful De Luxe Edition of the Complete Works of "Bobbie Burns", in 6 vols. (Publisher's Price

Readings, Recitations, Dialogues, Drills etc.

Crosby's Treasury of Recitation	.35 postpaid
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Practical Mechanical Books for Home Study.

Farm Engines and How to Run Them, by Stephenson	\$1.00 postpaid
Electricity Made Simple, by Haskins	1.00 "
Modern Carpentry and Joinery (2 vols.), by Hodgson	1.00 "
The Steel Square (2 vols.), by Hodgson, "	1.00 "
Modern Estimator and Contractor's Guide, by Hodgson	1.50 "
Low Cost American Homes, by Hodgson	1.00 "
Horse, Cattle and Sheep Doctor, McClure	1.25 "

Finlay's Book Store,

Successors to Warners, Limited
Brandon .. Manitoba

Women's Quiet Hour.

By E. Cora Hind.

Kitchen. It was my privilege to be present at the Women's Convention in Regina the first week in February, and to give the women a little talk on "Kitchen Conveniences." After the session was over, and in fact during each of the two following days, I had a great many requests from both women and men to have this talk published in full, and that is my excuse for this month taking up so large a share of my page with this subject. The official programme states I am to speak on a model kitchen, but I think this is rather too large an order for a short paper, and I have therefore devoted my time to some of the conveniences which can be put into any kitchen. I would take a model kitchen to be one where the room itself, as well as the equipment, was all that could be desired. Of course, out on the prairies there are many of the older settlers who are building new homes, and I believe that Professor Gregg is devoting part of an evening to describing the best method of building such homes. This will no doubt include such a room as a kitchen ought to be, namely, one with plenty of light, windows that open top and bottom, a large and commodious pantry, and a way from the kitchen into the basement which will necessitate the smallest possible amount of walking. I think myself that in farm homes especially the kitchen should be large, and it should also be so arranged as to do away with a needless amount of walking. In dealing with kitchen conveniences, I have tried to keep the expenditure for the various appliances which I intend to speak of within the price of an ordinary binder, namely, \$140 or \$150. There is hardly a farm—in fact, I may say there is not a farm—which does not consider the purchase of a binder an absolute necessity, and I think that the purchase of the conveniences which I have to suggest should be considered equally necessary.

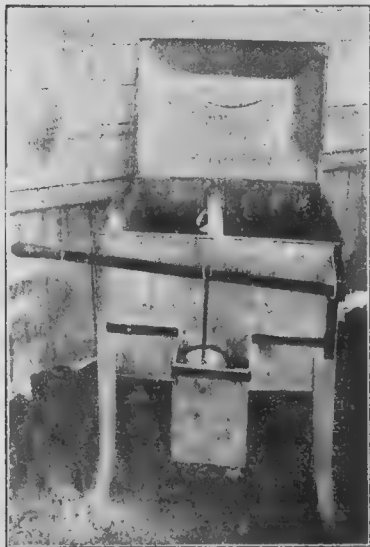
I fancy if I were to take a vote here this afternoon as to which of the details of house-keeping the woman dislikes most that 95 per cent. would say washing dishes three times a day. I was in Chicago recently attending the International Stock Show, and one day at noon I had the pleasure of lunching with the wives of several of the owners

these men, they simply gasped. They went on to discuss the doing of work in farmhouses, and they agreed that they would not mind anything so much if it were not for the washing of clothes and the washing of dishes. Now, the State of Illinois is blessed with very soft water, both in lakes and streams, and these women admitted that, with the large area of roof which is bound to accompany a big stock farm, they never knew what it was to be without soft water. I did not give the Canadian West away, because there was no object in doing so, but I could not help thinking if they found washing and dish washing so extremely difficult and laborious where they had an abundance of soft water with which to do it, what must it mean to the woman on our Canadian prairies, where all the natural supply of water is hard, where it is too often limited in quantity, and where the smallness of the buildings precludes the catching of any large supply of rain water. I remember quite well sitting chatting one afternoon with a woman in a small homestead farmhouse, and some one had sent her a copy of the Ladies' Home Journal, in which some sapient soul had remarked that "dish washing was really quite pleasant work so long as you were careful to provide plenty of hot, soft water and clean towels." I can still hear the snort of indignation and disgust of that woman when she read this remark. She was having to do dish washing and washing alike with water from an alkali pond. But this is enough by way of preliminaries. I want to state, however, that I hold no brief for any of the articles which I speak about in this paper. Now, the Sanitary Dish Washer can be purchased, laid down in the city of Winnipeg, at quite a low figure. It is very simple of construction, and the dishes can all be washed without putting the hands into the water. It also does away almost entirely with the necessity of drying the dishes, thereby saving time and also saving in the washing of dish towels. I think I hear some of the women say, "Oh, I could never give \$20 for some thing to wash dishes with!" I wonder how many of you are giving much more than that in your own health and strength for the doing of this work?

The Sanitary Washer.

This dish washer is a galvanized iron box standing on four legs, the two in front being shorter than the ones behind, to admit of draining. This box is fitted with wire racks for plates and saucers, and wire hooks for cups, jugs and vegetable dishes. The dishes are packed in, care being taken not to pack them too tightly, but leave them so that the water can reach every part. The spout, which is seen over the dishes, has a flexible rose on the end, and this spout is connected with the smaller square box in the front. The lever which the lady is holding in her hand is attached to a plunger, which fits into this smaller box. The little slit in the lid, if you will observe closely, fits over a little wire loop, which is attached to the end of the spout. In the second picture, where the box is closed, you will note that the lady has the top of this little wire loop in her hand. The water is poured into the smaller box. She takes the wire in her left hand, the lever in her right, and pumps the lever up and down as she moves the wire loop back and forward. The effect of this is to force a stream of water under full pressure of the plunger into every hole and corner of the dishes packed into the box.

If you have to use hard water, it is best to have an old pot or large saucepan in which you can heat it, and add to it while it is heating a little sopade, ammonia powder or Pearline. The friend who has used this machine the most tells me that she gets the best results with sopade. About a tablespoonful is enough for an ordinary dishwashing for a family of eight. The water should



of large stock farms in the State of Illinois. They asked me if help for farmhouses was difficult to get in the Canadian West. I was obliged to admit that it was so difficult that it practically was not got at all. When I told them, as an illustration, that during the fall of 1908, 25,000 men had come into the country to help to harvest the crop, and that, so far as we could ascertain, only 300 additional women had come in at that time to help to cook and wash for

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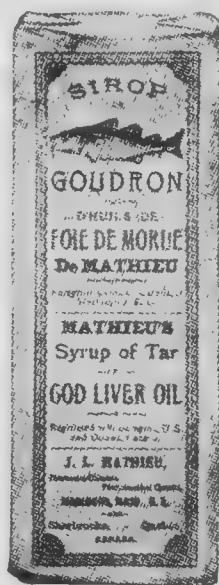
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be boiling when it goes into the box, and should be pumped through the dishes for five to eight minutes, in accordance with how dirty they are. When the soapy water has been pumped through it should be let run off into a dish placed under the box. By the way, the machines when they are bought have a screw head and washer at the outlet, but my friend tells me it is very much better to use a large cork. Having drained off the soapy water, fill your box again with clean boiling water, pump it through the dishes for a couple of minutes, then turn back the lid, take the cups off their hooks, turn them upside down on the plates, and the same with the vegetable dishes or jugs, and let the whole thing stand for a few minutes. You will find then that you can lift your dishes out and put them back into the cupboard. They do not need to be wiped, but will be as bright and shiny as if they had had a good rubbing. The only thing that requires to be wiped is the silver, which, by the way, should be put in a little wire basket and hung on one of the hooks.

Now, three of the great advantages of this machine are—First, the quickness with which dishes can be washed. We washed the dishes for a family of six for three meals in twelve and a half minutes, having them back in the cupboard in that time. Second, the amount of water required is small—a very important consideration on farms where the water has to be hauled from a distance. A gallon of soapy water and two quarts of boiling water without soap will do a very large dish washing. Moreover, if there are more dishes than will fill the box the first time you can take your soapy water and pour all of it besides the very bottom into your heating pot again and use it a second time. If you are fortunate enough to have soft water, you can use a rather larger quantity, and only one water.

There is one matter that is very important, and that is that every dish and plate should be carefully scraped before it is put into the water. If this is done the dishes will be perfectly clean. If dishes have to stand, and cannot be washed immediately, put them in the washer, pour a little cold water over them, and close down the lid; then when you are ready to wash dishes drain that cold water off before attempting to use the hot water, as the secret of the dishes drying without being wiped lies in the water being boiling hot.

The question has been asked: Will these dish washers wash pots? To a certain extent, "Yes." The pots or saucepans, if anything of a sticky nature has been cooked in them, should be soaked in water and whisked round with a wire broom which can be bought at almost any hardware store for 10c. When this is done they can be put into the washer and the pumping of the water through them will clean them very thoroughly, but they will require to be wiped.

I wish to say that the friend in Winnipeg who has used this machine so successfully for six months, was brought up, or rather, lived the greater part of her girlhood on the prairie near Indian Head, and is therefore thoroughly familiar with many of the conditions under which farmers' wives have to do their work, and she gave it as her opinion that nothing more practical than this dishwasher for the purposes of a farm home could be devised. She is a splendid housekeeper, and has installed this dishwasher and various other labor-saving appliances to do away with having to keep a maid. She told me that she would not go back to the old system of a maid and no dishwasher under any consideration.

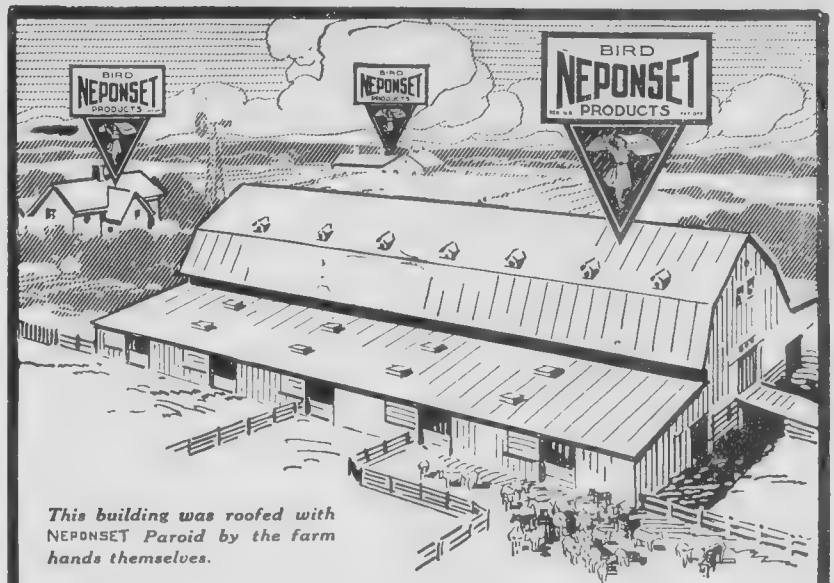
Next to the washing of dishes, the washing of clothes is the greatest bugbear on the farm. Many of you, I think, now have washing machines, but, so far as I know, very few, if any, have washing machines which are attachable to the gasoline engines which are so common on all the larger farms. There is a comparatively new washing machine which is so constructed that it can be purchased without the electric motor, but with a

special belt by which it can be attached to the power of the gasoline engine which is used for chopping feed and like operations on a farm. One feature of this washer is that it wrings the clothes as well as washes them, and the wringer can be turned in either way.

Next to washing and dish washing the long standing **Fireless Cookers**, over a cook stove and the intolerable heat of it in the small houses is one of the greatest trials of women on a farm. The men are doing hard, heavy work in the open air. They are hungry, and want plenty of well-cooked wholesome food. Now, the fireless cookers mean that many dishes which require long, slow cooking can be prepared without any standing over the stove or watching. It is possible, of course, to make a substitute for these fireless cookers at home by means of the purchase of some asbestos and the use of a packing box and hay or excelsior. The description of this kind of home-made cooker has frequently appeared in the newspapers, and is no doubt familiar to all of those present. I am not going to describe it, therefore. Personally, while I would not put a straw in the way of a woman attempting to make a cooker herself, I would recommend her, when it is at all possible, to buy the ready-made article. Fireless cookers are now divided into two classes. The various kinds where you start your meat or whatever you wish to cook boiling, and then put it into the cooker to finish by its own heat, and another and newer kind, known as the caloric cook stoves, which not only cook food that requires boiling or stewing, but which bakes both bread and cake. In these cookers you don't start to cook your food before putting it into the cooker, but you heat the radiators and put them in, and the heat from them does the cooking and baking. These radiators can be put right over a gas jet or a coal oil stove, or on the ordinary kitchen stove, and will absorb the heat sufficient for the cooking in 15 to 20 minutes, according to the intensity of the fire over which they are placed. If you only want to boil or stew meat or steam it, you put in one radiator underneath the pot, and if it is a matter of baking a radiator is put in above, in a wire frame supplied for the purpose, so that the food to be cooked is between these two radiators. Even in a single-hole cooker it is possible to cook several different articles by use of the divided cooking pots, in half-circular or triangular form, which can be fitted into the hole. It is not only that these cookers save a great deal of time and a great deal of labor for the housewife, but they furnish the opportunity for cheaper and more wholesome food, as frequently in the summer time, to avoid the keeping of the house heated for a length of time, the family is treated for days together to fried meat, whereas, with one of these cookers, it is possible to give soup or stewed meat, where the cheaper pieces of meat may be utilized, and, as I said before, both cheaper and more nutritious dishes made.

A Home-made Steamer.

Now, for the woman who cannot afford over \$10 for a fireless cooker, I have a suggestion to make, and it is one which I have used to great advantage myself. That is, purchase a one or two burner coal oil stove, in accordance with your means, and a large, flat-bottomed tin pail with a tight cover. A tin pail which will take in several smaller pails or cans, all of them to be with straight sides if necessary. Say you want to cook a piece of meat, a tapioca pudding, and, later, some potatoes. Start the process by putting on your tea kettle and having it full of boiling water. If you wish the meat to be cooked slowly and to bring out the juices, put it into your small tin pail with whatever amount of cold water you think necessary. Put your sago or tapioca and whatever you wish to go with it into another pail: stand these in the large pail on the top of your little coal oil stove, and pour in around them a sufficient amount of hot water from the tea kettle to come up about half-way. Put on the lid and



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turn your burners very low, and you can go about your work and leave these to cook. An hour, perhaps, before dinner you take these off the stove, let your tea kettle boil again, put your potatoes into the third pail with boiling water, place them in the large pail along with the meat and pudding, and put the whole back on to the coal oil stove. This is not so convenient or so quick as the fireless cooker, but it is very practicable, very cheap, and it will give excellent results. If you get the lid of your large pail made for you, have it made with a high-pointed top, with a hook in the inside, and from this hook you can suspend any article which you wish to cook by steam alone. For example, if you wish to cook a cauliflower or a cabbage, you can put it into one of the little wire sieves, which you can buy for 10 cents, and hang it to the hook, and it will cook with the steam quite nicely. I have not done very much practically with the fireless cookers myself, though I expect to this coming summer, but with this somewhat primitive cooker I have done a great deal, and if you cannot afford the larger patent article I can cordially recommend it to you as a means of relieving the house of an all-day fire.

To Heat Irons. These little coal oil stoves, also, are excellent for heating irons. Put your irons on the stove and turn over them a large old granite saucepan; for example, one which may have got a hole in it. The handle will make it easy to remove, and the saucepan will hold the heat round the irons and prevent it from diffusing very much through the room. Speaking of ironing, let me beg every woman present to have a high stool, which can be bought from any furniture store at very moderate cost, and use it to sit on while ironing. Don't say, "Oh, it takes too much time!" It only requires a little practice to get used to it, and you will find that the time which you thought wasted is really saved through the lessening of your fatigue from standing so many hours on your feet.

Kitchen Cabinets. If you can afford a kitchen cabinet, have one by all means. It can be included in the \$140, which we set out to spend, easily. But if you cannot afford a kitchen cabinet, and have to make your old table do, let me beg of you to go to the nearest tinsmith and get from him a couple of sheets of tin to cover your kitchen table with. Have him punch some small holes round the edges for you, so that you may nail them tightly to your table. This is quite as sanitary as oilcloth, and very much more convenient, because you can put hot saucepans and kettles down on the table without doing any damage. Have this table placed against the wall, as convenient to your kitchen stove as possible. Line the wall above it to a height of three feet with white oilcloth, and at the top of this oilcloth put up a shelf. You can do it yourself with any odd piece of board, covered with a piece of the oilcloth, and a couple of brackets which you can purchase for 25 cents. On the shelf put your salt and pepper cans, your tea and coffee caddies, your flour duster, and the hundred and one things that are used constantly in the preparation of a meal. Below your shelf have a couple of thin strips of wood extending the length of your table, and nailed firmly to the wall over the oilcloth, the first one to be a foot below the shelf and the second a foot below the first. Into these strips put some little brass hooks; or, if you cannot get them, ordinary nails, and on them hang all the small utensils which are in constant use. This will not be as sightly as a kitchen cabinet, but it will be a great deal more convenient than having to go into the

pantry for everything that you want to use. Personally, I am not in favor of keeping flour or meal of any kind in a place as close to the stove as a kitchen cabinet or table ought to be, as I think they are very likely to become rancid. If you have no pantry, a good-sized packing box in the corner of the kitchen, covered with oilcloth and with two or three home-made shelves inside and a blue denim curtain in front of it, will be a good substitute. In this you can put supplies that are not in constant use. Have castors on your kitchen table so it may be pulled close to the stove when cutting up fruit.

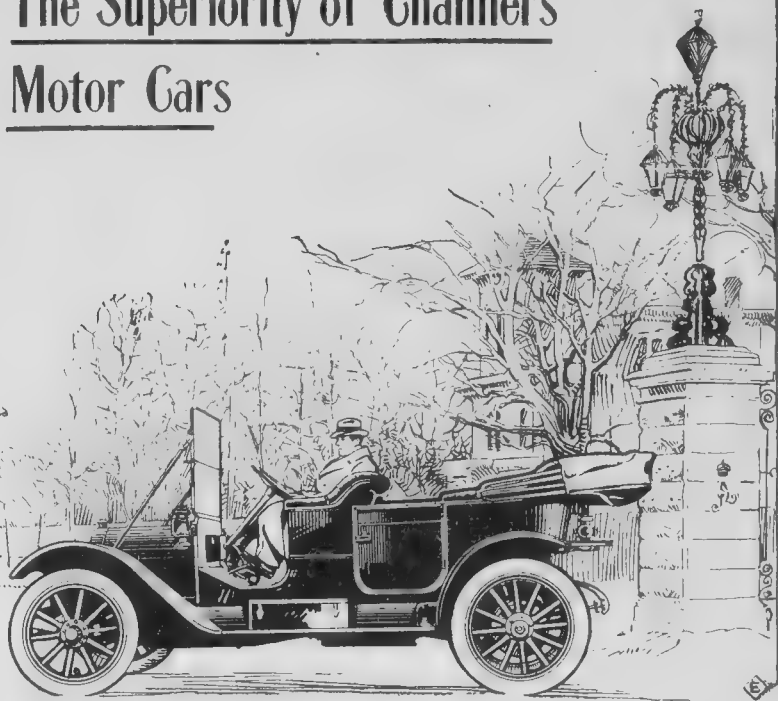
I have brought here today a collection of small conveniences, things which can be bought for 10 cents and 25 cents. The lot that you see before you cost \$2.00, and there is not an article in the lot but will prove of almost hourly convenience in a kitchen.

In conclusion, these are only a few suggestions. I hope they will be helpful, but above all things I would urge on the women on the farm to try new things to lighten their work. The very trying is in itself a relief.

One day, some years ago, I was looking at a new washing machine in a store in Winnipeg. A gentleman was standing with his back to me, and the man who was showing me the washer made the remark that he wondered that when women had to do so much kitchen work they so seldom invented anything to lighten it. Before I could reply, the man with his back to me turned and said, "Women are naturally more industrious than men. They go ahead and do their work, without seeking a short cut to the end." The speaker was the Rev. Alexander Grant, at that time pastor of the First Baptist Church in Winnipeg, and a man who had a very profound regard for, and sympathy with women. I think what he said was quite true, but I think it has become a virtue gone mad. It is all very well to go on doing work and not seeking to escape from it, but it is folly in an age of progress to be doing housework on exactly the same lines as our grandmothers, our great-grandmothers, and our great-great-grandmothers. I have travelled the Canadian West from Winnipeg to the Rockies, from the boundary line to Edmonton and Prince Albert on the north. I have seen all kinds of homes; and there is nothing that has appealed to me so much as the courage and bravery, under most adverse conditions, of the women who have made homes on the prairie. But I have often seen where they made their work needlessly burdensome by the lack of small conveniences which they themselves could have provided, or which, had they put the matter before their husbands in the right light, the latter would have been glad to provide. This is a subject on which one might go on indefinitely, and perhaps I have already said too much; but if what I have said this afternoon helps to lighten the load of any one woman, it will be worth the time and effort expended.

Robert Louis Stevenson is one of those Scotsmen whose memory "the world will not willingly let die." Descended from the great engineer Stephenson (for so he anglicised his name), he was born in Edinburgh November 13, 1850. Systematically trained himself to express whatever he saw or thought. Admitted to the Scottish bar 1875. His first book was "An Inland Voyage," 1878, narrating his adventures on the canals of France; then "Travels with a Donkey," 1879. Three or four other books, then "Treasure Island," 1883. One by which he will be well remembered, "A Child's Garden of Verse," 1885; then the most

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popular of all his works, "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," 1886; "Kidnapped," 1886; "David Balfour," 1893; "Master of Ballantrae," 1893; "Underwoods," 1887; and "Ballads," 1891, complete the list.

He died on the island of Samoa, in the South Pacific, on 3rd December, 1894, greatly lamented as one whose career promised so much, and which was only beginning to blossom out.

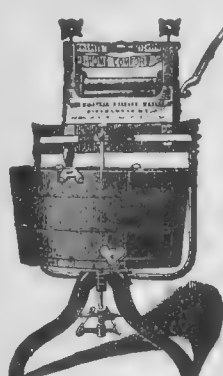
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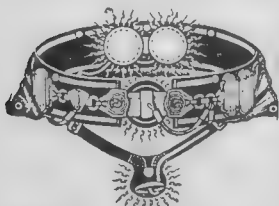
The coat is cut in the new spring style with deep roll collar which is trimmed with satin and braid as pictured.

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Afternoon gowns of the more elaborate sort are made in a great many different ways this season, and trained skirts and those that clear the floor have equal vogue. Illustrated are two attractive and smart models that exemplify the latest features.

The gown to the left is made from one of the lovely new figured crepe de Chines, with trimming of Irish lace and yoke and undersleeves of lace of the thinner and lighter sort. The blouse is one of the favorite ones that makes one piece with the sleeves, but it is trimmed in an entirely distinctive and novel manner.

the very latest skirts, with a waist that is smart, novel, and altogether attractive. The skirt can be made in three or four pieces, as it is or is not seamed at the centre front. There are panels at the side on to which the front and back portions are lapped, consequently the skirt can be used for two materials with exceptional success. The blouse is made with pointed outer portions that overlap the under portion that is cut in one piece with the short sleeves. There is a lining and the under sleeves are sewed to the armholes of that lining. In this case, the gown is made of mes-saline, with trimming of banding, and yoke of heavy embroidered net. The



6884 One-Piece Blouse, 34 to 42 Bust.
6917 Circular Skirt with Circular Flounce, 22 to 32 Waist.

6883 Fancy Waist, 34 to 40 Bust.
6891 Three or Four-Piece Skirt, 22 to 32 Waist.

The skirt is made with the slightly raised waist line, and it can be cut off and made shorter, if preferred. The circular flounce is joined to the lower edge of the blouse portion that also is circular. In this case the seam is concealed by the trimming.

For a woman of medium size the blouse will require 1 1/4 yards of material 27 or 3/4 yard 36 or 44 inches wide, with 1 1/2 yards 18 inches wide for the trimming portions and 1 1/4 yards 18 for the yoke and under sleeves. For the skirt will be needed 5 3/4 yards 27, 5 yards 36 or 3 1/4 yards 44, with 1 1/4 yards of lace banding.

The blouse pattern 6884 is cut in sizes for a 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inch bust measure; the skirt pattern 6917 in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inch waist measure.

The gown to the right combines one of

guimpe portions are of white lace. The bands that outline the gown and underlying panels of the skirt are made of velvet.

For the medium size the blouse will require 3 yards of material 24 or 27 inches wide, or 1 1/2 yards 36 or 44, with 1/2 yard 18 for the yoke, and 5/8 yard 18 for the guimpe portions. For the skirt will be needed 5 1/4 yards 24 or 27, 3 3/4 yards 36 or 2 5/8 yards 44, with 1 1/4 yards 20 for the panels.

The waist pattern 6883 is cut in sizes for a 34, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust measure; the skirt pattern 6891 in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inch waist measure.

Any of these patterns will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of ten cents for each.

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No doubt can exist on this question. Facts are facts and they speak for themselves. The Ball-Room is sending more girls to hells of sin and shame than all other causes combined. Read the greatest book of the day on the subject, entitled

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by ex-Dancing Master, T. A. Falkner, exposing the traps and pitfalls of the dangerous amusement. It explains fully and in detail the natural and necessary effects of modern waltzing, and why thousands of girls are ruined every year thro its influence. It is written in a pure and wholesome language, full of startling facts and it tells them plainly. Young man and young woman, YOU need this book, and mothers place this book in the hands of your dear daughters. Send today for a copy of this most interesting and entertaining book, at the Special Introductory price of 25 cts., postpaid, to W.H.M. readers. P.C. brings descriptive circular. THE MAIL AGENCY Edmonton, Alberta.

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Receive postpaid this beautiful one piece dress.

The material is fine French luster in black, navy, cardinal, dark brown, dark green and cream. Sleeves, yoke and collar are of fine lace, yoke and sleeve are edged with satin, 12 satin buttons trim the front of the waist, satin belt at waist line. This is a beautiful dress and you will be pleased with it.

Same dress in all wool panama, same shades as luster, \$6.50.

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Give inches around neck, largest part of bust and hips, also smallest part of waist, length of sleeve and from under arm to belt, down back from neck to belt, and length of skirt from belt to desired length in front.

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A Smart Frock, with Trimming of Satin and Fur.

Combinations of material of many kinds are being much used just now, but nothing is prettier than satin with wool. This frock is made of Henrietta cloth, with the yoke and the band flounce of satin, and is trimmed with bands of fur and with little scintillating beads. It is exceedingly smart, yet absolutely simple. The blouse is made over a lining and can be finished with or without the undersleeves; also girls who like half low necks can cut it out on the line of the yoke and finish the neck edge with a tucker of lace or in any way that may be becoming. The skirt is a simple five gored one. In this case it is finished with a slightly high waist line but it can be cut off and attached to a belt if preferred. The band flounce, joined to the lower edge, is a feature of the season, but the gores can be extended to full length, and the skirt made plain, if liked.

For the 16 year size will be required



6900 Waist with Yoke and Sleeves in one, for Misses and Small Women.

6896 Five Gored Skirt, for Misses and Small Women.

$\frac{7}{8}$ yard of material 27 or 36 inches wide or $\frac{3}{4}$ yard 44 inches wide for the lower portion of the blouse, $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards 21 or $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards 27 inches wide for the yoke with sleeves, and $\frac{7}{8}$ yard of all over lace. For the skirt will be needed $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material 27 inches wide, $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards 36 or $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards 44 inches wide, with $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards 21 or $\frac{7}{8}$ yards 27 inches wide for the band flounce.

Both the blouse pattern 6900 and the skirt pattern 6896 are cut in sizes for misses of 14, 16, and 18 years, and are admirably adapted to small women.

A May Manton pattern of either design will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper on receipt of ten cents for each.

Square and Round Sweeping Caps, with Half-Sleeves, 6916.—Caps that protect the hair and sleeves that protect the blouses are absolutely necessary to neatness and cleanliness when one is engaged in work that means possibility of soil. Here are models that are practical and simple and also attractive, for the caps are really becoming. They can be made from any simple washable material, but the square cap is especially suited to a handkerchief. The half-sleeves are finished with casing and elastic at the upper edges and are easily drawn on and off.

Both the square and round caps are made of one piece each. The square cap



6916 Square or Round Sweeping Caps with Half Sleeves, One Size.

is plaited on indicated lines and the round cap is supplied with casing and elastic, by means of which it is drawn up to fit the head. The half-sleeves are made in one piece each with over-lapped edges to cuff depth.

For the round cap and sleeves will be required $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material 27 inches wide or $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards 36 inches wide; for the square cap will be needed 1 handkerchief 18 inches square with 3 yards of ribbon; and for the half sleeves alone $\frac{7}{8}$ yard 27 inches wide or $\frac{1}{2}$ yard 36 inches wide will be required.

The pattern No. 6916 is cut in one size only. It will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of ten cents.

6911 Plain Shirt Waist, 34 to 46 bust. Plain Shirt Waist, 6911.—The plain shirt waist is one that is always in de-



6911 Plain Shirt Waist, 34 to 46 bust.

mand. This one is finished with a neck band and can be worn with the accompanying turned over collar or any

Wet Feet Avoided by Lumbersole Boots

Wear Lumbersole Boots and always have warm dry feet. Don't incur dangers that follow damp feet. Be ready for spring and wet weather. No feet cold or wet when Lumbersoles worn. Send now. If you put off, you'll forget. Act now. Two-Buckle Lumbersoles, sizes 3-12; for all ages; delivered free. \$1.75 Men's Best Quality, sizes 6-12. 2.00 Children's Sizes, 6-2; fit ages 3-10. 1.35 Half Wellington Lumbersoles delivered free for \$2.95 are the greatest boot you ever saw for wet work or weather. Get our Catalogue, too—Full of money-saving footwear offers.



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BY A COMPANY THAT STANDS ON ITS MERIT

We are offering only a few shares in first block at \$75.00 after which our stock will be placed at par.

The Co-Operative Manufacturing Company will begin erection of a large factory building at once and will manufacture Metal Granaries, Automatic Stokers, Wagon Tanks, Stock Tanks, Cisterns, Farmers' Handy Elevators and a general line of Implements.

Orders booked now for over \$44,000.00 worth of business.

Let your money work for you; a substantial dividend guaranteed.

Place your orders for 25% down, 25% 30, 60 and 90 days, stock now.

Call at our offices, 512-514 McIntyre Building, and see machines demonstrated, or write for particulars.

Correspondence solicited. Agents wanted.

The Co-Operative Manufacturing Company

Rooms 512-514 McIntyre Building, Winnipeg, Man.

Incorporated under the laws of Manitoba.

Capital \$500,000, divided in 5000 shares. \$100 par value.

Directors GEO. S. WYMAN; E. A. BUCKLIN; ERNEST C. STEWARD;

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Pres.—GEO. S. WYMAN Vice Pres.—E. A. BUCKLIN, Sec. Treas.—E. C. STEWARD

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No lessons, no practice. Simply sit down at your piano, follow the directions and pick out the notes. You will be surprised at yourself.

No knowledge of music required. Just a simple little device whereby anyone, young or old, can learn to play the piano in one hour's time. You simply cannot afford to be without it. Read our generous offer below.

A valuable adjunct to the music teacher, for it teaches the music system of the greatest professors on earth in a simple and effective manner. Just the thing for the boy or girl who hates to practice.

Special Introductory Offer.

The regular price of Peters Musical Scale is \$5.00, but in order to introduce it at once, and place it before the public, we make the following offer:—The scale, with full directions and book of selections, will be sent to any address, all charges paid, upon receipt of \$3.00, the names and addresses of five friends who own a piano, and the coupon below. Don't wait. Don't delay. Simply pin \$3.00 to the coupon and mail it to us today. You will receive the scale by return mail, and can start to play at once.

Remember, we absolutely guarantee that you will be able to play on your instrument within one hour after you receive the scale, or your money will be promptly refunded.

Special Inducements to Agents.

Special Introductory Offer Coupon.

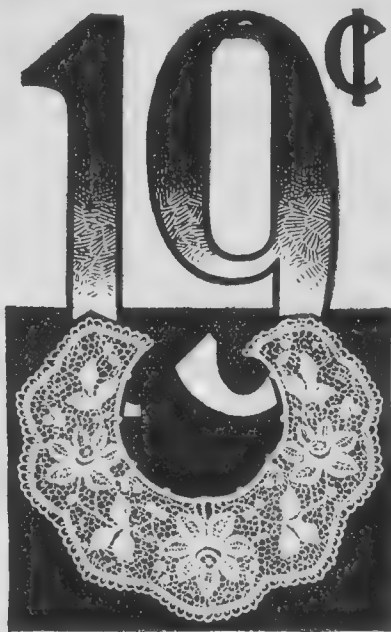
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Avallone & Co., Inc., Dept. A, 2057 E. Addison Ave., Chicago, Ill.:

Gentlemen,—I am sending you this \$2.00 coupon, and the names of five friends on a separate sheet of paper, and \$3.00 for which please send me a complete \$5.00 set of Peters Musical Scale by return mail.

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Can You Beat This?

SEND us this ad., together with the special price mentioned below, and we will send you, PREPAID, a beautiful Guipure Lace Coat Collar, exactly like the above illustration, length 21 inches, width 4 inches; your choice of ecru or ivory shade. Examine it carefully in your own home and if you don't find it the best value you ever saw, and worth at least 35c., return it and we will refund your money without question. Our Special Price, **19c.**

PACQUETS SPRING BARGAIN .. CATALOGUE No. 28 ..

is filled with bargains just as good as this one. We can't print them all in this space. Write for a copy of this Catalogue to-day—it's FREE.

**THE PAQUET
COMPANY
LIMITED**

Mail Order Department

Quebec, Canada

stock or neck piece that may be preferred. There is no fulness at the shoulders and the sleeves are of the regulation sort. Besides serving admirably for the perfectly plain waist, the model is an excellent one for embroidery or braiding.

The waist is made with fronts and back. There is a box-plait that finishes the right front edge. The sleeves are finished with over-laps and straight cuffs. The collar is made separately and adjusted over the neck-band.

For the medium size will be required $3\frac{1}{8}$ yards of material 27 inches wide 2 yards 36 or $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards 44 inches wide.

The pattern No. 6911 is cut in sizes for a 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. It will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of ten cents.

Queer Family Trees.

Marion F. Rittenhouse.

When a child, I heard a friend of my father speak so often of his family tree that I grew to be much interested in it and when visiting at his home, begged to be allowed to see this wonderful shrub. I remember that I was very much disappointed, when he, instead of taking me out into the yard, or garden, led me to his study, and showed me a framed sheet of paper, with red and black written lines extending from one main line, longer and more prominent than the others.

"But you said it was a tree," I said, "and this is only writing."

Then to my great disappointment, I learned that the customary family tree is very unlike the forest tree, and is "nothing but writing." But the queer family trees that I saw in the north-west this summer had once been real, growing forest trees, and had changed only to become huge carved logs, or totem poles as they are called.

The people of many half-civilized and barbarous countries have totems, but of the many tribes of North American Indians, only five tribes that carve and venerate the totem.

These tribes are to be found in Alaska and on the south-east coast of British Columbia.

Each member of a tribe, if he chooses to do so, has a totem pole of his own, upon which he carves his own and his ancestors' histories. He may choose for his totem some animal—either bird, beast or fish for his own special totem emblem, and from that time on he expects the creature that he has chosen to

guard and protect him from danger; to bring him all sorts of good fortune, act as a charm against ill luck of every description.

In fact the tribes that venerate the totem allow their members to select their special, individual emblem, as we might decide upon a certain flower for our garden, or as a people select a state flower or other emblem.

One must hold sacred the object which he has taken for his totem. He must not eat its flesh, nor slay it. For example; if he selects the bear for his totem, then henceforth all bears are sacred to him, and he may not kill them save at certain times as a sacrificial offering. The selection of such animals for totems are often serious in-



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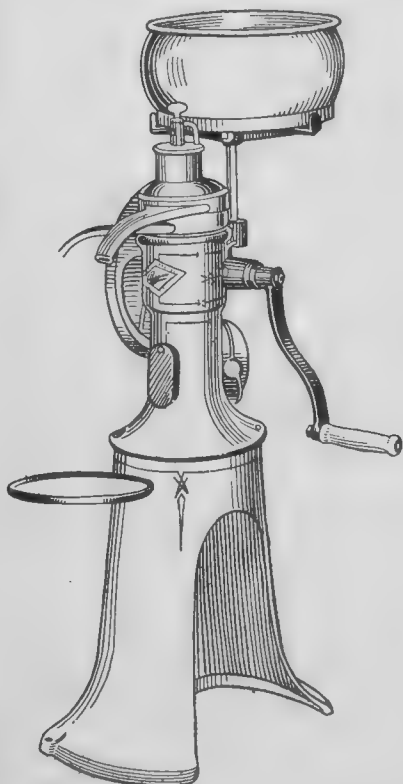
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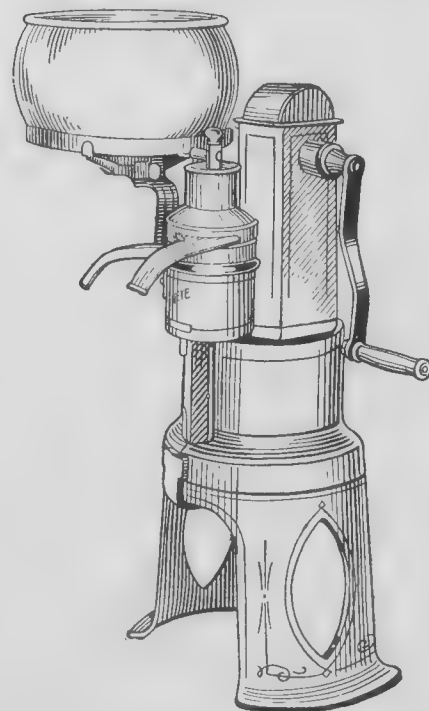
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30 Days' Free Trial



The Study of Music Now Possible in the West.

There are so many homes in Western Canada that have pianos and organs, but have not a competent teacher to teach the family music, so that the instrument is lying idle and the valuable time of the children is going by without the study of music. Now that the Canadian branch of the Columbian Conservatory of music has been organized with headquarters at Winnipeg, there is nothing to hinder every family in the West from taking Music lessons.

Many people hesitate to take up the study of music because they think it too complex and hard to learn, while, on the contrary, it is one of the easiest things in the world to master if you are properly guided. You will find the Columbian system of teaching so simple and easy, yet so thorough and complete, that within a short time you will not only astonish and delight your friends with your progress, but will realize to your own satisfaction that you are getting a thorough grinding in the knowledge of music, and there is nothing more charming than to be able to play some instrument, either for your own pleasure or for the gratification of your friends, to say nothing of the possibilities offered for earning money, as good musicians are always in demand. While there may never be an occasion for you to earn your own living by playing or teaching, yet there ought to be a certain satisfaction for you to know that in such an event you would be fully competent to respond to the call.

The year's course comprises forty-eight lessons and four quarterly examinations; all music (consisting of fifty pieces of graded sheet music) is furnished free with each course. You receive one lesson each week, and your written recitation is graded each week until you complete the course and acquire a grade of at least ninety per cent. on each and every study. This is the only conservatory teaching music by mail that has complete forces, and every course is taught under a positive guarantee. They give you one thing at a time, and the reason—why—for each step taken. You have no music or books to buy—you always have the same teacher—no change of method, in fact, they bring a modern conservatory into your home and you get the boiled down results of the study and research of centuries, and they can safely promise to teach you more in a given time and for less money than any other conservatory or teacher.

The price of the year's course is \$50.00, payable \$15.00 down and the balance \$8.00 monthly, or \$45.00 cash. It will pay you to get into communication with the company. The address, The Columbian Conservatory of Music of Canada, Phoenix Block, Winnipeg, Man. Mr. Barrowclough, the president will be glad to give you all information.



500,000

Cuttings of Russian Willows, three varieties, Red Laurel and Golden at \$4.50 per 1000, express paid to any station in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta; 40,000 Rooted Willows, 10 to 15 in. at \$2.50 per 100, \$18.00 per 1000, express paid, all grown right here at Virden, Man. Send me your address and I will send you my price list of all the best and hardiest varieties of Nursery Stock, with printed directions. No agents, deal direct with me, and you can buy at almost half the price charged by ordinary agents. Nothing beats these hardy fast growing willows for a hedge or break.

JOHN CALDWELL, Virden Nurseries
VIRDEN, MAN.

conveniences, and for this reason the people of many other countries rarely select as their totem any creature whose flesh is fit for food, or whose body yields useful products—as fur, or hides.

An instance is recorded of a tribe in Bengal that adopted the dog for their totem, giving as reason for their choice that a dog was of no use after it was dead, and setting forth as their reason for adopting a totem, the fact that all the tribes about them had totems.

Our Indians are not so prudent in their selection of totems, however, for carved on their poles one sees oftentimes the whale, seal and bear, and other equally useful animals. One will notice the frog and the eagle, also as well as numerous mythical creatures like the dragon.

If the Indian contented himself with merely carving his own individual totem upon his pole, the totem poles would not be as interesting as they are, but would be more like a family tree with but the name of one branch of the family written upon it, but like the family trees that are "just writing." The totem poles give quite a bit of family history.

The totem pole reads from the top downward. Nearest the top of the queer family tree is its owner's totem; if he has seen fit to adopt an individual totem, or emblem. Then combined with his emblem or just below it, is carved the totem of the tribe to which his wife belongs.

Below that comes the totems of his parents. Next his grandparents, and then his great grandparents. This, of course, makes his "greatest greats" nearest the foot of the pole.

Some of the poles have carved upon them queer looking creatures made up of the halves of two different species of animals, a half whale and half bear combined. This combination signifies that the ancestor represented by this emblem belonged to whale and bear clan.

GOOD BREAD GOOD CAKES GOOD PIES

Everything on baking day supremely
GOOD—always—if you always use

FIVE ROSES FLOUR

UNBLEACHED
YET WHITE AS SNOW

Good conscientious housewives with the
highest ideals as to purity in the food
they serve, use only FIVE ROSES FLOUR

BETTER BREAD BETTER CAKES BETTER PIES

Never a criticism if you always use FIVE ROSES FLOUR
LAKE OF THE WOODS MILLING CO., LTD.

RUBEROID ROOFING

Trade Mark Registered

Pronounce it RUE-BER-ROID

Costs Least Per Year of Service

Reckoned by first cost only, there are many cheaper roofings than RUBEROID.

Reckoned on the logical basis—the cost per year of service—RUBEROID is cheaper than any other roofing, be it shingles, metal, slate, tile, tar or any other prepared roofing.



RUBEROID'S COST per roll is moderate. The cost of laying is very small, as skilled labor is not required. Repairs, while easily made, are very seldom needed if the roofing is properly laid. The only attention necessary is a coat of Ruberine Cement once about every three years.

RUBEROID'S DURABILITY is due to the Ruberoid Gum with which the wool felt base is saturated and coated on both sides. This gum is a compound of our own, tasteless, odorless, not affected by gases or acids, or by extreme heat or cold. Ruberoid contains no rubber, no oil, no tar, no asbestos.

RUBEROID'S PROTECTION is complete. Fire Underwriters' Associations rate Ruberoid "First class" as a fire-resisting roofing, and in actual service for 19 years it has proved its superiority as a weather-proof roofing.

We have some interesting Booklets, full of information on all kinds of roofing—Booklets that will put you in the way of saving money. Write for Booklet K, or better still call at the nearest store where the "Ruberoid Man" is at home and ask the dealer for it.

"SOVEREIGN" SHEATHING FELT is a light-weight Ruberoid that makes the best inter-lining you can get to keep your house or stable warm and dry. Clean, odorless practically indestructible. Ask for Booklet about it.

The Standard Paint Co. of Canada, Limited

286 St. James Street, Montreal
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EVERYWHERE

Home Economics.

(Continued from page 40.)

the prize list of Ladies' Work in connection with our Fall Fair, and our association offered prizes to children un-

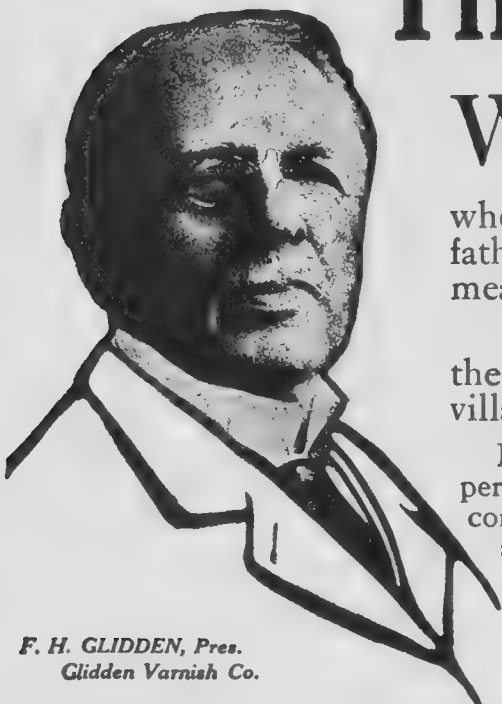
der twelve years of age. The best dressed doll, clothes to be hand made. To girls under 16 years:—Blouse, hand made; best darned stocking; collection of work, both plain and fancy.

At our February meeting, we were to

have taken up "Indoor Amusements," also "Economics in Housekeeping," but as I was ill, and we had no sec-treas., to take it in hand, and could get no papers from the Agricultural College, we had to defer these subjects to some

future meeting. We discussed several improvements required in the town that our association might help with. We decided to take "Gardening" for our March subject, and get one or two interested in gardening to write papers.

It Took Me 54 Years To Write This Advertisement



F. H. GLIDDEN, Pres.
Glidden Varnish Co.

his record; therefore, he had to hide his face.

I was trained in a strict, rigorous school of integrity. I had one principle dinned into my memory—that a business man should no more sign his name to a bad article than to a bad check. I haven't outgrown these theories of my youth. I'm still an old-fashioned manufacturer. I don't know how to make anything but goods fit to put my name on. My goods are for sale, but my good name is not.

I made the first can of Jap-a-lac with my own hands—I KNOW it's RIGHT.

I prepared the formula myself. The experience of a varnish lifetime is in every tin that you buy. There is no secret to Jap-a-lac quality, so I am going to explain the reasons why Jap-a-lac is superior.

To begin with, a varnish must have a "body." We use gums for this purpose. There are some native gums, such as rosin, but the best gums are found in the far East, and the islands of the Pacific.

Rosin is only used in the very cheapest varnishes. The Philippines supply the next lowest quality, but neither rosin nor Manilla gums were up to the standard that I had set for Jap-a-lac, so out of my years of experience I selected a fine quality gum from New Zealand, known as Kauri. It is expensive, four times as much as the Philippine gum and ten times as much as rosin.

When I made up my mind to manufacture Jap-a-lac, I made up my mind that its reputation should need no varnish.

I could have saved a fortune in profits by using analine colors, but in my heart of hearts I knew that analines would never wear; that they were bound to fade, and so I kept experimenting with different colors, until I found some German chemical colors which stood every test.

They're expensive, but Jap-a-lac must be right, and so I send clear to Germany for pigments.

That's why I don't hesitate to give you my personal word that Jap-a-lac is sun-proof and time-proof.

WHEN I started the Glidden factory, I don't suppose that one person out of three who reads these lines was alive. It was back in the days when there were no street cars, when the electric light was undreamed of, when the idea of the telephone would have been laughed at. Your grandfather and I used to have our hats and our shoes, as well as our clothes, measured to order.

When we wanted to communicate with Denver, we sent our letters by the pony express. There were no trains across the plains. Chicago was a village. The tallest skyscraper in New York was six stories high.

It was a neighborly period, an era of personal contact. Merchants knew all their customers by name; goods were sold on personality—an honest man succeeded, and a dishonest man couldn't hide

I thought at first I would use linseed oil, but after trying different blends I found that a combination of linseed and wood oil gave better service and more enduring results, and, although it means sending all the way to China for this wood oil, the expense isn't spared.

I mean that you shall get in Jap-a-lac, the best article that can be made at any price.

The name Jap-a-lac is a trade mark; there is only one Jap-a-lac, only one quality.

I want you to try it. You need no experience.

Jap-a-lac is a liquid Jack-of-all-Trades.

It is a varnish and a stain and an enamel, all in one.

It comes in every color, as well as white, black and gold.

It will restore old furniture.

It will polish a hardwood floor and never show heel marks or nail prints. You can apply it to any kind of wood and any kind of woodwork.

You can use it for your pantry shelves and do away with the bother of constantly recovering them with paper or oil cloth—because Jap-a-lac can be washed every day as readily as you can wash a piece of crockery. It's just as water-proof and just as lasting.

A kitchen can be made absolutely sanitary by enameling the chairs, table, refrigerator and the tops of the wash tubs with white Jap-a-lac. This keeps the kitchen sweet and wholesome.

With Jap-a-lac you can varnish the shelves in the closets, repaint your iron bedsteads, turn your old tin or zinc bath-tub into an enameled one, and do a thousand and one things, such as gilding your frames and silvering your radiators. But it takes a little book to tell all the wonderful possibilities of a little bit of Jap-a-lac, a little bit of time and a little bit of intelligence. Send me your name and I will have the book sent to you.

You can buy Jap-a-lac everywhere.

F. H. Glidden

GLIDDEN VARNISH CO.
Cleveland, O. Factories, Toronto, Ont.



All sizes, 25c. to \$8.50

Woman and the Home.

A Mother Song.

Mother, O mother! forever I cry for you,
Sing the old song I may never forget;
Even in slumber I murmur and sigh for you,
Mother, O mother!
Sing low, "Little brother,
Sleep, for thy mother bends over thee yet!"

Mother, O mother! the years are so lonely,
Filled but with weariness, doubt and regret!
Can't you come back to me, for to-night only,
Mother, my mother!
And sing, "Little brother,
Sleep, for thy mother bends over thee yet!"

Mother, O mother! of old I had never
(One wish denied me, nor troubles to fret:
Now, must I cry out all vainly forever,
Mother, sweet mother!
O sing, "Little brother,
Sleep, for thy mother bends over thee yet!"

Mother, O mother! must longing and sorrow
Leave me in darkness with eyes ever wet;
And never the hope of a meeting to-morrow?
Answer me, mother!
And sing, "Little brother,
Sleep, for thy mother bends over thee yet!"

James Whitcomb Riley.

The Value of an Education.

Many do not realize the true worth of an education. "Of what does an education consist?" will perhaps be asked. It is not necessary that one should be proficient in Latin or Greek to be educated. It is much better to make one's brain a storehouse of practical knowledge—something that can be applied in every day life—than to burden it with the technicalities of some study that can never be used for any practical purpose. For this reason I think the curriculum of high schools should be altered somewhat.

There are two classes of people who do not get an education, namely, those who wish to, but cannot, on account of financial difficulties or ill health, and those who can, but are too indolent to grasp their opportunity.

The former will be first considered. They eagerly seize and assimilate every particle of knowledge that comes before them. Some in this class are often unnecessarily kept from school to assist in doing the work. This could often be avoided if the parents were anxious to have their children in school.

It is not possible to estimate the value of an education in dollars and cents. But I am certain that the money a boy or girl would earn during a certain period would not approach the intrinsic value of what education he or she could acquire in the same time. And yet there are people who are so avaricious that they compel their children to toil early and late and thus deny them proper schooling privileges. An education is of far more use to one than a few paltry dollars. Money is easy to lose, but an education will stick to one for ever.

Those whose eyes are weak can gain much knowledge by attending lectures and engaging in conversation with those who "know." Those who are financially unable to attend school may increase their intellectual attainments by the perusal of good books.

The other class perceive their mistake when it is too late to rectify it. They understand eventually what has been lost by such gross neglect of their

splendid opportunities. By refusing to educate themselves they deprived themselves of the means whereby their happiness could be greatly increased. The advantages derived from an education are numerous. They enable one to enjoy life more thoroughly. They give one the ability to talk on any subject when in the presence of educated people. Also, in the attempt to secure a position where more than an ordinary education is required the applicant with the most developed intellect stands the best chance of obtaining employment.

The Teacher's Influence.

Next to the home in moulding influence is the school, and since school is what the teachers make it in their hands rests much responsibility of the future.

The country teachers have a great range for individuality and for developing it in their pupils. Their opportunity is greater than that of the teachers of the graded schools. Children must be studied. It is very essential that a child should have a coat made to fit instead of being fitted to an odd-sized coat. What of the mental coat? Will the same lesson, administered in the same way, benefit each individuality? The desire of a teacher to study books and educational journals should not be deprecated. That is all right as far as it goes, but it does not go far enough. Study your pupils. Study their surroundings, study your opportunities.

Supplementing the School Work.

If you want to keep the boys and girls in school when they get into their teens you will have to begin long enough before that time to show an interest in their work. It is always a good sign when the children want to "play school," and they should be encouraged to do so whenever a rainy day keeps them in. A mother can learn more about the work of the school by listening to what the boys and girls say in the play school than by visiting the school room, for every tone and gesture will be reproduced in the miniature school room. The very little tricks of speech and action of which the teacher may be unconscious herself are faithfully copied in the play school, and it is interesting to watch the important little make-believe teacher.

In many homes it would be considered a sinful waste of money to buy two readers, one for home and one for school, but to do so is to delight the children and give them a wider range of knowledge. Not both by the same author, but two standard readers made for pupils of their ages, and used to supplement the work of the school room. In one home the little girls had four or five different kinds of primers and readers as they worked their way through the different grades, and their teacher was always astonished at their wide range of knowledge.

The Winning of a Heart.

No man who wins a woman's heart and marries her will have any difficulty in keeping her love through weal or woe if only he loves her and does not forget to tell her so, not once for all, but over and over again.

Life largely consists of compensations, and not the least of these is that while a man may choose and a woman must wait to be chosen, women love to be loved, and tenderness and sympathy rarely fail to win their love and to retain it when once won.

The trite saying that "trifles make up the sum of human life" is especially true of women.

Men make one of their greatest mis-

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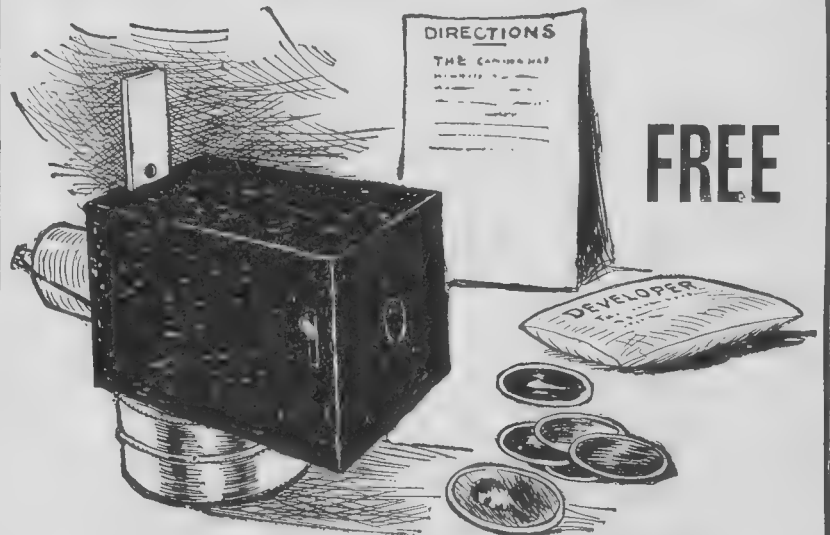
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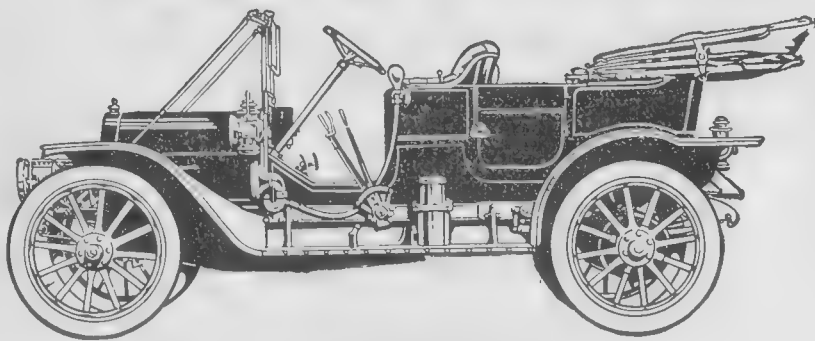
Press the Lever—Push the Slide—The Picture is finished

It sounds too simple to be true, doesn't it? But that is all there is to it, just the same. If you will answer this "Ad" to-day, and be prompt, we will give you one of these outfits absolutely free. First of all, you put a dozen little Button Films in the magazine at the back of the Camera, then get your "customer" to "look pleasant." Just press the lever, then the slide, and in one minute the pretty little Button Picture is finished all ready to mount into a locket, a brooch, or in any way you like. You can make easy money selling these pictures to your friends at 10c. to 25c. each. The Winter is the very best time to get really good Pictures and we want to get these Photo Button Cameras introduced into every section of the country, and in order to do this quickly, are going to give away 25 gross (3,600) of them, absolutely free. Now act quickly, because you want to be the first, around your vicinity, to get one of these and have some fun and make some money with it as well. Now, all we ask you to do in return for this grand present, is that you introduce among your friends, only 24 of our first selling, size 16 x 20, multi-color, Oleograph reproductions of Famous Paintings, the originals of which cost hundreds of dollars, and include such popular subjects as "The Village Smithy," "Can't You Talk," "Home Again," and many others. These Pictures sell in Art Stores at 50 cents each. They are all suitable for framing and at our price of 15 cents each, you can sell one or more to every person you show them to. Especially as we will send you a Prize Coupon, to give with every Picture, which will entitle the holder to receive an extra present from us, absolutely free. When sold, return us our money, \$3.60, and this grand Camera, with supplies, will be sent to you at once.

SPECIAL OFFER.—In the regular way, you would have to pay express or postage charges on your Camera, but in addition to giving you this splendid outfit absolutely free, we are going to prepay the charges on it ourselves, direct to your town, provided you will be prompt and return our money inside of four weeks. (10 days extra allowed to places west of Winnipeg.) Write to-day. We will send the Pictures by return mail, postpaid. Then the rest is easy.

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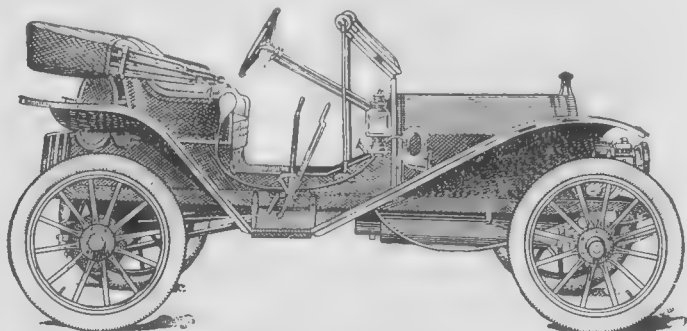
The **REO** Company endeavors in every possible manner to retain the good-will of its car owners after the sale is made. As to its success in this regard, you are requested to ask any Reo owner. We have ample means for such service.

Reo Proof No other 1911 motor car can show such records and proof. Here are four kinds of proof—power, speed, endurance, reliability. For instance:

New York to San Francisco in Ten Days

The **REO** covered this distance 3557 miles in 10 days, 15 hours and 13 minutes, beating the previous record by nearly 5 days. A wonderful performance!—and half of it through deep mud and sand, trackless deserts, deep washouts and mountains. And not a thing done to the **REO** engine the whole trip except to change one spark plug. Send for the story of this trip, beautifully illustrated. Yours for the asking.

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HERE'S the 4 cylinder 20 H. P. car extraordinary. It is the car of values which none can surpass at the same or near the price at which this is offered. Careful examination will bring to light the completeness of the car's details and also its sturdy construction.

Value is so apparent in this wonderful little car that it should not even require this mention to sell all we can procure from the factory this season.—but we **do** want you to become thoroughly acquainted with it. Write for catalogue and "1000 Miles Through Snow Drifts." They will interest you and your friends.

Joseph Maw & Co., Limited
Distributors, Winnipeg

takes in neglecting the little things, the loving word, the small attentions which are to a woman's heart what dew is to the flower.

When a woman loves a man she is like the hero in Marmontel's fairy tale, and looks at him through rose-colored glasses. No imagination of poets has such idealizing power as the affection of a devoted wife; her love, like the Midas touch, turns all to gold.

Ordinary virtue swells into moral heroism; dull respectability is exalted into sublime conscientiousness; common everyday cleverness is accounted as transcendent genius.

Industrial Training.

Modern inventions have taken so much hand work out of the home that the habit of sitting idle has now become well grounded.

Industrial education, as being introduced into the schools at the present time, is bound to replace this vulgar habit of idleness with that of industry.

Teachers in rural districts can make themselves responsible in a great degree for this change, even where the system is not yet available in their schools.

Young teachers who go from schools where the hand as well as the mind received training carry with them unconsciously an atmosphere of industry. Human nature everywhere is susceptible. If the "teacher" has work at hand it soon becomes the fashion in the district to "be doing something."

The comparison of the mind of a person whose time is industriously occupied with that of one who idles the time away is marked. One grows up, stout and strong, while the other remains limp and aimless. Persons able to pass examinations and take upon themselves the training of children next in importance to that of the home, are certainly capable of grasping this comparison and shouldering the responsibility.

A Good Recreation.

My favorite recreation is reading and the making of scrap books. A good time for the latter work is in "the long and cruel winter." I like it better than piecing quilts, and the result is some valuable books that are hard to beat. Some are of a miscellaneous nature, while others are on certain subjects. There are books of poetry, biographies of noted men and women, and historical events. A book of sermons by noted ministers, another on temperance matters and one of particular local interest. There are also council and election reports. These latter have often been consulted to substantiate some matter that had come up in a country village.

One book that I often enjoy is for "half-sick and half-well days." It consists of witty anecdotes, "homey" poetry, enjoyable "meaty" stories, interspersed with a few comic pictures which will make you laugh at any time. Then there is a sort of an autograph cook book containing recipes of self and friends, which we know from trial are good. A book for the garden on vegetables, fruits and flowers. The "gudemon" has a useful volume on "Handy Articles," worth more than one of that nature that we paid \$1.50 for, as also books on raising and caring for crops, stock and poultry.

The saving of scraps for such books can be simplified if some method is used. When we read the papers we have formed the habit of marking articles we wish preserved later, the clippings are placed in boxes or old envelopes and labelled. Many times there are books in the home of no particular value that can be used to paste in.

There should be plenty of leaves cut out to make up for the extra ones pasted in. Judgment must be used, as some books have thicker leaves. A shaving brush is handy to paste with, or even a home-made one of hogs' bristles tied tightly together. I prefer paste to mucilage. A brother, while "baching out West," made some nice

scrap books in the winter evenings. Try it, "old baches," instead of smoking. Yes, as Aunt Polly says, "If we read wrong books, it may do us injury," as I know from experience and personal observation. When a little girl I was loaned some trashy novels by a mate. As her father had been diligently reading them, and as he was a Sunday school superintendent, mother at first felt easy in the matter and did not examine my reading, as was her wont. But when I related some of the doings and sayings of one of the heroines she quickly "sat up and took notice," and feared some mischief was already done; when I made excuses for some of the characters mother declared that such things were not at all nice for a young lady to do, even in a novel.

There was soon a serious talk with the superintendent's wife, and the "yellow literature" was quickly returned. Although that was over fifty years ago, the horrid illustrations and characters in those novels are vividly remembered to-day. I was naturally a courageous child, but those murder scenes affected me for many, many years.

For the Seamstress.

When turning hems on cotton goods fold and press with a slightly warm iron, and they can be stitched without basting. Be sure the hem is kept even with the thread of the goods.

When putting a wide facing on cotton goods much time and trouble may be saved by placing the garment on the ironing board, brushing the facing lightly with weak starch water, laying carefully in place and pressing with a warm iron. This will hold it even better than basting, and will not injure the fabric.

A strip of goods folded to make two extra thicknesses and put in where button-holes are to be made or buttons sewed on will save and strengthen the button hole and prevent tearing off of buttons.

If the small boys have suspenders for the pants and wear blouse waists over them, it will save a great deal of annoyance from torn buttonholes and missing buttons. Even the boy with his first pants will be pleased with suspenders, and it will save many stitches.

Finish the bottom of blouse waists with a narrow casing of hem through which a tape may be run. The waist may be drawn up and the tape tied in front with the ends tucked inside the pants. This is much more convenient than to finish with a waistband, and the waist can be opened out and much more easily ironed.

Castles in the Air.

The bonny wee bairn who sits pokin' in the aye,
(Glowerin' at the fire wi' his wee round face,
Keekin' at the fuffin' lowe—what sees he there?
Ha! the young dreamer's biggin' castles in the air!

His wee chubby face and his towsie curly pow
Are laughin' and noddin' to the dancin' lowe;
He'll brown his rosy cheeks and he'll singe his sunny hair,
Glowerin' at the imps in his castles in the air.

For a' sae sage he looks, what can the laddie ken?
He's thinkin' now on naething, like mony mighty men;
For a wee thing makes him start, and a sma' thing makes him stare,
He'll hae sorrow yet, wi' his castles in the air.

He'll keek at the fire and he'll glower at the light,
For mony sparkling stars are swallowed up in night;
Aulder ee'n than his are glamered wi' a glare,
Hearts are broken, heads are turned wi' castles in the air.

Newest Dress Embroideries.

Each spring season brings around some new ideas and suggestions for Embroidered Garments and from the elaborate costumes and dresses down to the tiny Jabots and Collars, all these to be fashionable must be "hand embroidered."



No. 5588 Dress. Stamped on white linen, \$5.00; stamped on colored linen \$4.00.

One handsome embroidered dress is pictured here which has the fashionable banded effect on the skirt and the bodice is stylish and novel. The narrow straight lines of the present styles are particularly suitable for embroidery, in fact, this is the only trimming needed. The design on the dress No. 5588, is to be embroidered in solid padded satin stitch and is most effective without being elaborate. Suitable material for such dresses are the white or colored linens, in the Crash and Shantung weaves. These linen costumes and dresses are growing more and more fashionable each season, and short coats can be supplied to match any dress. These linens rival in weave and finish the silk costumes which have been such favorites for summer wear.

Embroidered waists are indispensable and while blouses matching costumes in color are so generally used, nothing can supply the place of the "White Waist" for use with summer costumes, as they have a freshness and daintiness all their own. The plain tailored waists are very smart with the embroidered scalloped edge closing on one side and simple designs of either braiding or embroidery with turnover collars and cuffs to match.



Stamped on Lawn, 75c. No. 5510.

A very stylish material for these is the Corded Linen, which is the newest thing in the market, and is suitable for these.

A very stylish material for the tailored waists is the corded linen, which is the newest thing on the market; plain linens are also fashionable for these waists. Two pretty designs for more dressy lingerie are also shown, which are suitable for sheer hankiechief linens or dainty fine lawns. No. 5511 is stamped for pretty insertions of lace and would make a most charming waist.

Coat, Collar and Cuff sets are also needed to give a dressy touch to spring and summer costumes and many designs are to be had for these. We show one of the favorite Polka-dotted effect, which Stamped on white or colored linen, 45c. is always in good style and may be effectively embroidered on either white or colored linen. Pink or blue linen is very smart embroidered with white dots, which it is almost needless to say, should be well padded and kept round and smooth in the working.

The little Butterfly Jabots, which are intended to be worn with the turndown collars, are to be had in a large range



No. 5397. Tailored Waist. Stamped on Plain or Corded Linen. \$1.50; Stamped on Lawn, 75c.

of shapes and designs, the design illustrated has been made up from white and blue linen. These dainty little trifles



No. 5377. Stamped on white and colored linen. 20c.

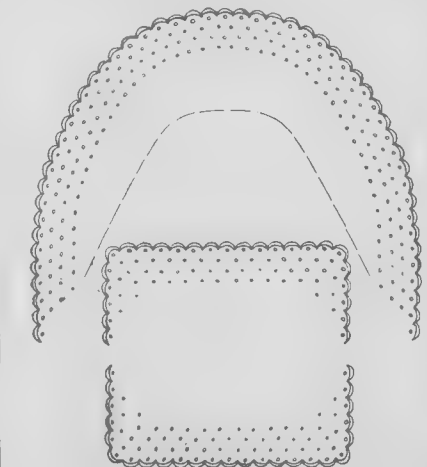
are quickly made up, and one needs many of these for summer use.

Readers entrusting any of their orders for articles illustrated on this page will



No. 5511. Stamped on Lawn, 75c.

have them correctly filled. Please pay particular attention to the giving of the design numbers and material required, to avoid delay in filling.



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ROSES, POINSETTIA, YELLOW DAISY, MAPLE LEAF or WILD ROSES

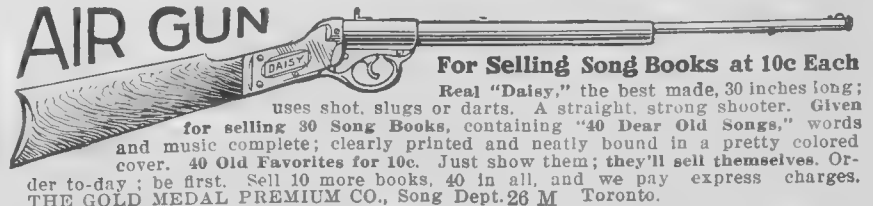
with a diagram lesson showing exactly how to embroider it—if you will send us 35 cents for sufficient lace, also four skeins Belding's Fast Color Royal Floss to trim and commence embroidery on the center piece. The Lace is Ecru Filet matching center piece in color.

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to convince every woman that Belding's Silks are the best made. We will also send a copy of our 'Suggestions for Shading,' giving color numbers used in embroidering all flowers. Send at once, enclosing 35 cents, stamps, or coin, and state design wanted. Address

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\$2 Costume Skirt and a Pair of Good Fashionable Shoes for only

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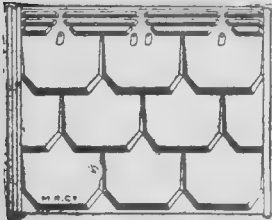
Talk No. 1

Quality

By

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Sunday Reading.

His Tokens.

Frank Dempster Sherman.

I build my hope on what I see,
When blossoms clothe the naked tree;
Life's winter ends and spring shall be.

I give my love for what I hear,
After the storm the bird sings clear;
Delight and joy where all was drear.

What matters if I do not know?
Interpreting their meaning so,
I keep the torch of Trust aglow.

And when shall end Life's little night,
Lord, do Thou guide my steps aright,
Give me Thy welcome, peace and light!

She Hath Done What She Could.

By Rev. N. Morrison, Invermay, Sask.

She was not endowed with extraordinary talents, but she had a heart that was willing to serve to the limit of her ability. Her voice as a singer did not thrill the congregation. It was quite or-

word. When she entertains her friends she has no magnificent mansion to open up for their amusement, but she sends them home with higher ideals of life than they had before. While in her company they have learned some of the things in life that are really worth struggling after.

She may be called homely, commonplace, ordinary, but every time you touch her life you feel that you must make tomorrow a better day than today. While others may be praised for doing what the world considers "great things," she is content to be doing the smaller and more insignificant things, to which the world gives scarcely a passing thought.

And, at last, when the end comes, others may have their good deeds paraded before the eyes of men by the great of the world, but of her the Master Himself says something vastly better: "She hath done what she could."

Have you ever met her? Have you a desire to be like her? If so, the path lies before you, for you do not require talent, wealth, or the influence which man may give. All you require



On the Maganetawan River, Ontario.

dinary in its quality, but she used it just as well as she could. At times she caused a jar in the music, and some thoughtless girl laughed, but she had the consciousness of having done her best.

She was not a born teacher, as some are, but she made amends for that by painstaking preparation and regular attendance. Last Sunday she almost lost control of that stirring class of hers, but she did something else that was heroic, she kept control of herself.

When she goes to see the poor, she has no delicate viands nor rich treasures to present, but she just carries a bright, brave and cheerful heart and a kindly

is to become the embodiment of what the Master said concerning Himself: "I am among you as he that serveth."

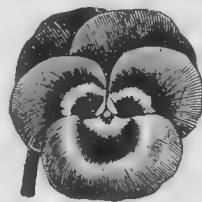
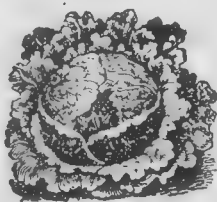
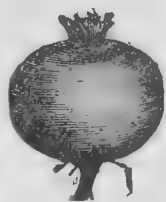
The Deeper Peace,

Men often say that they do not wish to know what the future may have in store for them, since, if the knowledge were unpropitious, every intervening day between the present and the prophesied fact would be clouded with the consciousness of the coming misfortune. And yet, in the passage which we study in our Sunday School lesson this week, we are told that Paul, on his way to Jerusalem, where he surmised he might meet with some untoward experiences, was explicitly informed through the Spirit that unusual sufferings awaited him. Those bright and glorious days on the Mediterranean, when he was resting on the ship from great labors, had a background of the coming suffering at Jerusalem.

We do not know why Paul was granted a revelation which confirmed his worst suspicions, except that the very familiarity of the mind with a coming misfortune does something to steel the spirit to bear it. The worst temptations and troubles are those that surprise us, like a lightning flash from clear sky. We have no opportunity to adjust our minds to them, and we act from impulse rather than judgment. If the knowledge of what awaited him in Jerusalem was calculated to throw something of gloom over those Mediterranean days, that knowledge was also equipping him to play a manlier part when the suffering and trouble actually came.

And yet it would be a serious mistake to imply that the narrative suggests that Paul was unhappy because he knew he was moving onward to his cross. That is the way such knowledge would affect most of us, yet somehow there

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runs through the account of the voyage to Syria and of the sojourn at Caesarea the note of a deeper peace in the apostle's spirit than could have come from outward conditions. Probably most of us have had experiences that have interpreted that. When we have really entered upon a path of duty involving pain and loss, as we could clearly foresee, we have been surprised that a deep contentment sprang up in the inner life. The adjustment of ourselves to a clear duty involved the adjustment of life to its deeper needs, and we have come to understand, in a new way, that man does not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God. We find our deepest peace by yielding without reserve to Divine calls and to all that they involve.—The Watchman.

The Fifty-First Psalm.

It is impossible to comprehend the power of the fifty-first psalm upon the race. Kings, scholars and cottagers have read it with the same spiritual power. It was the death song of the French Protestants in the times that for cruelty have had few equals. It was sung by George Wishart when taken prisoner before his martyrdom at St. Andrew's. Its opening verse was the dying cry of the Scottish martyr, Thomas Forret, whose grave was green a quarter of a century before Scotland became free from ecclesiastical tyranny. Its cry for mercy was repeated by Lady Grey upon the fateful day of her own and her husband's death. Its burning words broke from the lips of John Huss at the place of his execution near Constance. John Rogers repeated its confession and triumphant paeans on the way to the fires at Smithfield. The words of the Hebrew Psalmist were spoken by Sir Thomas More—"who was famous throughout Europe for his eloquence and wisdom"—as he laid his head upon the block. Its seventeenth verse, written by St. Augustine upon the wall of his sick chamber, did not make the text any the less real to the great German reformer. The seventh verse of this same psalm was found on a tablet of copper amid the eternal snows of the highest point of the earth's surface, near Cape Beechy.

"Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow."—Last Days.

Be Humble.

J. T. McFarland.

In our most exalted moods we ought to be the most ready to render the lowliest service to our fellow men. The proof that we have the divine fellowship, the evidence that we have the Holy Spirit dwelling within us, should appear in the promptness and gladness with which we discharge the offices of a servant. It is significant that Christ never commands us to do those things which men consider great; that He never holds up for admiration the things which the world applauds; but, over and over again, he lays stress upon those small deeds of kindness which it is possible for everyone to perform, but which are counted insignificant in the eyes of the world. In that wonderful foreview which He gives of the final judgment, He does not recite the great and distinguished things which the righteous have done. But He speaks of those things which lie within the possibility of every man and woman. "I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger and ye took me in; naked, and ye clothed me; I was sick and ye visited me; I was in prison, and ye came unto me." "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye did it unto me."

The Ideal Teacher,

She possesseth that subtle and mysterious gift called sympathy. She knoweth the names and conditions of her scholars, and in all she taketh a tender interest. She understandeth their dispositions; she hath no contempt for any. Therefore she draweth all toward her

and all place their confidence in her.

She is slow to wrath. She remembereth that she also is human and liable to err.

She is gentle and gracious in her bearing, for she forgetteth herself in her endeavors to set at ease them that come to her.

Her voice thrilleth as the tones of a sweet instrument—now persuasive, now high, now low, yet ever gentle and firm.

To dwell in her company is an inspiration, for she unconsciously demandeth from her scholars their best.

She is humble because she knoweth there is more to be learned.

She hath an infinite patience with the dullard and the backslider. She is a mother confessor to every anxious heart. From her confessional box the downcast go away cheered, the indolent inspired, the rebellious subdued.

She is a born ruler, for she is of them who have learned to obey in their youth. She loveth the children.

No duty to her is trivial or beneath her to do well. She loveth her work. Since not for what she getteth, but for what she giveth, doth she toil.

Yet she is cheerful of spirit. The sound of laughter often issueth from her lips and calleth forth that of her scholars. That which she doeth she doeth with zest; under her teaching the burden of learning groweth lighter. . . .

She liveth ever, for in the years to come her memory will be green and emit a sweet fragrance in the hearts of those she taught and loved.—Pennsylvania Sunday School Herald.

God's Severity.

C. H. Wetherbe.

While very much is being said in favor of God's wonderful mercy, great gentleness and long continued patience, it is quite necessary to keep in mind that He is also very severe in His dealings with rebellious people. God is often grossly misrepresented by simply omitting the mention of the sterner attributes of His character. If we were to judge God's character from the manner in which many preachers present it, we must conclude that He has no disposition to deal out severe punishment to persistent defiers of His commandments and laws. But the Bible portrays God's character and doings in due proportions. While it speaks of His great goodness, mercy, and forbearance, it also speaks just as strongly of His justice and judgments, His wrath and severity.

There is great significance in these inspired words: "Behold the goodness and severity of God: toward them that fall, severity; but toward thee, God's goodness, if thou continue in His goodness; otherwise, thou also shall be cut off." Too many people put all emphasis upon God's goodness, and then entirely omit saying anything about His severity. In the passage quoted it is to be observed that God's severity "cut off" those who stood out against God. It is stated that they "fell." God's goodness, instead of allowing ungodly people to continue abusing His authority, spake out in dire judgment upon the sinning ones. And thus it has been through all history. In Old Testament times, although God manifested great mercy towards transgressors, yet He at last visited them with severe judgments by which many thousands were destroyed in a brief time. See what Paul says concerning the Israelites in ancient days: "Howbeit, with the most of them God was not well pleased, for they were overthrown in the wilderness." Again he says: "Neither let us commit fornication, as some of them committed, and fell in one day three and twenty thousand." Call to mind also God's severity upon those whom He destroyed by the great flood, besides the thousands who, by God's direction, perished in the Red Sea. Paul says that such things are "examples" to the people of this dispensation. The people of this day deceive themselves fatally when they refuse to give true heed to the possibilities of God's severity. Much talk about His love cannot do away with the truth that He is severe as well as tender.

The disciples were not losing much time when they sat down beside their Master and held quiet converse with

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Responding to the call of many Western women, we are this season showing divided riding skirts in our Spring Catalogue. The skirt we have selected is of original design, comfortable in the saddle and strongly tailored throughout. It may be adjusted in a moment to give the appearance of an ordinary walking skirt. Ladies ordering this skirt have choice of khaki cloth in tan at \$4.50, or all wool serge in black, navy or brown at \$9.00.

Coming to the wearer direct from EATON workrooms these skirts may be expected to prove a surprise both in style and wear at these very modest prices.

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should be in your home by this time. Catalogues have been mailed to every Post Office in the West, and if your copy has not been received please write us at once, so that you may be supplied without delay. The EATON catalogue is full of acceptable style suggestions for the coming season and is of interest to every member of the family.

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I Was a Sight from Superfluous Hair

I Cured It Quickly, So It Never Returned

I Will Send Free to Any Other Woman the Secret of how they too can Remove all Trace

For years I was the victim of a horrid hair growth on my face. I knew I was a sight and every time I met another woman with this "manish" mark and saw how it spoiled her looks, I became the more distracted, for I had tried all the pastes, powders, liquids, and other "hair-removers" seemingly highly endorsed, that I had ever heard of, but always with the same unsatisfactory result. My time, money and patience were about exhausted, when a friend persuaded me to try a secret from Japan, almost against my will, for I had little faith owing to former experiences.

What was my amazement when I found that it actually did what was claimed for it. It was so simple that it took but a few minutes time to work a complete transformation in my appearance. Any woman who is troubled with superfluous hair can readily appreciate what a difference it would make to her looks if it were removed, for no woman can be beautiful if she is afflicted with a hairy growth on her face, neck or arms. My experience with this wonderful remedy was so remarkable that I feel it my duty to put my sensitive feelings aside and tell my experience to my sisters in distress, in order that they may profit by it, and not waste their time and money on worthless "concoctions" as I did.

Therefore, to any lady who will write me within the next few days and who will send me a two-cent stamp for actual return postage, I will send quite free in a plain, sealed envelope, full information which will enable you to forever end all trace of embarrassing hair by the wonderful method that cured me. Address your letter, Mrs. Caroline Osgood, 993 B. V. Custom House St., Providence, R. I.

SPECIAL ENDORSEMENT: As the method above referred to has been endorsed by doctors, true specialists and many other publishers we advise all readers thus afflicted, to take advantage of Mrs. Osgood's offer and write her at once at above address.



Him under the olives of Bethany or by the shores of Galilee. Those were their school hours; those were their feeding times. The healthiest Christian, the one who is best fitted for godly living and godly labors is he who feeds most on Christ. Here lies the benefit of Bible reading and secret prayer.—Theodore L. Cuyler.

There are great tracts of life in which either of two courses may be right, and we are left to the decision of choice rather than of duty; but high above all these let us see towering that divine necessity—the daily struggle to bring "I will" to coincide with "I ought;" and there is only one adequate and always powerful way of securing that coincidence, and it is to keep close to Jesus Christ and to drink in His spirit. Then, when duty and delight are conterminous, the rough places will be made plain, and the crooked things straight, and every mountain shall be brought low, and every valley shall be exalted, and life will be blessed, and service will be freedom. Alexander MacLaren.

"When I would do good evil is present with me."—Rom. vii. 21.

"The term 'souls' or 'spirits' is as improper as the term 'gods.'"—Mrs. Eddy.

"In your patience possess ye your souls."—Luke xxi. 19. "Confirming the souls of the disciples."—Acts xiv. 22.

"God is to be understood and demonstrated, instead of believed and feared."—Mrs. Eddy.

"Abraham believed God and it was counted unto him for righteousness."—Rom. iv. 3. "Fear God and keep His commandments."—Eccl. xii. 13.

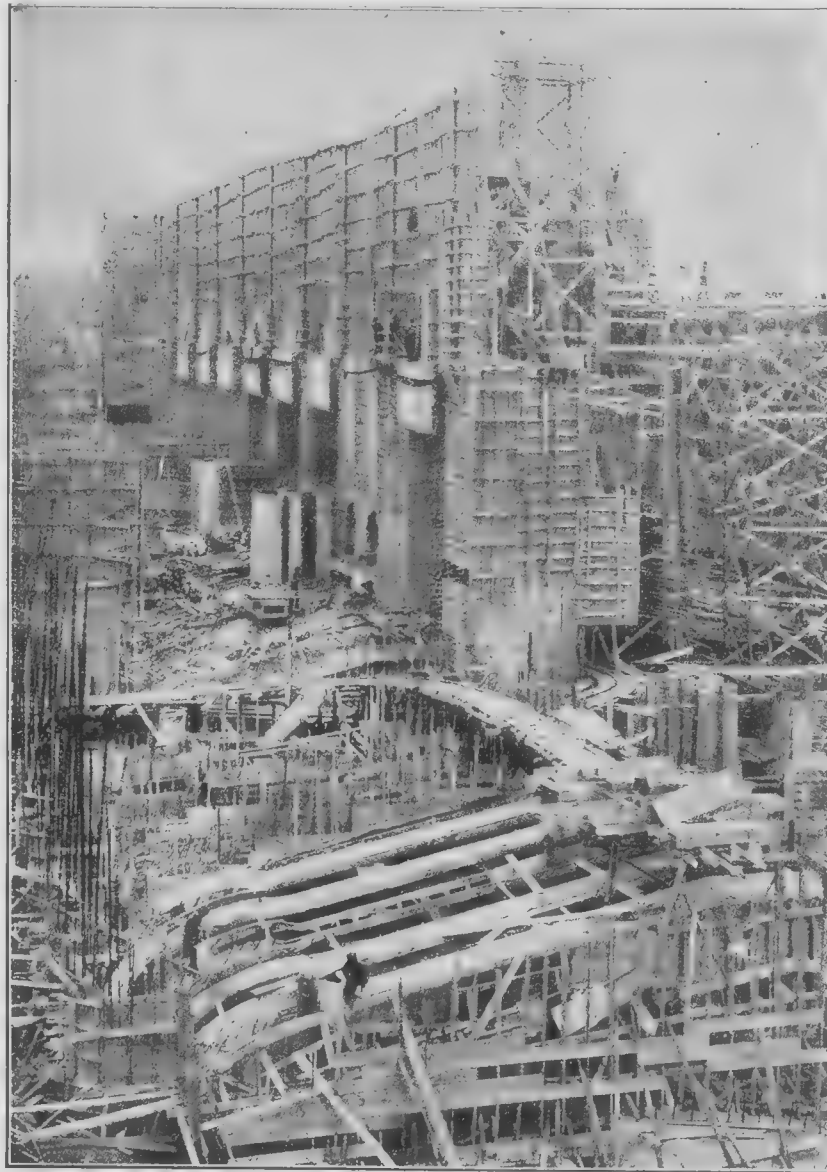
"No final judgment awaits mortals, for the judgment day of wisdom is passed hourly."—Mrs. Eddy.

"After death the judgment."—Heb. ix. 27. "We must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ."—2 Cor. v. 10.

"Heaven is not a locality."—Mrs. Eddy.

"I go to prepare a place for you."—John xiv. 2.

"Science removes belief with understanding, and it rests upon principle instead of a person."—Mrs. Eddy.



Winnipeg's Municipal Power House under construction at Point du-Bois.

How Christian Science Contradicts the Scriptures.

A. C. Dixon, D.D.

Following are given a number of quotations from Mrs. Eddy's writings on Christian science, together with appropriate Scripture. It should not be necessary to explain that Mrs. Eddy was the author, the "mother" of Christian Science.

"God never created matter."—Mrs. Eddy.

"In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth."—Gen. i. 1.

"Man is co-existent with God."—Mrs. Eddy.

"God created man in His own image, in the image of God created He him."—Gen. i. 27.

"The notion that evil and good can be combined in the one nature is a delusion that must yield to science."—Mrs. Eddy.

"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."—Acts xvi. 31. "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life."—John iii. 36.

"Miracles are impossible in science."—Mrs. Eddy.

"This beginning of miracles did Jesus in Galilee, and manifested forth His glory."—John ii. 11.

"In science we can do good but not evil."—Mrs. Eddy.

"All have sinned and come short of the glory of God."—Rom. iii. 23.

"Mind cannot be evil, since God is mind."—Mrs. Eddy.

"Men of corrupt minds reprobate concerning the faith."—2 Tim. iii. 8. "Their mind and conscience is defiled."—Tit. i. 15.

"Another's suffering cannot lessen our liability."—Mrs. Eddy.

"As by one man's disobedience many were made sinners, so by the obedience of one shall many be made righteous."—Rom. v. 19.

"The habit of pleading with the Divine

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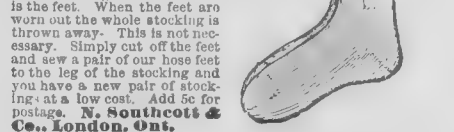


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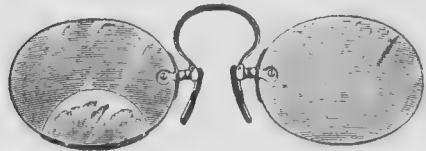


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mind, as one pleads with a human being, perpetuates the belief in God as humanly circumscribed—an error which impedes spiritual growth."—Mrs. Eddy.

"Pray to thy Father which is in secret, and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly."—Matt. vi. 6.

"Verbal prayer impresses too much error to greatly forward this work. God is not influenced by men."—Mrs. Eddy.

"Ask, and it shall be given you."—Matt. vii. 7. "Whatsoever we ask, we receive of Him, because we keep His commandments."—1 John iii. 22.

"Prayer to a personal God affects the sick like a drug that has no efficacy of its own."—Mrs. Eddy.

"The prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up. The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much."—Jas. v. 15, 16.

"Standing still and praying, expecting because of another's goodness, suffering and triumph, that we shall reach His harmony and reward, is vain and selfish."—Mrs. Eddy.

"Whatsoever ye shall ask in my name that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son."—John xiv. 13.

The Derelict.

Was mine the blame that adverse winds—

Heaven-sent, as all winds be
Blew my fair ship now here, now there,
On life's tempestuous sea?
For other ships the same winds blew,
Yet they their course kept, straight and true.

Was mine the fault that in the dark—

God's stars with clouds he hid—
My bearings lost, my hapless bark
On reefs was buffeted?
No faithful compass then had you,
With needle ever pointing true.

I could not see, how should I know—

God surely placed them there—
That cruel rocks lay just below
The blue waves shining fair?
Oh, heedless mariner to start
To cross life's sea without a chart!
—Grace Wood Castle, in Sunday School Times.

Sermons Boiled Down.

Your superiority does not depend on your pedestal.

Religion is the touch of the infinite on all our affairs.

It takes more than soft solder to cement souls together.

An honest message never has trouble finding hearers.

Self is the only thing that really can break love ties.

It takes more than headache cures to set the heart right.

The only worthy high living is that which puts the soul on top.

No great deeds are done without the doing of many little details.

When a man boasts of his courage he is giving it absent treatment.

Preach the pleasures of piety and people willingly bear its pains.

Society has its temptations, but they are as nothing to those of solitude.

The heart that feeds on pride must have many an ache in its stomach.

As conscience becomes atrophied the critical faculties often become active.

When a mother tells the truth about her children she whispers it to herself.

There's no advantage in making men weary with a sermon inviting them to rest.

Many think they can overcome sin by shooting glittering generalities at the devil.

You might be a walking theological seminary and still be travelling the wrong road.—Chicago Tribune.

Lord Strathcona:—Canada continues to hold a very favorable position in the money market. Investors will continue to give favorable consideration to applications for the money that will certainly be needed in large amounts in the next decade or so for the development of the many resources of various kinds with which Providence has endowed our great Dominion.

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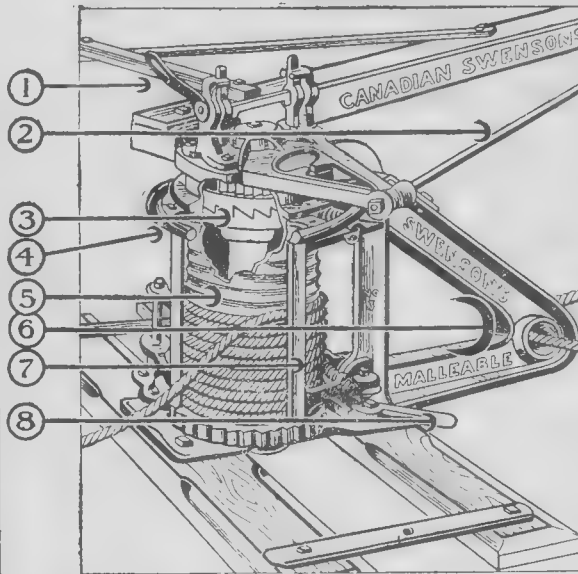
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- 2—Truss Rod full length of sweep. Takes the strain off the sweep, puts it on the sweep casting.
- 3—Gear Clutch raises and lowers on hub by a half-turn of the hand lever.
- 4—Hand Wheel takes up the slack cable in a jiffy. Saves team, men and time.
- 5—Large Diameter Grooved Drum takes absolute care of the cable and makes it last many times longer.
- 6—Heavy Anchor Frame is so constructed that the strain is equalized on the machine whether the cable is high or low on the drum, and holds the machine in a rigid position.
- 7—The Rope Guides, adjustable hinged, held by springs, take absolute care of cable, prevent it from over-lapping, crossing, or shearing.
- 8—Back Ratchet takes strain off of team when pulling big stumps, and makes whole machine safe.

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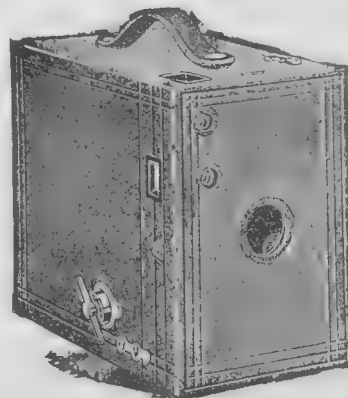
If you have land to clear of stumps, standing trees or willows, standing or burnt over, or poplars, or scrub of any kind, this is the machine you want, and the only one you will buy after you see it work. For it has every good point a Stump Puller should have, not merely one or two. We ask you just to test it for yourself under our most positive guarantee, that it will do the work better, easier, and quicker, that it will clear your land cheaper than any other machine on this earth. Isn't that plain? 11

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Household Suggestions.

We are more than pleased to publish the following article from a valued subscriber. It will be of the greatest possible value to our many readers throughout the country if others will follow the good example set in this excellent article. It is the aim of the Monthly to be as practical as possible, and nothing could be more practical than that a homesteader's wife should give her sisters the benefit of her experience. Who will be the next with a good suggestion?

Baldenhurst, Sask., Jan., 1911
To the Manager and Editor of the Household Suggestion Department of the Western Home Monthly.

Dear Madam.—Since reading your valuable suggestions this evening I have been thinking over several things which might be a help to others if they knew of them, as they have proved to me, and thought there would be no harm in telling you about them anyway, and you may use them or not as you think best.

I am a homesteader's wife, and came here from the city, where one could get anything and everything desired for the table at a moment's notice almost. Of course, I thought at first, like everyone else, there was nothing for it but oatmeal, corn syrup and stewed prunes. All very good for a change, but very tiresome served up every day. I hear so many women say, "Oh, I am so tired of stewed prunes." Then I ask, "Have you ever tried the silver prunes?" "Why, what are they? I never heard of them before." And then I explain. They are large yellow prunes, more like plums, and have a little of their flavor, too; make the most delicious pie you care to eat. Soak them overnight and stew, add very little sugar, and either as a fruit or for pie they are excellent.

Then, do you ever make prune whip? Do you know that the best grade of prunes are what grocers call the 50-60? They are a trifle dearer, but you get such large, juicy fruit it is well worth the difference in price. Take a couple of dozen, or more if for a large family, soak over night and stew. Then remove the stones and press the pulp through collander and sweeten. Beat up the whites of two eggs, or more if required, and add to the boiling pulp, beating quickly all the time. Just cook long enough for the white of the egg to set. With the yolks make a custard to serve on the whip. Beat them well, add a little milk, sugar, and vanilla, and cook to a cream. If too thick, thin with milk or cream. Whipped cream and sliced oranges make a splendid improvement to this for special occasions. For a Sunday dessert nothing could be nicer, and it can be made the day before and put away to cool. Then, let us take apricots—they make rather a rich fruit alone; try stewing the dried peaches with them and both are improved in flavor. Soak peaches over night and you will not find it hard to remove all or most of the tough skin around them. Use two parts peaches to one of apricots.

Apricot batter pudding is made as follows. Line a pudding dish with stewed apricots and cover with the following:—1 egg, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 1 tablespoon butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon soda (good), 1 teaspoon cream tartar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sweet milk, 1 cup flour, very little vanilla. Set the dish in a pan of boiling water and bake 20 minutes, or till done. The boiling water keeps the fruit moist and from burning to the pan. Serve with cream or pudding sauce.

I might say right here I find a good pudding sauce is made from the following:—Brown $\frac{1}{2}$ cup brown sugar and add 1 cup boiling water; stir in a teaspoon cornstarch dissolved in cold water, add a lump of butter and a little of both lemon and vanilla flavoring. I usually mix the two with good results.

How many of us have tasted mother's pumpkin pudding? My husband says that is good "dope" when we have it. Here is the recipe, so if you have a can on hand you may try it for yourself:—3 cups pumpkin, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 1 cup milk, 1 egg, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup flour, small teaspoon salt; flavor with nutmeg and bake from half to three-quarters of an hour. Serve with cream.

What about that can of salmon you have on hand? Let us have that for Sunday dinner and save roasting or frying meat. Heat to boiling point about a pint of milk. Use a double boiler if you have one. Season well with pepper and salt; add two good teaspoonfuls of corn starch or flour dissolved in milk to make a nice thick sauce. Then open the salmon, pour off most of the juice, and add the salmon to the hot sauce; leave till all is thoroughly heated and serve.

Will close now, though I might go on indefinitely, but have taken up more time of yours now than I intended. Wishing you every success in your noble department, I remain, sincerely yours

"Mrs. Homesteader."

Sally-Lunn Tea Cakes

are always popular. They taste just as good for a breakfast or luncheon bread to us who have dinner at night, and therefore do not need to plan for supper dishes. Put two tablespoonfuls of butter, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, and one half teaspoonful of salt in a bowl, and pour on one cupful of scalded milk. When lukewarm add one half yeast cake dissolved in two tablespoonfuls of lukewarm water, three well beaten eggs and enough bread flour (once sifted) to make a stiff batter, the amount required being about two and one-fourth cupfuls. Cover, and let rise until very light. Pour into buttered tin or tins, again let rise, and bake in a hot oven. This mixture may be baked in a sheet, in mullin rings or in iron gem pans.

Sour Milk Griddle Cakes

Mix and sift two and one half cupfuls of pastry flour, one half teaspoonful of salt, and one and one-fourth teaspoonfuls of soda. Add two cupfuls of sour milk and one egg well beaten. Drop by spoonfuls on a hot greased griddle, and cook on one side. When puffed full of bubbles and cooked on the edges turn and cook the other side. Serve very hot with butter and maple syrup or butter and sugar.

Buckwheat Cakes

were a prime favourite a generation ago, then they seemed to sink into disrepute, but now again are coming to the front. Pour two cupfuls of scalded milk over one third of a cupful of fine white bread crumbs and let soak thirty minutes; then add one half teaspoonful of salt, one fourth of a yeast cake dissolved in one half cupful of lukewarm water, and buckwheat flour to make a thin batter that will pour, the quantity required being about one and three-fourths cupfuls. Cover, and let rise over-night. In the morning stir well, add one tablespoonful of molasses and one-fourth of a teaspoonful of soda dissolved in one fourth of a cupful of lukewarm water. Cook, and serve same as griddle cakes. Save enough batter to rise another mixing, instead of using yeast cake; it will require one half cupful.

Apple Fritters

Pare, core and cut two medium-sized sour apples in eighths; then cut eighths in thin slices. Mix and sift one and one third cupfuls of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder and one fourth of a teaspoonful of salt. Add gradually two thirds of a cupful of milk and one egg well beaten. Stir the prepared apples into the batter, and drop the mixture by spoonfuls and fry in deep fat. Drain on brown paper and sprinkle with powdered sugar.

Banana Fritters

Mix and sift one cupful of bread flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one tablespoonful of powdered sugar and one fourth of a teaspoonful of salt. Beat one egg until light, and add one fourth of a cupful of milk. Combine the mixtures, and add three bananas forced through a sieve and one tablespoonful of

lemon juice. Drop by spoonfuls, fry in deep fat, and drain on brown paper. Serve with

Clear Sauce

Mix one half cupful of sugar and one tablespoonful of corn starch. Add gradually, while stirring constantly, one cupful of boiling water; bring to the boiling point, and let simmer five minutes. Remove from the fire, and add two tablespoonfuls of butter, one and one half tablespoonfuls of lemon juice and a few grains of salt.

Buns

Add two and one half tablespoonfuls of sugar and one half teaspoonful of salt to one cupful of scalded milk; when lukewarm, add one yeast cake dissolved in one fourth of a cupful of lukewarm water and one and one half cupfuls of flour. Cover, and let rise until light; then add one third of a cupful of butter, three tablespoonfuls of sugar, one half cupful of raisins stoned and cut in quarters, one teaspoonful of lemon extract and enough flour to make a dough. Cover, and let rise, shape like biscuits, let rise again, and bake in a hot oven. If preferred glazed, brush over with beaten egg before baking.

Doughnuts

can be made with sour milk instead of sweet milk after this fashion:—Put four cupfuls of pastry flour (once sifted) in a shallow pan; then add one and one half teaspoonfuls of salt, one and three-fourth teaspoonfuls of soda, one and three-fourth teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, one fourth of a teaspoonful of grated nutmeg and one fourth of a teaspoonful of cinnamon. Work in one half tablespoonful of butter with the tips of the fingers, then add one cupful of sugar, one egg well beaten, and one cupful of sour milk. Stir thoroughly, and toss on a board thickly dredged with flour; knead slightly, using more flour if necessary. Pat and roll to one fourth of an inch in thickness, using one third of the mixture at a time. Shape with a doughnut cut-

ter first dipped in flour, fry in deep fat, take up on a skewer, and drain on brown paper. The fat should be kept at a uniform temperature. If too cool, doughnuts will absorb fat; if too hot, doughnuts will brown before sufficiently risen.

The following excellent recipe for

Egg Muffins

makes thirty muffins, so if not more than half that number is required use one half the proportions given and a small egg. Mix and sift three and one half cupfuls of pastry flour, six teaspoonfuls of baking powder, three tablespoonfuls of sugar and one teaspoonful of salt. Add gradually one and one third cupfuls of milk, one egg well beaten and three tablespoonfuls of melted butter. Bake in buttered gem pans twenty-five minutes.

The Farm Kitchen

Perhaps no room in the house receives as little consideration in its layout and conveniences, its appearance or its hygienic possibilities as the average farm kitchen. Whatever is left is generally the kitchen, even though the room so named is more of a living room than all the other rooms combined.

Since modern science has taken to stalking through the land, invading kitchens and poking its prying nose everywhere, it has, of course, found among other discoveries that microbes attack us through our food; in short, through dirt admitted to the food and then eaten by the unsuspecting or the careless.

Apart from the appearance, absolute cleanliness is demanded in the kitchen above all other places from the real consideration of health. This desirable condition is wholly unattainable (there are so many kinds of dirt) when walls and floors are cracked and broken, leaving cracks and ledges to collect dust, that every breath of air scatters broadcast upon everything in sight.

When one cannot choose materials for either walls or floor, then to do what one

can with what one has is next best, of course. Very often there are wide cracks in the floors where boards have shrunk and where a multiplicity of attempted scrubbing has lodged ragged seams of dirt, formed from every refuse that finds its way to that much-used region. With a putty knife or other sharp edge all this foul germ-sodden accumulation can be removed. The cracks can be scrubbed, allowed to dry thoroughly, then filled with well-mixed putty, not too soft.

Then it should be pounded firmly in, levelled off, any rough or uneven places on the floor planed smooth. Then the whole floor should get a good coat of paint, very light in color.

Any half-ambitious woman can do the whole job herself, planing and all, by a little effort. Indeed, barring the scrubbing, which no woman, except Martha Trapbois (Sir Walter Scott's heroine), was ever known to really like, the work is quite novel and fascinating—for, only behold the transformation! The putty will not show under the paints, and the floor, now so easy to sweep and wash, and, above all, so sanitary, will soon pay for its trouble in satisfaction. In some cases a new floor of well seasoned lumber might be laid on top of the old (first faithfully disinfecting the old).

Where it is possible, the kitchen should be finished in hard plaster, and this covered with a white enamel paint, which can be washed like a china plate. Where this cannot be managed, and where cracked and broken walls abound, a good oilcloth of the table quality, in white, could be pasted and nailed to walls and ceiling. The widest oilcloth should be secured, so as to have as few seams as possible. Where seams occur they may be covered with the very narrow moulding, such as cover the edges of wire netting on screen doors. A strip of the cloth could begin at the door on one side, pass up the wall, cross the ceiling and down the opposite wall, without a join. The oilcloth would stand almost the wear of a lifetime and could be kept in good order with small labor besides being kept wind-proof—a decided advantage in winter.

How familiar is the old formula, "Let us have a dark paint in the kitchen, that won't show the dirt." Rather let us have a white paint that clamors fondly for frequent washings, so as to forbid too much occupancy. It is no longer deemed advisable to have the kitchen a large room, though necessity would seem to demand it in the country home, where so many odd jobs are carried to be done.

Household Hints

To Distinguish Mended Hosiery from New

slip a piece of paper in each mended pair when you are rolling them up and putting them away. This will save you from the trouble of unrolling each pair to see whether they are new or old.

Cutting Out Work in the Afternoon

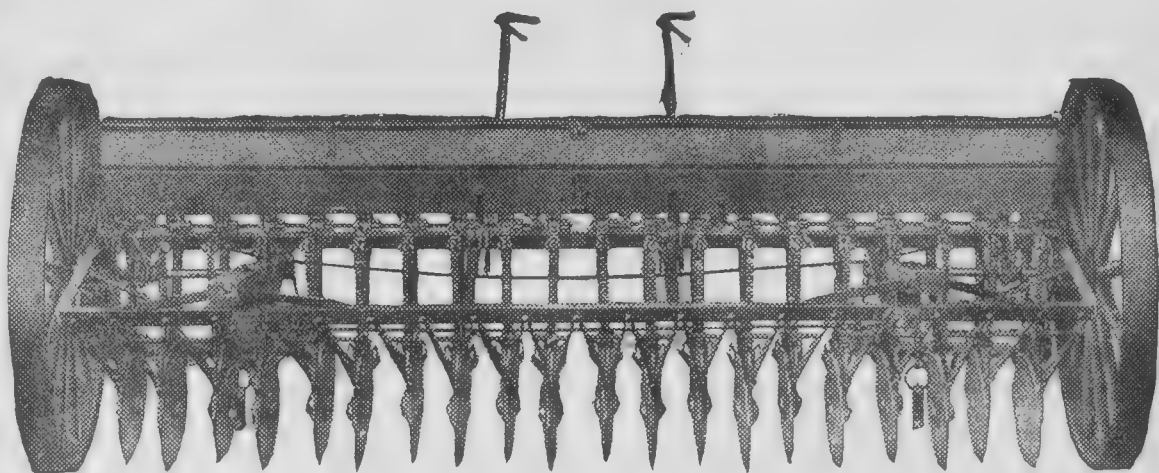
is a good idea when the days begin to shorten, and it is hard to sew by the fading light. Cutting out is not so hard on the eyes, and by following this plan one may begin sewing earlier on the following day.

How to Look Neat While Doing Housework

is a problem every woman tries to solve for herself. Here is one way to do it: In the morning arrange your hair carefully, and put on a white waist and a short dark skirt. While getting breakfast, and afterwards, when you are alone, wear a gingham apron made like a child's, and buttoned up the back. Have the apron quite large, and with full sleeves gathered to a band at the wrist. Have a large pocket in the apron. In this way the dress may be kept entirely covered, and when the apron is removed one is neat in appearance for the husband's return or for the chance visitor.

To keep fish, sprinkle them with salt and put them in a cold place. Fish must be used while fresh to be wholesome. This is true of all sea food.

Examine The McCormick Drill, and You Will See How Perfectly It Meets Your Needs



Here is the drill that best meets the exacting requirements of Western Canadian farmers.

The name, McCormick, and the IHC seal, are accepted by thousands, as a guarantee of highest quality. But we ask you to examine the McCormick, that you may prove its superiority to your own complete satisfaction.

The IHC local dealer will be glad to explain to you the many McCormick features, each of which is a distinct advantage.

Note, for example, that the McCormick is quickly interchangeable from a single disk to a double disk or a shoe. Then you will understand why the McCormick works so well in all conditions of soil—hard, dry, trashy, muddy, sandy, hilly, loamy, stubble, or in well prepared seed beds.

See how strong the main frame is. It consists of angle steel formed into shape in dies. It is absolutely true. There is no binding in the feed runs. The corners are braced and the cross-section angles extend from front to rear, making an exceptionally solid foundation for the working parts of the drill.

Note also the fluted force feed. It is positive in action and insures perfect delivery of the seed, whether going up hill or down hill, whether the hopper is full or almost empty. Regardless of what kind of seed is being sown, or in what quantity, you can be sure that it is being sown evenly, without bunching, and without breaking the kernels. The feed can be adjusted for different kinds and

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Be sure to see the IHC local dealer at once, or if you prefer, write nearest branch office for McCormick drill catalogue and all other information you desire.

WESTERN CANADIAN BRANCH HOUSES:—International Harvester Company of America at Brandon, Man.; Calgary, Alta.; Edmonton, Alta.; Lethbridge, Alta.; North Battleford, Sask.; Regina, Sask.; Saskatoon, Sask.; Weyburn, Sask.; Winnipeg, Man.; Yorkton, Sask.

International Harvester Company of America
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IHC Service Bureau

The Bureau is a clearing house of agricultural data. It aims to learn the best ways of doing things on the farm, and then distribute the information. Your individual experience may help others. Send your problems to the IHC Service Bureau.

Pimples Off In 5 Days

The New Calcium Sulphide Treatment
Does Wonders to Every Kind
of Skin Eruption.

Trial Plackage Sent Free to Prove It.

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These wonderful little workers have cured bad boils in three days, and some of the worst cases of skin disease in a week.

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Remember this, too, that most pimple treatments reek with poison. And they are miserably slow besides.

Stuart's Calcium Wafers have not a particle of poison in them. They are free from mercury, biting drugs or venomous opiates. This is absolutely guaranteed. They cannot do any harm, but they always do good,—good that you can see in the mirror before your own eyes a few days after.

Don't be any longer humiliated by having a splotchy face. Don't have strangers stare at you, or allow your friends to be ashamed of you on account of your face.

Your blood makes you what you are. The men and women who forge ahead are those with pure blood and pure faces.

Stuart's Calcium Wafers will make you happy because your face will be a welcome sight not only to yourself when you look into the glass, but to everybody else who knows you and talks with you.

We want to prove to you that Stuart's Calcium Wafers are beyond doubt the best and quickest blood and skin purifier in the world—so we will send you a free sample as soon as we get your name and address. Send for it today, and then when you have tried the sample you will not rest contented until you have bought a 50c box at your drug-gist's.

Send us your name and address today and we will at once send you by mail a sample package, free. Address F. A. Stuart Co., 457 Stuart Bldg., Marshall, Mich.

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Send Name and Address Today—
You Can Have it Free and Be
Strong and vigorous.

I have in my possession a prescription for nervous debility, lack of vigor, weakened manhood, failing memory and lame back, brought on by excesses, unnatural drains, or the follies of youth, that has cured so many worn and nervous men right in their own homes—with out any additional help or medicine—that I think every man who wishes to regain his manly power and virility, quickly and quietly, should have a copy. So I have determined to send a copy of the prescription free of charge, in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope to any man who will write me for it.

This prescription comes from a physician who has made a special study of men and I am convinced it is the surest-acting combination for the cure of deficient manhood and vigor failure ever put together.

I think I owe it to my fellow man to send them a copy in confidence so that any man anywhere who is weak and discouraged with repeated failures may stop dragging himself with harmful patent medicines, secure what I believe is the quickest acting restorative, up-building, SPOT-TOUCHING remedy ever devised, and so cure himself at home quietly and quickly. Just drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robinson, 4215 Luck Building, Detroit, Mich., and I will send you a copy of this splendid recipe in a plain, ordinary envelope free of charge. A great many doctors would charge \$3.00 to \$5.00 for merely writing out a prescription like this—but I send it entirely free.

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Boys and Girls.

Valentine.

The snows are falling, sweet,
The cold winds blow;
But underneath your feet,
Far down below,
The blossoms stir and wake,
To whisper, so:
"Just for the children's sake,
We all must go."
And somewhere, far away,
A wild bird sings:
"I want to fly today
And spread my wings.
'T is time to build a nest,
While sunbeams shine,
For one I love the best
My Valentine."
O, sweetheart, little sweetheart, dear,
Will you be mine?

Harriett F. Blodgett.

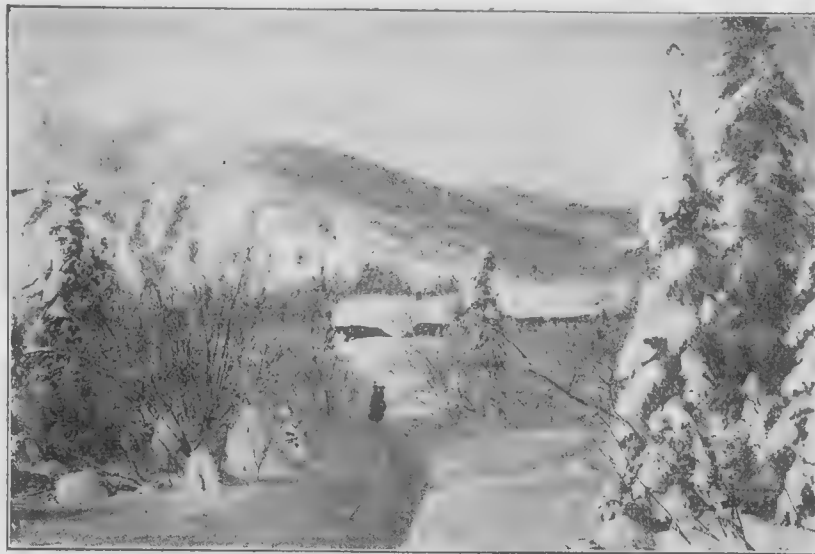
A Boys' Ruse.

By Paul Pastnor.

"Which is the road to Fair Oaks, huh?"
The speaker had driven up rapidly behind a rather small-sized boy, of thirteen or fourteen years, who was scuffling along through the dust of a country road,

roan, the envy and admiration of all the horsemen in the village, with his sixteen hands of magnificent muscle, shapely limb and glossy coat—the best "roader" in the country, and winner of the last two pacing races at the State Fair. What business had this man with the doctor's roan? Bert's stolen glances at his companion revealed a coarse, florid evil-looking face, a figure clad in checked clothes of a loud pattern, and a pair of hands, scarred and freckled, that reminded him of the butcher's over at the Corners. There could be but one conclusion in the boy's mind: the man had stolen the doctor's horse, and was making off with it!

Now, if there was any man in all Davis county whom Bert loved, it was Dr. Patten. About a year ago Bert had broken his leg while climbing after a crow's nest; and it was the doctor who had heard his cries from the lonely wood road, picked him up tenderly, carried him home, and restored him at length to perfect wholeness again—a wonderful feat in the unsophisticated country boy's estimation. And now had not the time come for the grateful lad to make some return for his friend's sympathy and skill? So it seemed to him; and that was why his thoughts raced and flew, as the clean-limbed roan sped toward



A YUKON SCENE

*2 Below sulphur creek Yukon Terr.
60 Below Zero & nothing to read
met a two month old W.H.M.
J. A. Hendrickson
Jan 27th 1911*

From the most remote quarters every mail brings tidings to the Western Home Monthly.

looking down meditatively at his bare grimy feet. Just at the point where he was overtaken the road forked and there was no guide-board to direct a stranger.

Bert Farstow looked up quickly at the man who had addressed him. Then his eyes flashed to the horse, and a sudden gleam of surprised recognition came into them. But the boy was shrewd enough not to let the stranger see what his eyes said. Dropping them again, with well-assumed bashfulness, and tracing way lines with his big toe in the dust, he replied:

"Take the left-hand fork, mister." Then he added, suddenly: "Say, I'm goin' that way. Lemme ride, will you?"

The man reflected for a moment. Then his face brightened shrewdly, and he replied: "Well, jump up quick; I'm in a hurry."

The boy flung a coil of cord, which he was carrying, under the seat, and swarmed over the wheel, boy fashion, with the agility of a monkey. The man touched the horse lightly with his whip, and away they bowled, at a rattling pace down the left-hand fork of the road.

Meanwhile the boy's thoughts were coursing through his brain with equal rapidity. Now that he was in a position to study the horse carefully, he saw that his first glance had not misled him. It was Dr. Patten's splendid new

Fairoaks, which was a village on the broad turnpike that stretched away for thirty miles into the city.

Presently the stranger took out a cigar and lighted it. He seemed to be well satisfied with himself, and leered with rough amiability at the boy.

"Better hang on to your hat," he said; "I'm goin' to see what this horse can do."

With an inward chuckle, Bert grasped his hat. The man had made an admission, surely!

Stung by a quick lash on the flank, the spirited horse sprang into a gallop; and it was some minutes before his driver, in spite of frantic sawing and tugging, could bring him down into that raking, swaying gait which had won him so many prizes on the track.

"Got plenty of life, hasn't he?" exclaimed the man, with an uneasy twist of the reins about his red-and-yellow hands. "Came pretty near gettin' away from me, 'f I do say it."

"Say!" cried Bert, shouting up to his companion through the rushing wind. "I know a dandy trick to stop a horse when he starts to run away. Uncle Nate showed me how. It works bully!"

"Ha, ha! you do, eh?" laughed the man. But there was a look of uneasy interest in his face nevertheless. "S'pose you tell us—eh?"

"I'll show you!" replied the boy,

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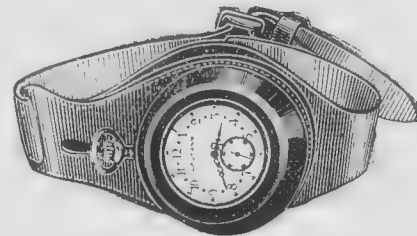
It is a remarkable remedy. Thousands who were destined for hospitals have saved themselves by the timely notice that Pyramid Pile Cure does the work. It is astonishing how pain disappears, how swollen protrusions vanish, how internal swellings are reduced; how bleeding and itching stop instantly. One of the most important things in life is to know just what to do in an emergency. And in piles the thing to know is that Pyramid Pile Cure brings quick relief, a permanent cure, and you can prove it free. Write to-day for free package.

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She would gladly give the child into the hands of any good Christian family to raise as their own. Correspondence addressed to Parent care Western Home Monthly will have prompt attention.

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SEND US 75c.

Receive by return mail post paid this beautiful little dress. Its made with a little waist joined to a full pleated skirt, and a panel front. The square neck, belt and cuffs are of dark plain red while the dress is of a dark red plaid pattern in a soft dress goods. It comes in sizes from 4 to 12. It is worth double what we ask. To introduce our dresses we make an ad of this number and send it by return mail for only 75c and 12c postage. Order dress No. 85.

STANDARD GARMENT CO., No. 10, Coote Block, London, Ont.



Strawberry Plants. Forty leading varieties. Catalog and price list free; special instructions given for growing large red luscious berries in the western provinces. 100 plants sent post paid to any address in Canada for \$1

John Downham, Strathroy, Ont.

16 ELEGANT EASTER POST CARDS 10c. Lithographed in twelve colors and beautifully embossed on gold. UNITED IMPORTING CO. DEPT., 14 TORONTO.

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quickly. "You just stop your horse a minute, if you can, and I'll fix him so he can't get away from you."

The man glowered. "I'll break your neck if you do anything to hurt him!" he said. But he began to rein in the horse.

"Honest, I won't do anything to hurt him!" cried the boy. "It's just as simple! And you'd like to know how to do it, I'm sure."

The horse finally came to a standstill, but with tossing head and stamping foot. Bert stooped for his cord, and clambered down with it. "I use it to climb for birds'-nests with," he explained with a confidential grin. The man watched him with suspicion, but with growing interest, as he sidled along the fretting horse, patting him gently as he went, and finally slipped his hand down the animal's right foreleg. In another moment the cord was fastened just above the fetlock with a slipknot; the other end of it was rapidly slipped through one of the martingale rings, and the ring on top of the belly-strap, and then carried in Bert's hand, as he nimbly sprang back into the buggy.

"There!" exclaimed the boy, "I'd like to see the horse that could run away with a brake like that on his foreleg! He'd find that foot lagging considerably, I guess!"

The man laughed boisterously and slapped Bert on the back. The ingenuity of the idea evidently appealed to him.

"You're a bright 'un!" he cried. "Now hang on to that string, and if this critter tries to get the upper hand of us again, we'll see how it works!"

He struck the horse viciously with the whip, and the high-strung animal was off like a whirlwind.

Bert's heart beat like a triphammer. He had a plan—an inspiration, you might almost call it—and the tying of the cord to the foreleg of the roan was the beginning of its accomplishment.

About half a mile beyond the point where the team had stopped for Bert to illustrate his theory, the road made a sharp bend, pitched down a little slope, and came to the riverside, running for a few rods close to the bank. Here the water was very deep, and swirled angrily as it was hurled back from the bank, that breasted a rapid current from above. It was here that Bert intended his plan should culminate if only the frightened horse would keep up his mad speed until the critical moment.

The roan had been cruelly stung by the whip, and was flying along with flattened ears and wide-expanded nostrils. With every stride his speed seemed to increase, and presently he got the bit between his teeth and became unmanageable. His exasperated, and now thoroughly frightened driver sawed and tugged in vain.

"Pull on your rope, bub!" he shouted. "Pull on your rope, I tell you! The blamed critter is running away with us!"

They had swung around the bend, and were dashing down the little slope to the river. Bert's whole body thrilled with excitement and exultation as he grasped the jerking cord, and waited for the precise moment when his plan would realize itself most effectively. They were rushing, apparently, right into the river.

"Pull!" screamed the terrified horse-thief. "I'll kill you if you don't pull that—"

The sentence was not completed. With one hand Bert pulled the cord violently, while with the other he grasped the back of the seat. The galloping horse tripped and fell heavily forward. With the sudden stopping of the buggy, the stranger flew into the air like a bird started by the hunters. Right over the prostrate horse he sailed, and, describing a good curve, descended head-foremost into the river.

The horse fell within two feet of the edge of the bank, and hardly had he landed upon shoulders and neck, ere the agile Bert had leaped from the buggy, and was slashing the harness away with his sharp jack-knife. Relieved of tugs and straps, the roan surged up to his feet again, snorting and plunging. But Bert was on his back as he rose, grasping the bridle; and as the horse dashed away down the river, the discomfited and half-drowned thief, getting his head above the water, saw

the brave boy wave back a signal of derision.

Forty minutes later Bert and the reeking roan were in Fair Oaks, and a telephone message went speeding over the wire to the little drug store in Barton: "Tell Dr. Patten that his horse is here. The thief and the buggy are somewhere up the river."

It was a proud and happy boy whom Dr. Patten grasped by the hand a few hours later. And the laugh which the jolly doctor sent forth when he heard how the thief had been foiled and ducked in the river, caused two tumblers to fall from the shelves of the landlady of Fair Oaks Inn and smash themselves upon the floor of the pantry.

Don't get a helpmeet till you've got meat to help.

Lessons learnt in the cradle last to the grave.

A Riddle

Here is a most ingenious riddle by Bishop Wilberforce, which will afford keen amusement arranged as a contest. At the head of the paper write: "I am a singular piece of mechanism, as everyone admits." Then write the following phrases:

- I have a carpenter's tool-box.—A chest.
- Two lids.—Two eyelids
- Two musical instruments.—Drums.
- Ten articles used by a carpenter. —Nails.
- Two lofty trees.—Palms.
- Two good fishes. Soles.
- A number of shell fishes.—Muscles.
- A fine stag.—Hart (heart.)
- A number of small animals, swift and shy.—Hares (hairs.)

- Two playful animals.—Calves.
- Two implements of war.—Arms.
- A number of weather-cocks. — Vanes (veins.)
- Two established measures. — Feet, hands.
- Whips, without handles.—Lashes.
- The steps of a hotel.—In-steps.
- The sides of a vote.—Ayes and noes.
- Fine flowers.—Tulips.
- A fruit.—Adam's apple.
- Two scholars.—Pupils.
- Two places of worship.—Temples.
- Ten Spanish noblemen to wait upon me.—Ten-dons.
- A way out of difficulty.—Cheek.
- A poor bed.—Pallet.
- A desert place.—Waste (waist).
- A probable remark of Nebuchadnezzar when eating grass.—"I browse" (eye-brows.)

I AM A MAN ONCE MORE

Dr. McLaughlin's Electric Belt with Free Electric Attachment for Weak People, Has Restored His Lost Strength



This is the way they feel, the men who had given up hope, who thought there was no cure for them until they came upon Dr. McLaughlin's Electric Belt. Now they are full of life, overflowing with joyous spirits and "CARE TO THE WINDS." Pains are gone, weakness is gone and full vigor is in every action.

Do you want to feel like that? Then wear this grand, life-giving appliance for two months at night. It will charge every nerve with electric life, and you will feel like a two-year-old. It puts steam into your run-down body and drives away pain and renews youth.

Dear Sir,—I would have written you before now, but I wanted to test your belt thoroughly before I gave you any testimonial. The rheumatism gradually left my legs, hip and back, and after wearing it for sixty-two nights I laid the Belt away. Since then I have been to Eastern Canada, where the climate is raw and damp, and back again into the bracing atmosphere of Western Canada and I have never felt a pain or ache since, and it is over three months since I discontinued it. You know yourself that when I bought your Belt I had no faith in it, but to-day I am just as great a believer in its power to heal. You are at liberty to make whatever use you wish of this statement, and believe me to be,

J. Y. DAVID, Portage la Prairie, Man.

Dear Sir,—I have derived great benefit from your Belt. In fact, I might say that I am completely cured. I cannot say too much in favor of your great invention. Your Belt seems fully as strong at the present time as when I got it, and I have failed to find that anything you said about it has not been fully demonstrated by its use. I will admit that I have not treated you right by my reticence, but it was mostly on account of the satisfaction it has been giving that I said nothing. However, you have my best wishes for the success of your good work, and you may be sure that anything I can do personally to forward it shall be done.

C. ROBERT JOHNSTON, Delisle, Sask.

If you have pains in your back, if you feel tired and listless, if you are nervous and weak, if you are growing old too soon, if you have lost vigor and courage of youth, if you have Rheumatism, a Weak Stomach or any evidence

of breaking down, you are wasting time. Get Dr. McLaughlin's Belt with free Electric Attachment.

GET SOME LIFE INTO YOU

What's the use of dragging your legs about like a wooden man? Feel like a man of spirit. Away with the pains and aches; off with this wretched feeling as if you were seventy years old and had one foot in the grave. Ginger up! Feel young and full of glee. That's the way a man ought to feel. Come let me put life into your nerves; let me give a new supply of youth and energy. Let me make you feel like throwing your chest out, your head up and saying to yourself, "I AM A Man!" Let me give you back old feeling of youthful fire, vim and courage. I can do it, so that in two months you will wonder that you ever felt as slow and poky as you do.

If you haven't confidence in electricity, let me treat you at my risk. I will give you the belt on trial, without one cent of risk to yourself. Give me reasonable security, and I will take your case and you can

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SEND IT TODAY

FREE BOOK—I have a book which every man should read. It contains hundreds of letters from a vast number of people telling how they have been cured when hope failed to give the desired relief. If you cannot call, write to me for a copy of this valuable book, setting forth the key to strength and manhood. Call or write to-day.

Why The Robin Has a Red Breast.

Many, many years ago, when the world was young, and men and women lived in caves and clothed themselves in furs and skins, the animals roamed as they liked through the forests, with no sound of gun to terrify and annoy them.

But things were not always peaceful even then, for, though the lion was king of the beasts, there were many lesser kings to quarrel and fight with each other.

One day there was great excitement among the inhabitants of bird land, for the robins had determined to present a petition to their king, the eagle. Yes, in those days, our cheerful little robins had a grievance, and I will tell you what it was.

They had no red breasts, and looked just like little common birds.

This grieved the robins very deeply, as the sparrows laughed and hooted at

them saying: "Who are you upstarts to sneer at us? Why, you have nothing but brown coats also, and you fancy yourselves beautiful like the oriole."

Now, though the robins fluffed out their feathers at these insults and fought these spiteful little offenders, their hearts grew sad and heavy and their cheerful songs were heard no longer.

One day, however, the chief of the robins called a meeting in order to talk over what they should do; and, after a long discussion, it was decided to present a request to their king the eagle, telling him of their trouble, and imploring him to deliver them from the taunts of their enemies by making them beautiful like the orioles.

Six robins were chosen to be the messengers, and proud of their mission, they flew off to the top of a high and rugged cliff, where the king of the birds held his court.

The eagle received them very graciously and promised to listen to their complaints. "Let all your tribe assemble here in three days," he said, "and we will tell you our decision."

So, when the three days were over, the robins, headed by their chief, presented themselves at the royal court, and asked to see their king.

The King immediately commanded them to be brought in, and as he rose, a deep silence fell on the whole court for every one was anxious to hear the King's decision.

"My people," he said, turning to the robins, "you have come here to-day to receive the answer to your petition, and this is our decree:

"We cannot make you beautiful like the oriole, for as the Great Father, has created you, so you must remain. But we can grant you one favor: by your own efforts alone, you can win a mark of distinction, which shall be bestowed

upon all the members of your tribe for ever.

"Go and return hither in one month from now, and if any amongst you has done one deed worthy of the reward he shall become King of the robins, and his and all his tribe shall bear the mark of distinction for ever."

Then, dismissing the court, he spread his wings and flew solemnly away, attended by his councillors.

Instantly the robins crowded round their chief in the greatest dismay.

"What are we to do? How can we do some heroic action?" they cried.

"Listen, my children," he answered gravely, "the King has given us a hard task and maybe we shall fail to fulfil it, but let us do our best, not so much for the sake of the reward so much as for the honor of the tribe."

At this, the robins cheered loudly, and bidding him farewell, flew off in different directions.

The month passed away. Once more the court assembled to witness the return of the robins.

So great was the excitement throughout the whole kingdom, that all the inhabitants of birdland seemed to be gathered together. Even the hawks, robbers though they are, by reason of their cruel and thieving habits, had come to join the assembly.

At last with great solemnity, the King arrived, and took his place on the throne, amidst tremendous cheering. Silence being at last restored, he commanded that the robins should be brought before him. Very anxious they looked, as all eyes were turned upon them, and the deeds that they had thought so proudly of before, seemed to fade into insignificance in the presence of that great assembly.

However, at a sign from the King, the first robin stepped forward, and proceeded to relate his adventures.

"Your Majesty," he said proudly, "I thought I would do something useful, so I spent my time watching the oriole build his nest, and so I have learned to make a nest as neat as theirs." And with great pride the robin produced a nest so like the orioles that the whole court exclaimed in admiration. "It is indeed beautiful!" said the King gravely, "but I fear quite useless, for you cannot teach the rest of your tribe to build nests like that!"

And, as with a crestfallen air, the robin retired, the next presented himself. "I have fought several battles with our enemies, the sparrows, your Majesty," he said triumphantly, "and each time I have defeated them!"

"Those who fought the most battles are not always those who deserve the highest praise," said the King quietly, dismissing the subdued little warrior.

The third candidate came forward.

"I have not wasted my time, your Majesty," he said triumphantly, "for I have learned to sing the song of the nightingale, which is the most beautiful in all birdland."

"That will not help you to govern a kingdom!" was the eagle's answer. "Pass on."

At length all the tales but one had been told, and the last robin had not yet arrived. But just as the King was preparing to give judgment, the missing bird alighted at his feet.

But, oh! such a sad little object, with his feathers ruffled, and all stained with blood. A murmur of pity sounded through the court, but with a look the King commanded silence.

"Tell us the story of your adventures and why you are thus wounded," he said gently.

"Alas, your Majesty!" the robin answered sadly, "I have done nothing to deserve the reward, for all the month I have been nursing a sparrow who had broken his wing and could not fly. He would have died if I had left him; but this morning, just as I was setting out, a cruel hawk swept down on my sparrow, and, though I fought my hardest, I could not save him!" And sobbing bitterly, the little robin tried to with draw, but the King motioned him to come forward.

"My child!" he said gravely, "you and you alone have won the right to bear the mark, for you willingly gave up the reward in order to help an enemy." "My people!" he continued, turning to the robins, "your brother by his unselfishness, has won for you that which

BRANDON, MANITOBA, CANADA, THE HOME OF THE EVANS

CANCER CURE

Most Remarkable Cure

READ IT

READ IT

Moore Park, Man., Feb. 18, 1910
R. D. Evans, Esq.,

Dear Sir—Before calling on you we found that my wife was suffering from internal cancer and also cancer of the breast. It surely looked to us like a hopeless case, being told so often there was no cure for cancer. My wife at no time is very robust, but the thought of losing her was very harrowing to me. As I said, my wife is not a rugged person, but, thanks to your wonderful discovery for the cure of cancer she is as well today as she was before the terrible disease made its appearance. A most wonderful thing to be cured of both internal and external cancer at the one time. There is not the slightest sign of the cancer returning. People who professed to know told me the cancer would return in two or three years, but they are wrong, for it is longer than that now. I should have written to you before but always neglected it, but now I tell you with all confidence, your discovery cleared away all traces of cancer, and I send you this for publication so that others may be blessed as we were.

Yours very truly,
SIMON FRASER.

Given up by Family Physician

Feb. 9, 1904

This is to certify that after seven months of the keenest suffering it was decided by my doctor (Dr. — of Brandon) that I had cancer of the intestines. As I was too weak for an operation, death seemed inevitable; and, indeed, was eagerly looked forward to as a release from the terrible pain and sickness through which I was passing.

However, having been informed that Mr. R. D. Evans had a plaster that cured cancer, we (with the physician's consent) had Mr. Evans come and apply the plaster in his own way. The growth was large, and for four days the plaster was applied as steady as I could bear it, with the result that I am today alive. I feel that I owe my life to the plaster as applied by Mr. Evans.

More than that I have since met many people likewise afflicted and personally attended quite a few who were declared to be dying of cancer. Many of those are free from that dread disease. While some have died not from cancer, but because the vital organs were too far gone to permit health to return. But in several cases the attending physician declared them to be free from cancer, I am willing to answer any questions put to me on this subject, and sincerely hope that many more may be saved from the terrible suffering caused by this loathsome disease. Yours in sincerity,

MRS. E. P. FLETCHER,
DeBert, Co., N. S.

P.S.—This cure was made when Mrs. Fletcher lived in Brandon.

See What the World Is Saying About It



R. D. EVANS,
Brandon, Man., Canada.
Discoverer of the "EVANS' CANCER CURE."

Prompt and Effective

Another Startling Cure Effected by the Evans Cancer Cure—Strong Testimony from Rapid City.

Ald. R. D. Evans received the following letter from Rapid City, under date of March 17, 1905. The letter speaks for itself.

Rapid City, March 17, '05

R. D. Evans:
Dear Sir—Regarding the cancer which appeared on my lip and afterwards spread to a large lump on my neck, which caused me very great pain. I was advised by a friend who knew you to try your Cancer Cure, and I am glad I did. I am as well today as ever I was and I have the cancer in a bottle of alcohol instead of in my lip. Two doctors pronounced it cancer, and told me the only remedy was the knife. I should like every person suffering from cancer to know about your cure. Use this as an advertisement for the good of others. Very gratefully yours,

JOSEPH GALLOWAY,

Rapid City, P.O.
(Copied from the Brandon Saturday Times).

Probably no man knows better than I do "That R. D. Evans has a Cure for Cancer," for his Discovery saved my life.

W. DORSEY,
Retired Farmer Twelfth Street.

The Evans Cancer Cure

Vista, Man., May 23, 1910

Mr. R. D. Evans:

Dear Sir—As it is about one year and ten months since I used your cancer cure and no sign of its return, I thought it only right that I should let you know. Well, as I had a sore on my lip for some time, I consulted a doctor and he said it was a wart and pulled it out, but it never got better, but worse for about seven or eight years until about two years ago when it began to be very sore and painful at times. I consulted other doctors and applied salves till I was sick plastering stuff on my lip. Being afraid it was cancer went to Brandon. You advised me to use your cancer cure; but with little faith in it I sent for it and applied according to directions and in three or four days it dropped right out clean and in a few days was headed up, which naturally gives me great faith in it now; and would advise every person with cancer to use your cure, as I would do all I could to get free from cancer. You may use this letter any way you like and I will answer any questions put to me on this subject as it is all true. Wishing you success and thanking you for your advice.

Yours very truly,

M. D. HAMILTON,

Vista, P. O., Manitoba County of Russell

Divine Interference

Victoria, B. C., Sept. 21, 1903

Mr. R. D. Evans, Brandon.

Dear Sir—In reply to yours of the 15th inst., requesting testimony of my wife.

My wife was operated on in St. Joseph's hospital, Victoria, B. C., five doctors being present at the operation. The doctors having opened her found her stomach a mass of cancerous growth and could do nothing for her. Having questioned them why they did not try to cut it out they said they would have taken her life immediately they telling me about how long she would last. Having heard of your remedy, I got her home as quick as possible, and as soon as possible started applying the plaster on her head.

No one could possibly get lower than my wife was and live, as we watched for days and hours expecting the last. Today my wife is positively cured; that is the words the doctor used as he has kept coming examining her. He says that either divine interference or the plasters cured her, and he don't doubt but what it was the plasters. My wife is the talk of the town, being looked upon as a wonder. I am thoroughly convinced the plasters cured her. I can give you date, and address of nurse and doctor should you wish it. As full details would fill a small book, any other information I will be pleased to forward should you wish it. I am yours truly,

JAMES PARFITT,

102 North Chatham St.
Victoria, B.C., Canada.

SEND THIS TO SOME SUFFERER. TELL THEM THERE IS A CURE FOR CANCER. WRITE TO

R. D. EVANS, BRANDON, MANITOBA, CANADA



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THAT
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SWEET PEAS. Bruce's

Established 61 Years

Sweet Peas—We offer one of the finest collections in the world of these beautiful flowers, nearly 100 varieties, including all the latest and best Spencer varieties.

SPECIAL OFFER—PRICES POSTPAID

Bruce's Superb Mixed—1 pkt. 10c, oz. 20c, 2 oz. 35c, 1/4 lb. 60c, 1 lb. \$2.00.

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CHATEAU BRAND

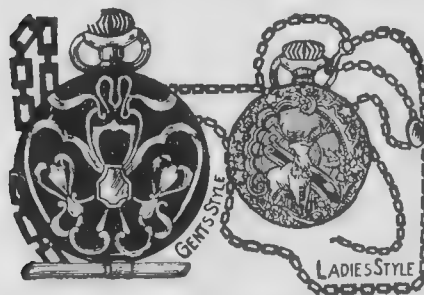
"CONCENTRATED" is the key note to Clark's soups. There is just as much condensed and crystalized goodness in these soups as it is possible to put in a fluid form.

Get a list of these soups from your dealer.

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Manufacturer of High Grade Food Specialties.

FREE Handsome Watch and FREE Magnificent Phonograph



Not a toy, but a genuine, modern, up-to-date Talking Machine.

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We are prepared to give away **ABSOLUTELY FREE** 1000 of these magnificent imported Swiss \$50.00 appearing watches, ladies' or gentlemen's size and an equal number of these magnificent Phonographs or Talking Machines. Our **GENTLEMEN'S WATCHES** are stem wind and stem set, genuine lever movement, thin model and with the works enclosed in an inner case of glass as is only seen in the very finest watches, your choice of either magnificent silver nickel or gun metal. **THE LADIES' WATCHES** are the beautiful small size models in either open face plain gold finish or gun metal for engraving, or richly engraved gold laid hunting case. You have your choice. **OUR PHONOGRAPH** is not a toy, but a genuine talking machine that will sing songs, tell funny stories and be a constant source of amusement and pleasure in the home. It is the beautiful new "Lyra" shape and takes a regular cylinder record.

YOU CAN GET BOTH THE WATCH AND TALKING MACHINE ABSOLUTELY FREE if you will help us in your spare time to advertise our business. Just send us your name and address and we will send you, postage paid, only 12 boxes of Dr. Burdick's famous New Life Blood Tonic and Nerve Pills to sell for us at only 25c. per box. They are a grand remedy for indigestion, constipation, nervousness, weak and impure blood and a wonderful tonic and life-builder. They are easy to sell, as every customer who buys a box of medicine from you is entitled to receive from us a handsome present of silverware, cuff links or ring. When sold send us the money, only \$3.00, and we will promptly send, all charges paid, a **Gents' or Ladies' Watch**, and the **Phonograph** you can get absolutely without selling any more goods, but just by helping us extend our business by showing your watch to your friends and getting six of them to act as our agents and sell our goods. **YOU CAN RELY ON THE ABSOLUTE HONESTY OF THIS OFFER.** We are spending thousands of dollars to advertise our business, and when we say we will give away these magnificent watches and phonographs we will do so. **DON'T MISS SUCH A WONDERFUL OPPORTUNITY.** Write to-day and you will soon be the proud owner of both Watch and Phonograph.

Address **THE DR. BURDICK MEDICINE CO., Dept., 159 TORONTO, ONT.**

When purchasing from Western Home Monthly advertisers, be sure and mention the paper.

you desired. The blood which now stains his breast shall stain the breasts of all robins for ever, as a mark of the loyalty and devotion of one of your tribe." And, leading the bewildered little hero forward, he asked them this question:

"Robins, is he worthy to become your King?"

Then a great shout rose up from all the court, and gladly the robins clustered round their little comrade, for they realised that while they had been working solely for their own glorification, he had forgotten himself in helping another.

So that is how the robins obtained their red breasts.

W. R. Gilbert.

My Jackdaws.

I was once given a pair of jackdaws. Now, I have invariably found that, when birds are two of a kind, they chum together, and you are nowhere in their affections. My jackdaws were devoted to each other and ignored me. I kept them in a small back yard, paved with lead, surrounded by very high brick walls. At first the jackdaws hopped about contentedly enough. They were well fed, and they enjoyed the comparative liberty allowed by clipped wings.

But a June sun can be hot, especially on London leads. I thought the jackdaws must be happy because they were in the open air. I did not think of the effect of the unrelenting sun.

When I went in the afternoon to give them fresh food and water, I found Romeo and Juliet staggering about, flapping their wings with every appearance of approaching death. I brought them in and telegraphed to Frank Buckland: "Jackdaws appear to be dying. Were left on hot leads too long. What shall I do?"

He telegraphed back: "Sunstroke. Try Calomel." But he did not specify the dose; and I knew nothing about calomel beyond it being a white powder, kept in a bottle in a certain leather medicine box. I thought, however, a small teaspoonful would meet the requirements of the case. So I picked up Romeo, who seemed most ailing, and poured the dose down his beak, and to my surprise the calomel killed him like a bullet. Evidently, calomel was deadly to jackdaws. So I made up my mind to treat Juliet differently. I sponged her head with cold water and left her quiet. The next morning she seemed better, although she looked askance at me, as much as to say: "You killed Romeo. We shall never be friends, you and I." But we did become friends, nevertheless, and Juliet lived very happily with me.

I am glad I have not to record her death: for one beautiful autumn morning Juliet spied an open window, remembered she had wings—for her wings after Romeo's death had been equalized—and away she flew with a joyous caw to meet some other Romeo. I felt a pang because of her ingratitude, but now I am inclined to think she did wisely and well.

Spurgeon.

To be loved, be lovable.
Be hardy, but be not hard.
Maybes are no honey bees.
Play not with fire nor ill desire.
Pegging away will win the day.
Father's fraud drives sons abroad.
A maid's best dress is bashfulness.
Better be one-sided than two-faced.
Turn your backs on village clucks.
When wife will gad, husband is sad.
Desired things may not be desirable.
Fear of failure is father of failure.
Better single still than wedded ill.
Buy not silk while you owe for milk.
An untried friend is an uncracked nut.
She who buys "bargains" is often "sold."

Avoid what makes in thy pocket a void.

Sellers need tongues; buyers need eyes.

Why kill nettles if you grow thistles?
If you can't be clever you can be clean.

It's risky riding when the devil is driving.

Better do than dream; better be than seem.

Add pence to pence, for wealth comes thence.

Cure Your Rheumatism.

50,000 boxes given away to all who apply.

John A. Smith and his Remarkable Rheumatism Remedy Cured Himself First and now Proposes to Cure the World.

A Box of this Great Remedy Mailed Free to any Suffering Reader who will send Name and Address.

Cured Many Cases of 30 and 40 Years Standing.

On the theory "that seeing is believing," John A. Smith of Windsor, Ont. wants everyone to try his remedy for the cure of rheumatism at his expense. For that reason he proposes to distribute 50,000 free boxes among all persons sending him their address. Mr. Smith had suffered all the agony and



Deformity of the Hands in General. Chronic Articular Rheumatism.

torture from rheumatism, tried all the remedies known and yet utterly failed to find relief.

At times he was so helpless that he had to take morphine and after considerable doctoring he gave up in despair. He began studying into the causes of rheumatism and after much experimenting, finally found a combination of drugs which completely cured him. The result was so beneficial to his entire system that he called his new found remedy "Gloria Tonic." Those of his friends, relatives and neighbors suffering from rheumatism were next cured and Mr. Smith concluded to offer his remedy to the world. But he found the task a difficult one, as nearly everybody had tried a hundred or more remedies and they couldn't be made to believe that there was such a thing as a cure for rheumatism. But an old gentleman from Seguin, Texas, wrote him saying if Mr. Smith would send him a sample he would try it, but as he had suffered over thirty years and wasted a fortune with doctors and advertised remedies, he wouldn't buy anything more, until he knew it was worth something. The sample was sent, he purchased more and the result was astonishing. He was completely cured. This gave Mr. Smith a new idea and ever since that time he has been sending out free sample boxes to all who apply. At National Military Home, Kansas, it cured a veteran of rheumatism in hips and knees. In Hannaford, N. Dak., it cured a gentleman who writes: "Since taking 'Gloria Tonic' I am as supple as a boy." In Stayner, Ont., it enabled a lady to discard her crutches. In Westerly, R. I. R. No. 1, it cured a farmer 72 years old. In Fountain City, Wis., it cured an old gentleman after suffering 33 years. In Molalla, Oregon, it cured a lady 73 years of age who had suffered for thirty years. In Sumner, Iowa, it cured a lady after suffering thirty-four years. In Elm Grove, Wis., "Gloria Tonic" cured a severe case of Sciatica. Even prominent physicians had to admit that Gloria "Tonic" is a positive success, among them Doctor Quintero of the University of Venezuela, to whom it was recommended by the United States Consul. In hundreds of other instances the result has been the same. It cured many cases which defied Hospitals, Drugs and Electricity, among them persons of upwards eighty years of age.

Mr. Smith will send a trial box, also his illustrated book on rheumatism, absolutely free of charge to any reader of the Western Home Monthly for he is anxious that everybody should profit by his good fortune. Mr. Smith's address in full is:

JOHN A. SMITH,

786 Laing Bldg.,

Windsor, Ont.

Free to Thin Folks

Send To-day for Free 50c Box

New Discovery Which was Awarded Gold Medal at Brussels



The Mirror Shows Plainer Than Words What a Wonderful Improvement May Be Realized by a Gain of Even 10 or 12 Pounds.

Lean, lank, skinny, scrawny men and women should take advantage of this ten-day Free offer before it expires.

Nothing is more embarrassing than extreme thinness.

It is the plump, well-developed man who "cuts the melons" and has the fun socially.

Scrawny, skinny women are seldom popular. We all admire fine figures. No dressmaker can hide a bony, skinny form.

Here is a chance to test free the one guaranteed reliable treatment which has "made good" for years in this country, which has taken England by storm, and which has just been awarded a gold medal and diploma of honor at Brussels, Belgium.

Nothing in history has ever approached the marvellous success of this new treatment, which has made more thin folks plump than all the "tonics" and ineffective medicine for fifty years.

There's a reason. Plump, well-formed men and women assimilate what they eat. Thin, scrawny ones do not.

This new discovery supplies the one thing which the thin folks lack; that is the power to assimilate food.

It renews the vigor, re-establishes the normal, all in nature's own way.

It is not a lash to jaded nerves, but a generous upbuilder.

This new discovery put on firm, solid flesh at the rate of ten to thirty pounds a month in many cases.

Best of all—the flesh "stays put."

The treatment is furnished in concentrated tablet form. A week's supply can be carried in the vest pocket.

No one need know what you are doing until your gain in weight causes complimentary comment.

Here is the special offer for the purpose of convincing thin people in this community that these tablets will do just exactly what is claimed for them. It has been arranged to distribute for the next ten days, for the coupon below, a free 50-cent package of Sargol.

This large 50-cent free package will be sent you in a private and perfectly plain wrapper, so that no one but yourself will know the contents. Accompanying the package will be full and complete data and directions, letters of testimony, and a special letter of expert advice that in itself is well worth your time reading.

If you want to add ten, twenty, or even thirty pounds of good, solid flesh to your bones, do not delay, send at once for a free 50c. package of Sargol.

All that you have to do is to cut out the coupon below and send it with your name, address and ten cents to pay for distribution expenses to the Sargol Co., 5-C Herald Bldg., Binghamton, N. Y.

FREE COUPON

To the Sargol Company, C-5 Herald Bldg. Binghamton, N.Y.

Gentlemen—I desire a Free 50c. package of Sargol, in accordance with your generous offer. I enclose 10c. to help defray expenses.

PIN THIS TO YOUR LETTER.

ILLNESS BANISHED

Nearly every form of disease or sickness may be successfully treated by means of Dr. H. Sanche's marvellous discovery known as

OXYDONOR

Oxydonor is a scientific instrument which revitalises the system by causing the body to absorb large quantities of life-giving oxygen. It can be carried in the pocket, applied immediately, and will last a whole family a lifetime.

Read this proof of Oxydonor's mastery of disease:

SPARHAM & McCUE
Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries Public, etc.

Smith's Falls, Ont., Jan. 16, 1909.

DR. H. SANCHE & CO.

"For about fifteen years past I have used an Oxydonor Victory in my family, which consists of six children, my wife, myself, and much of the time two others. My children's ages are now from ten years to twenty-one. They have gone through all diseases peculiar to children, including also inflammation of the lungs, colds and colics; and I have had, not only with them, but also with the grown-up portion of my household, the most brilliant results in every case with my OXYDONOR, so that during all those years I have not had a doctor in my house for any disease."

Yours truly,

B. E. SPARHAM.

BEWARE of fraudulent imitations. The **GENUINE** is stamped with the name of the Inventor, Dr. H. Sanche.

When drugs and doctors have failed you remember Oxydonor, which has proved a blessing to thousands.

Send to-day for Free Booklet, to

Dr. H. Sanche & Co., 365 St. Catherine St. W., Montreal

United States

London, Eng.

Australia

Temperance Talk.

Why Not?

We confine the insane and the epileptic and isolate contagiously diseased, but permit the drunkard absolute freedom of indulgence. Yet when we suggest the rational thing to do, the saloon apologist cries out against encroachment upon personal liberty. Individual liberty of conscience, thought and action, within certain limitations, is the priceless heritage of every American, and it is a principle that should be guarded with jealous vigilance. It is the ideal political state of man, but is subject to one other principle—the comfort, virtue and welfare of the community. Absolute personal freedom is impossible. It is the dream of the anarchist only. Wherever there is a law, and law is necessary for our very existence, there are checks and limitations on personal liberty. In fact, every law of God and man restricts the liberty of the individual.

We deny the right of the highwayman to take money or property by force. We deny the right of the thief to take things of value by stealth. We deny the right of the embezzler to take by deceit. We deny the right of the property owner to construct buildings of inflammable materials within the fire limits of the city. We deny.

off the fire! then, I drank the bed-clothes from the bed, and the bed from under meself and me wife.

"Well, what brought me to me sinses at last was the cold flure and the poor childher, crying 'Daddy, we're so hungry!'"

"I remember the last night of me bla'guarding there wasn't a bite to eat or sup to taste for the poor little things and the big boy said, 'Poor mudder didn't eat a bit all day; she gave all she had to Katy and Billy."

"Daddy, I can't go to sleep, I so cawld," says the littlest boy.

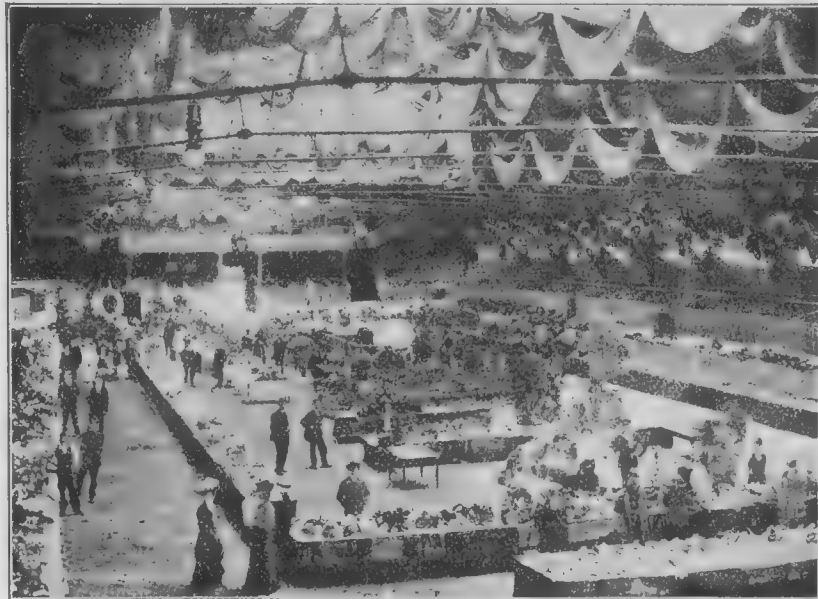
"God forgive your unnatural father!" said I, "and hould yer whist," said I, "and I'll make ye comfortable, and with that, saving your presence, ladies, I takes me breeches—'tis no laughing matter, I tell ye—and I goes over to the craychers, and I sticks one of the childher into one of the legs, and another of the childher into the other leg, and I buttons the waistband round their necks and I tould 'em for their lives not to sneeze.

"But be cockerow in the morning, Billy, who who a mighty airy bird, cries out:

"Daddy! daddy!"

"What's the matter?" says I.

"I want to get up, daddy!" says he.



Horticulture Show, Winnipeg

the sportsman the right of killing game out of season. We deny the right of marriage without license and prescribed ceremony. We deny the use of firearms within the limits of an incorporated city. We deny the right to carry concealed weapons. We deny the right of man afflicted with certain contagious diseases to mingle with his fellows. Why, then, should we not in perfect harmony with our institutions and the fundamental principles of our government eliminate the greatest plague spot in our social organism?—Governor Hay, of Washington.

How he Reformed:

Father Mathew, the Irish advocate of Temperance, often had to listen to personal experiences which did not sound so tragic as the penitent meant them to be. One evening, says the Rev. Edward Gilliat, in "Heroes of Modern Crusades," an old toper had been explaining to a sympathetic audience how he had been given to long sprees:

"Well," said he, "of course I kind o' thought I couldn't go on without bringing me and the poor wife and childher to sup sorrow.

"I first drank my own clothes into pawn; then I drank the wife's cloak off her back; then I drank her flannel petticoat and her gown; then I drank cups and saucers out of the cupboard; then I drank the pot and the kettle

"Well, get up, and bad scran to ye!" says I.

"I can't," says the young shaver.

"Why can't ye, ye cantankerous cur?" says I.

"Me and Tommy's in the breeches," says he, sadly.

"Get out of it," says I.

"Daddy, don't ye remimber? We're buttoned up," says the little chap, 's smart as ye please.

"So up I got and unbuttoned the craychers, and I says to meself, 'twas a burning shame that the childher of a Christian man should be buttoned up yonder instead of lying in a dacint bed.

"So I slips the breeches on me shanks," concluded the penitent, "and off I goes to your riverence and takes the pledge; and 'twas the crown piece that your riverence, God bless ye! slipped into the heel o me fist, that set me up again in the world."—Watch-word.

Why he did not Drink.

I read the other day of four young men riding in a Pullman car chatting merrily together. At last one of them said:

"Boys, I think it's time for drinks." Two of them consented, the other shook his head and said:

"No, I thank you."

"What!" exclaimed his companion, "have you become pious? Are you

Music Taught Free

Home Instruction

SPECIAL OFFER TO READERS OF THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

In order to advertise and introduce their home study music lessons in every locality, the INTERNATIONAL INSTITUTE OF MUSIC of New York will give free to our readers a complete course of instruction for either Piano, Organ, Violin, Mandolin, Guitar, Cornet, Banjo, Cello or Sight Singing. In return they simply ask that you recommend their institute to your friends after you learn to play.

You may not know one note from another; yet, by their wonderfully simple and thorough method, you can soon learn to play. If you are an advanced player you will receive special instruction.

The lessons are sent weekly. They are so simple and easy that they are recommended to any person or little child who can read English. Photographs and drawings make everything plain. Under the Institute's free tuition offer you will be asked to pay only a very small amount (averaging 14 cents a week) to cover postage and the necessary sheet music.

No one should overlook this wonderful offer. Tell your friends about it show this article to them.

The INTERNATIONAL INSTITUTE has successfully taught others and can successfully teach you, even if you know absolutely nothing whatever about music. The lessons make everything clear.

Write today for the FREE booklet, which explains everything. It will convince you and cost you nothing. Address your letter or postal card to INTERNATIONAL INSTITUTE OF MUSIC, 98 Fifth Ave., Dept. 162, New York N.Y.



Send \$4.95

Receive by mail post paid this beautiful New Style One-Piece Dress. Made with a pleated waist, sleeve and skirt just as pictured. Fancy lace yoke trimmed with silk braid which also trims cuffs and belt. Lace cuffs on sleeve to match yoke. Skirt also trimmed with a wide band of self material just below the knee, ended in front with a large button on each point. The material is fine French lustré in all shades, cream, black, dark red, brown, green and navy. It is the very latest style one-piece dress, just as pictured. Order this dress by all means if you wish a dress in the latest style. It is a strikingly handsome and stylish dress finely made and nicely finished, and you will be proud to wear one of them. Give inches around neck;

largest part of bust and hips, also smallest part of waist; length of sleeve and under-arm from arm-eyes to bottom of belt; down back from neck to bottom of belt. We guarantee the dress to fit as perfectly as a dress can fit. Send \$4.95 today. Same dress in all wool panama, same shades as lustré above, \$6.75, add 35c for postage. Order dress No. 19. Standard Garment Co., 10 Cootes Block, London, Ont.

going to preach? Do you think you will become a missionary?"

"No, fellows," he replied, "I am not pious, and I may not become a missionary, but I have determined not to drink another drop, and I will tell you why. I had some business in Chicago with an old pawnbroker, and as I stood before his counter talking about it, there came in a young man about my age, and threw down upon the counter a little bundle. When the pawnbroker opened it he found it was a pair of baby shoes, with the buttons a trifle worn. The old pawnbroker seemed to have some heart left in him, and he said:

"Look here, you ought not to sell your baby's shoes for drink."

"Never mind, Cohen; baby is at home dead, and does not need the shoes. Give me ten cents for a drink."

"Now, fellows, I have a wife and baby at home myself, and when I saw what liquor could do in degrading that husband and father, I made up my mind that, God helping me, not

"Well, my friend," said the great Quaker, "when thou findest a vessel of intoxicating liquor in thy hand, open the hand that grasps it before it reaches thy mouth, and thou wilt never be drunk again."

The man was so struck by the quaint advice that he followed it.

A Woman's Way.

In a descriptive article by Olive Christian Malvery, an account is given of what she witnessed one morning among a crowd of out-patients at one of the great London hospitals. This is a portion of her description:

"And here we have something that sends a shiver down one's back! A young woman, half fainting, is thrust forward, a bandage soaked with blood is over her bosom. A man, haggard-looking and wretched, stands by, faintly trying to get rid of some words that refuse to drop from his convulsive lips. The crowd parts a little, and



Some of Winnipeg's Banks.

a drop of that stuff should ever pass my lips again."—Herald and Presbyterian

Dr. Tying met an emigrant going west. On one of the wagons there hung a jug with the bottom knocked out. "What is that?" asked the doctor. "Why, it is my Taylor jug," said the man. "And what is a Taylor jug?" asked the doctor again. "I had a son in General Taylor's army in Mexico, and the General always told him to carry his whisky jug with a hole in the bottom; and that's it. It is the best invention I ever met with for hard drinkers."

To cure the Habit.

William Penn was once advising a man to give up drinking.

"Can you tell me how to do it?"

"Yes," said Penn; "it is just as easy as to open thy hand."

"Convince me of that and I will promise to do as you tell me."

looks none too amiable on the man. The woman draws herself together with a nervous, resentful shrug. "Poor thing!" someone murmurs, "e's done 'er up this time, an' no mistake."

"Poor thing, yourself," angrily whispers the victim; "e ain't your 'usband, is 'e? Can't yer leave us alone?"

"Bad hurt, this," says the doctor, examining her swiftly. "How did you get it?"

"Fell on a—fell on a—mean I was —" and here the explanation is finished. The gallant lie is left untold, and the wretched brute who dealt the cruel blow blurs out, "I did it, and she's a good'n, too, but I was drunk, blind drunk." This is a back view of what is proudly called "the Trade!"—Alliance News.

The Cause of Death.

I was at a hospital when an ambulance came tearing to the door, with a man whose leg was crushed from

Relieve Your Stomach

Send for a Free Package of Stuart's
Dyspepsia Tablets and Let Them
Digest Your Food.

THREE THINGS YOU MUST NOT DO.

If you have indigestion, loss of appetite, sour stomach, belching, sour watery risings, headaches, sleeplessness, lack of ambition, nausea and other symptoms peculiar to all stomach troubles, there are three things you must not do.

First—Don't neglect your stomach by letting it take care of itself, because it will constantly grow worse.

Second—Don't use cheap "tonics," "drugs" and "pills," which simply irritate and inflame the stomach and intestines and which will ruin your health completely; and

Third—Don't starve yourself, because by so doing you are robbing the body of its proper nourishment.

A large number of people do one of these three foolish things. That's why they never regain their former health.

Starvation is a common practice among people who have weak stomachs, but does it sound reasonable to you to deprive the body of its nourishment every time you wish to give the stomach a rest? We admit that your stomach needs rest, in fact that's the very point we wish to impress upon you, but there is a better, safer, quicker, and more pleasant way to give your stomach a rest, than by the starvation method.

What you need is something that will take the place of your stomach and do its work—some substitute that will digest and assimilate the food, thus giving the body its proper nourishment, without taxing the stomach.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are the best substitute known, because they contain the very agencies necessary to digest all foods. These elements will thoroughly digest and assimilate any and all foods so you can eat all you want.

Experiments and tests have proven that one grain of the active principle contained in these tablets will digest 3,000 grains of meat, eggs and other wholesome foods. One or two of these wonderful tablets taken after each meal will relieve your stomach of practically all the work, thus giving it the much needed rest. Keep this up for a short time and your stomach will soon regain its health and strength.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are put up in the form of little tablets or lozenges, are easy and pleasant to take and cannot lose their strength by evaporation, as most liquid medicines do.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are sold in large 50c boxes by all druggists in the United States.

We would like to have you try them before you buy, so if you will send us your name and address we will send you, absolutely free, a sample package of these wonderful tablets. Write today to F. A. Stuart, 206 Stuart Bldg., Marshall, Mich.

50 Cents worth of Merchandise
for 10 Cents.

SEND ONLY 10 CENTS.



For this beautiful 18 inch tray cloth on Fine Art Linen, your choice of Wall-hanging, Eyelet, Mt. Mel-lie, Violet, or Holly design, and we will include FREE OF CHARGE, one year's subscription to "Art Needle-work" Magazine.

The tray cloth regularly sells for 25 cents, and one year's subscription to our embroidery Magazine would ordinarily cost you 25 cents, thus making a total cash value of 50 cents. The above Bargain Offer will be sent to any address upon receipt of ten cents and the names and addresses of five Lady friends. Send us your order to-day

AVALLONE & CO., Inc.,
Dept. B 2057-E Addison Ave., Chicago, Ill.

mid-thigh down. He was placed upon the operating-table, restless and moaning. "O doctor," he said, "will it kill me?" And the good, blunt man of science answered: "No, not the leg; but the beer may do you up." And it did. The limb was removed quickly and skilfully; but the clean aseptic cut had really no chance to heal, because the general physical degradation of beer no surgeon's knife can amputate. When life and death grip one another, beer stabs life in the back.—Woolley.

Drink and Finance.

Increased taxes on whisky have had a tendency to decrease its consumption in Ireland. As a fiscal measure it has not been a success. But notice: With the decrease of consumption there has been a corresponding decrease in the number of arrests for drunkenness. "So great has been the improvement," we are told, "that Mr. Lloyd George has not hesitated to say that it would be criminal on the part of any government to reduce the impost which pro-

duced such an immediate and satisfactory result in the improvement of the habits of the people." In other words, the loss to the national exchequer is more than recouped by the increased prosperity to the nation and the consequent improvement in its ability to meet the calls of the taxpayer.—Ex.

Eliminate.

We have seen there is no hope of improving in any shape or form the

liquor traffic. There is nothing to be done but to wipe it out completely. * * * The great cause of social crime is drink. The great cause of poverty is drink. When I hear of a family broken up and ask the cause—drink. If I go to the gallows and ask its victim the cause, the answer—drink. Then I ask myself in perfect wonderment, "Why do not men put a stop to this thing?"—Archbishop Ireland.

A Clean Man.

The noblest, highest, holiest thing that walks this earth is a clean man. To him all men must bow; to him crowned heads must uncover. He is the noblest, the best and the grandest being that walks this earth; and when he moves toward Heaven, its gates are swung wide open and the cheers of angels wheel him to his inheritance in Paradise.—Father Phelan.

A Great American Watch Industry.

Waltham is a household word, but few are aware of the extent and importance of this great American industry.

"American made" is not always a term of commendation on this side of the line, but in watch construction American methods have proved their superiority over European, and have practically revolutionized the watch-making industry of the world. The Waltham Company were the watch pioneers of America, and to them belongs the credit for all innovations in watch construction in the last fifty years.

The next step was to simplify the mechanism of the watch, reducing the number of watch parts. There is no mystery about a watch. It works on a very simple principle of mechanics, and the mechanical law of "the simpler the better" applies nowhere to better advantage than to watchmaking. Europe invented the watch, but American ingenuity has developed it to its present high point of mechanical efficiency.

Automatic machinery has also been an important factor in reducing watch cost. The average daily output of the Waltham works, for instance, is something over 3,000 watches. This output can be taken care of by 4,200 operators, while under the old laborious hand methods, it would take an army of 57,000 to produce the same number.

Fifty years ago, every watch carried in America was of European make, and a costly luxury. Today, there are eighteen million Waltham watches alone in use throughout the world, and their very highest grades are less than one-third of the cost of a very ordinary watch of European make fifty years ago.

To house the 4,200 operatives that maintain their daily output of 3,000 watches, requires a factory of prodigious size, and built with the utmost care. The site chosen, on the banks of the famous Charles River, is one of the finest in New England, and a large park opposite, the gift of the company to the town, keeps the surroundings absolutely free from dust. The factory has a frontage of over a thousand feet, and if the wings were placed end on end would stretch for half a mile. As there are five stories to each wing, a walk through the entire building would mean a distance of two and a half miles.

Not for Him.—A quiet and retiring citizen occupied a seat near the door of a crowded car when a masterful stout woman entered. Having no newspaper behind which to hide, he was fixed and subjugated by her glittering eye. He rose and offered his place to her. Seating herself—without thanking him—she exclaimed, in tones that reached to the farthest end of the car: "What do you want to stand up there for? Come here and sit on my lap." "Madam," gasped the man, as his face became scarlet, "I beg your pardon; I—I—" "What do you mean?" shrieked the woman. "You know very well I was speaking to my niece there, behind you."

Worms in children, if they be not attended to cause convulsions, and often death. Mother Graves' Worm Extremator will protect the children from these distressing afflictions.



I Can Reduce your Fat and will Prove it Free

Dr. J. Spillenger

I have had such wonderful success with my method of reducing superfluous fat that I have decided to offer for a limited time—**FREE** trial treatments. Hundreds of testimonials on file show that my treatment **TAKES OFF FAT AT THE RATE OF 5 TO 7 POUNDS A WEEK** and what is more, that the **FAT DOES NOT RETURN** when the treatment is finished. No person is so fat but what it will have the desired effect, no matter where the excess fat is located—stomach, bust, hips, cheeks, neck—it will quickly vanish without starving, ex-

ercising or in any way interfering with your customary habits. My treatment is endorsed by physicians because of its easy, natural elimination of abnormal flesh and its beneficial effect on the whole system. Perfectly harmless; easy and quick results. **DON'T TAKE MY WORD FOR THIS: I will prove it at my own expense.**

CONSULT A SPECIALIST

Do the same for the disease of Obesity that you would for any other serious disease, that is consult a Physician who is an experienced and successful Specialist. I am a regular licensed practicing physician and have for about 25 years made a specialty of the treatment of Obesity. My success has been so great that I want every person who is too stout to know of the great work I am doing. All I ask is a chance to prove that my treatment will do in your case what it has done in thousands of others.

READ THESE INTERESTING LETTERS.

Rev. Mary Kimball, 112 S. Jackson St., Janesville, Wis., says: "I wish every sufferer from obesity could know of your Kresslin Treatment. Before I took your treatment I was subject to violent choking fits and my friends were often afraid I would choke to death. Your treatment has cured all this and reduced my waist six inches and my hips eight inches. My garments now are all so large they seem as if made for another woman."

E. A. Richards, Ex-Mayor of Holly Hill, Fla., says: "After spending over One Hundred Dollars for advertised obesity remedies which did me no good it gives me pleasure to state that your Kresslin Treatment has been perfectly satisfactory to me. As well as taking off my fat it cured my Dyspepsia, and now I enjoy the best of health. Also I want to say the reduction from the use of your treatment is permanent."

Mrs. John Bye, Minneapolis, Kas., says: "I really cannot praise your Kresslin Treatment enough for what it has done for me. It has reduced my weight from 203 pounds to 145 pounds and has also wonderfully improved my general health. I can do my housework now without pain or the smothering spells I used to have. My husband says it is worth \$1000 to him and the children since I used your Kresslin Treatment."

Mr. J. J. THOMPSON of Durham, N. C., says: "I finished taking your Kresslin Treatment a long time ago but waited before writing you to be sure the cure was permanent. I can now say your Treatment is all you claim for it as you have relieved me of no less than 70 pounds of superfluous flesh. Everyone noticed the improvement in my shape and health and I feel better than I have for years."

The above are fair samples of hundreds of letters on file and arriving daily. They are the voluntary gratitude of thankful people from whom I lifted the burden of fat. **LET ME DO THE SAME FOR YOU.**

Obesity is Dangerous

Remember Obesity is a serious and often fatal disease. It brings with it **Rheumatism, Heart Disease, Asthma and Kidney Troubles.**

By removing your fat I free you from these other diseases and make you Healthy, Happy and Comfortable. If you want me to do all this for you

MAIL THIS COUPON

If you live too far away to call personally, fill out the coupon and mail to me and I will at once send you a **FREE TRIAL TREATMENT** in a plain package, together with my illustrated book about Obesity and how to get rid of it. All of this costs you nothing and places you under no obligation.

Fill out the coupon or send postal or letter without delay. Do it now—today—sure.

DR. J. SPILLINGER
41 W. 25th Str., New York

FREE COUPON

DR. J. SPILLINGER

Dept. 1405E 41 W. 25th St., New York.

Please send me post-paid and entirely free of charge your trial treatment, also your free book.

Name.....

Address.....

Dr. Spillenger is well known as a successful Obesity Specialist and any statements he makes can be absolutely relied upon. He is licensed and registered by the State of New York.



What my treatment has accomplished in hundreds of cases. It will help you. Try it.

Was Terribly Afflicted With Lane Back.

Could Not Sweep The Floor.

It is hard to do house work with a weak and aching back.

Backache comes from sick kidneys, and what a lot of trouble sick kidneys cause.

But they can't help it. If more work is put on them than they can stand it is not to be wondered that they get out of order.

Doan's Kidney Pills are a specific for lame, weak or aching backs and for all kidney troubles.

Mrs. Napoleon Larmour Smith's Falls, Ont., writes:—"I take pleasure in writing you stating the benefit I have received by using Doan's Kidney Pills. About a year ago I was terribly afflicted with lame back, and was so bad I could not even sweep my own floor. I was advised to try Doan's Kidney Pills, which I did, and with the greatest benefit. I only used three boxes and I am as well as ever. I highly recommend these pills to any sufferer from lame back and kidney trouble."

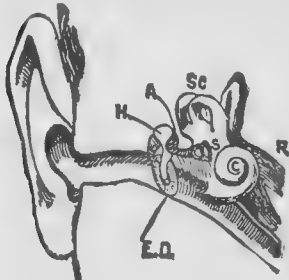
Doan's Kidney Pills are 50 cents per box or 3 for \$1.25, at all dealers or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

When ordering direct specify "Doan's."

DEAFNESS AND CATARRH

Successfully Treated by "Actina"

Ninety-five per cent. of the cases of deafness brought to our attention are the result of chronic catarrh of the throat and middle ear. The air passages become clogged by catarrhal deposits, stopping the action of the vibratory bones. Until these deposits are removed, relief is impossible.



The inner ear cannot be reached by probing or spraying hence the inability of specialists to always give relief. That there is a scientific treatment for most forms of deafness and catarrh is demonstrated every day by the "Actina" treatment.

The vapor generated in the "Actina" passes through the Eustachian tubes into the middle ear, removing the catarrhal obstructions and loosens up the bones (hammer anvil and stirrup) in the inner ear making them respond to the vibration of sound. Actina is also very successful in relieving head noises. We have known people afflicted with this distressing trouble for years to be completely relieved in a few weeks by this wonderful invention. Actina has also been very successful in the treatment of la grippe, asthma, bronchitis, sore throat, weak lungs, colds and headaches and other troubles that are directly or indirectly due to catarrh. Actina will be sent on trial post-paid. Write us about your case. Our advice will be free as well as a valuable book, Prof. Wilson's Treatise on Disease. Address ACTINA APPLIANCE CO., Dept. 84c, 811 Walnut Street, Kansas City, Mo.

The Indoor and the Outdoor Worker.

The delicate machinery of the sensitive person cannot bear the rough, heavy food suitable for the one of coarser nature. The man in the open air finds pork and beans suited to his taste, and with a slice of brown bread and a cup of coffee to complete his breakfast, can do hard manual labor with perfect ease until the noon hour, while the clerk or bookkeeper, stooping over his desk in a close, ill-ventilated room, digests with difficulty his breakfast of two soft boiled eggs and toast. If he takes a heavier breakfast he finds in a year or two indigestion, chronic constipation and liver trouble are his closest friends. If the man out of doors took the two soft-boiled eggs with a bit of bread he would be completely exhausted before the morning's work was half finished. From this alone it is easy to understand that there is naturally a correct diet for differently occupied men.

Work which requires a Stooping Position.

The gardener, who is constantly stooping, finds it impossible to take soup or liquid food until the close of his day's work. He is constantly having water-

the larger portion of the time indoors, should look largely to the vegetable world for their source of food. Their nitrogenous foods should be of an easily digested sort. While I have no sympathy with any form of diet which tends to restrict the food of man, I would still have him remember that animal food in over abundance will produce just the line of diseases so common among the American and English people—the world's beef eaters—uric acid conditions, Bright's disease, rheumatism and gout. For some unknown reason it seems firmly fixed in the minds of many that meat is the only thing that gives strength, and it is exceedingly difficult to make the average person believe the contrary.

When Travelling eat light Meals.

Persons travelling, either for business or pleasure, are exceedingly unwise to take large meals. They should eat just enough to satisfy hunger. The commercial traveller is rushing in and out from place to place, trying his best to create a good impression upon the man to whom he wishes to sell. He is more or less excited, and is frequently in a state of nervousness until the sale is made, all of which tends to retard digestion. For



North Bridge, Maganetawan River.

brush. His stomach, by the position which he must of necessity assume while at work, is not in its best working attitude. A light, concentrated breakfast of beef, carefully broiled, or an egg with a bit of toast, no liquid; a luncheon composed of whole wheat bread, and perhaps, cheese, or a slice of mutton or beef, would give him quite sufficient nourishment for the day's work. At night he may, with satisfaction, eat and digest a hearty dinner.

The tailor, as well as the dressmaker, sitting in a stooping position, finds it difficult to digest even a light breakfast or luncheon. They, too, should have their heavy meal after the day's work is over. Shoemakers, like tailors and dressmakers, contract a peculiar sort of dyspepsia, due no doubt to the pressure upon the stomach. It would be the work of a philanthropist to insist upon loose dress and an upright position in all manufactories where trades of this kind are carried on. Constipation, so universal among this class of people, may be removed by the free use of water, plenty of butter upon the bread, and a salad at least once a day. Tea should under no circumstances be used.

For Men who lead Sedentary Lives.

Unoccupied people, living largely for pleasure without the need of doing any real work, should eat lightly, easily digested food, but as a rule directly the opposite method is followed, consequently among this class sufferers from apoplexy, paralysis, Bright's disease, rheumatism and gout are to be found.

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In order to advertise and introduce their home study music lessons in every locality, the INTERNATIONAL INSTITUTE OF MUSIC of New York will give free to our readers a complete course of instruction for either Piano, Organ, Violin, Mandolin, Guitar, Cornet, Banjo, Cello or Sight Singing. In return they simply ask that you recommend their institute to your friends after you learn to play.

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and it remains today the standard treatment, with years of success back of it, known to be a cure and guaranteed to cure. Don't experiment with substitutes or imitations. Use it, no matter how old or bad the case or what else you may have tried—your money back if Fleming's Lump Jaw Cure ever fails. Our fair plan of selling, together with exhaustive information on Lump Jaw and its treatment, is given in

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For the benefit of babies, and their mammas, we will tell a wholesome and effective way of bathing. A flannel petticoat or large bath towel, or a common cotton blanket over the mother's lap, a clean wash basin, full of tepid water, soft cloths, borax and powder. First wash the babe's face, head and hands, and cleanse the eyes with a swab of soft cloth dipped in weak borax water. Always burn these cloths after washing. Use a toothpick or a headless match wrapped in soft cloth and this dipped in clean borax water to swab the little mouth, and the same match with a clean cloth to clean the nostrils and ears.

Test the water with the elbow, and remove all covering from one arm, wash and dry this, roll the babe on the bathed side; remove the garments from the other arm and wash and dry this arm, chest, back and throat; throw an end

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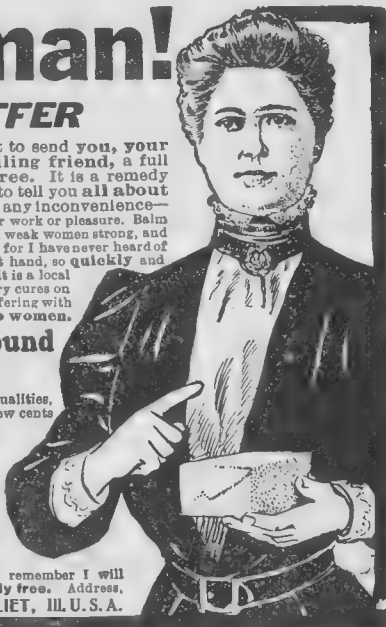
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READ MY FREE OFFER

My Mission is to make sick women well, and I want to send you, your daughter, your sister, your mother, or any ailing friend, a full 50-cent box of Balm of Figs Compound absolutely free. It is a remedy for the treatment of woman's ailments, and I want to tell you all about it—just how to use it yourself—right at home without any inconvenience—and the best of it is that it will not in the least interfere with your work or pleasure. Balm of Figs Compound is a remedy that has made sick women well and weak women strong, and I can prove it—let me prove it to you, and I will gladly do it, for I have never heard of anything that has, according to the abundance of testimonials at hand, so quickly and surely cured women's ailments. No internal dosing necessary—it is a local treatment, yet it has to its credit some of the most extraordinary cures on record. Therefore I want to place it in the hands of every woman suffering with any form of female weakness or diseases so common to women.

This 50c box of Balm of Figs Compound will not cost you one cent

I will send it to you absolutely free, to prove to you its splendid qualities, and then if you wish to continue further, it will cost you only a few cents a week. I do not believe there is another remedy equal to Balm of Figs Compound, and I am willing to prove my faith by sending out these 50-cent boxes free. So, dear reader, irrespective of your past experience, write to me at once—today—and I will send you the treatment entirely free by return mail, and if you so desire, I can readily refer you to many, who can personally testify to the great and lasting cures that have resulted from the use of this remedy. But after all, the very best test of anything is a personal trial of it, and I know a 50-cent box of Balm of Figs Compound will convince you of its merits. Nothing is so convincing as the actual test of the article itself. Will you give Balm of Figs Compound this test? Write to me today, and remember I will gladly send you a 50-cent box of this remedy absolutely free. Address, MRS. HARRIET M. RICHARDS, Box 753, JOLIET, ILL. U.S.A.



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Armstrong, B.C.—The Garden District of the Okanagan Valley; an established, self-supporting and unboomed district, with mild winters, permanent markets, unlimited pure water supply, and the most desirable homesites in the world. There are no syndicate or company holdings. No one gets out when the new settler comes in. Accordingly, easy terms can be had on all purchases, the district being large and the owners selling only a portion of their holdings. Fruit growing is carried on in all branches and on a good paying basis; also there are equally profitable mixed farms, celery ranches, poultry farms and market gardens in great abundance. No irrigation. Send at once for a free booklet of the district to

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Liquor and Tobacco Habits

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75 Yonge St., Toronto, Canada.

References as to Dr. McTaggart's professional standing and personal integrity permitted by Sir W. R. Meredith, Chief Justice.
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Dr. McTaggart's vegetable remedies for the liquor and tobacco habits are healthful, safe, inexpensive home treatments. No hypodermic injections, no publicity, no loss of time from business, and a certainty of cure.
Consultation or Correspondence invited.

of the blanket over the babe while removing the band, cloth and socks; wash and bathe the lower body and limbs; dry by patting; use powder freely, and redress the babe as tenderly and quickly as possible, slipping the garments on from the feet up, as soon as the band, cloth and socks are in place. Don't have any garment tight, not the band either, just a snug fit. Have all garments open one way, preferably in the back, so by turning the babe on its stomach all garments may be fastened without another change in position. Work as deftly and quietly as possible and in a warm room. Have the sleeves of shirt placed in the dress sleeves, and the arm holes of skirt in their proper place, so one slipping in of the arms will do for the entire suit.

Skirts that button on the shoulder, one button to each shoulder are handy, then if necessary to remove skirt through the day, it can easily be done without removing the dress.

Many think a baby will not thrive without flannel next the skin, no matter how hot the weather, but this is a mistake, the soft, double faced cotton goods are warm enough and do not cause the discomfort that wool does to some skins. Use judgment in this as in all else.

Be very careful always to dry the ears and head carefully. This will prevent much pain from ear and head ache.

Give the babe a spoonful of cold water several times through the day. The babe a few days old seems to relish a sup of cold water.

Health, Man's Rightful Heritage.

The human body, if handled as the Creator intended, is a perfect machine, but by abuse it has been brought to a very dilapidated condition, and only by simple living can the highest physical condition be regained. There is just one animal that has diseases similar to those affecting human beings, and that is the hog. This animal and man in a wild state are perfectly healthy. Man has adopted a similar method of retrogradation in caring both for himself and the hog. To make swine commercially profitable they must be grown under artificial conditions and produce an enormous amount of meat in the least possible time, but why man should follow the same methods with himself is a quandary. Man needs for maintenance a much simpler diet than is ordinarily supposed, anything over this is an excess that simply overworks all the organs of digestion to expel. The organs are very friendly with one another, and if the bowels are overworked the kidneys come to their assistance, and what the two of them can't handle has to be carried away by the pores. Then not only simple food is essential, but also barely enough clothing to decently cover one would appear advisable as the impurities carried to the surface and held there by tight and heavy clothes will clog the pores and throw the work back on the other over-worked organs causing varieties of sickness. Fewer young people would die before maturity and more adults would live and be useful beyond the four-score mark if the non-essentials in both food and raiment were discarded.

Vegetables as Medicine.

Too little consideration is paid to the properties of the food provided on the ordinary table. Many of the garden vegetables have not only great value as nutrients, but have medicinal importance as well. Watercress and parsnips act upon the blood as purifiers. Spinach is a great old time remedy for constipation. Lettuce, celery and onions are nerve tonics, and are often a cure for insomnia. Celery is also beneficial to rheumatic patients. Tomatoes and cranberries are good for torpid liver. Asparagus stimulates the kidneys and carrots are excellent for gout.

Games and Health.

The Norwegians have a weakness for skiing, but there is method in that weakness. They consider it one of the greatest upbuilders of the



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Will pump any well up to 300 ft.
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WINNIPEG
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and any painful affliction promptly relieved by

ABSORBINE JR.

a safe, pleasant, antiseptic liniment. Penetrates to seat of trouble, healing and soothing. Also removes soft bunches such as goitre, wens, cysts, weeping sores, heals cuts, sores, wounds, reduces Varicose Veins, Varicocoele, Hydrocele; cures strains and sprains. Takes out soreness and inflammation—stops lameness.

A customer writes: "My wife has been troubled with a ruptured limb for 12 or 13 years—no rest day or night. We tried most every known remedy for the trouble—nothing even gave temporary relief, one-half bottle of ABSORBINE, JR. has been used by rubbing on with the hands only, she says there is no more pain and has not suffered from pain since the second or third application. The veins were large and prominent—at this time almost invisible as near the truth as I can express it. We gladly recommend it to any one who may suffer in like manner."

Safe and pleasant to use—quickly absorbed into skin, leaving it dry and clean. Results like the above make faith unnecessary. Ask your neighbors about it. Price \$1.00-4 oz., \$2.00-12 oz. bottle at druggists or delivered. Book 1F free. Manufactured only by

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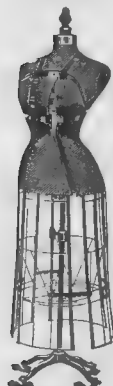
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Wherever there is any weakness of the heart or nerves, flagging energy or physical breakdown, the use of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills will soon produce a healthy, strong system.

Miss Bessie Kinsley, Arkona, Ont., writes:—"It is with the greatest of pleasure I write you stating the benefit I have received by using your Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. This spring I was all run down and could hardly do any work. I went to a doctor and he told me I had heart trouble and that my nerves were all unstrung. I took his medicine, as he ordered me to do, but it did me no good. I was working in a printing office at the time, and my doctor said it was the type setting caused the trouble, but I thought not. My father advised me to buy a box of your pills as he had derived so much benefit from them. Before I had finished one box I noticed a great difference, and could work from morning to night without any smothering feeling or hot flushes. I can recommend them highly to all nervous and run down people."

Price 50 cents per box, or 3 for \$1.25, at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.



BUST and HIPS

Every woman who attempts to make a dress or shirt waist immediately discovers how difficult it is to obtain a good fit by the usual "trying-on" method, with herself for the model and a looking-glass with which to see how it fits at the back.

HALL-BORCHERT PERFECTION ADJUSTABLE DRESS FORMS do away with all discomforts and disappointments in fitting and render the work of dress-making at once easy and satisfactory. This form can be adjusted to fifty different shapes and sizes, bust raised or lowered; also made longer and shorter at the waist line and form raised or lowered to suit any desired skirt length. Very easily adjusted, cannot get out of order and will last a life-time. Write for illustrated booklet containing complete line of dress forms with prices. Hall-Borchert Dress Form Co. of Canada, Ltd., Dept. R, 70-76 Pearl St., Toronto, Canada.

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Jute Soles last much longer than any others—easier to feet—cheapest by far. Unsurpassed Noiseless. Suit house and all sports. Mr Evans (address on request) writes:—"Last pair lasted me nearly 8 years."

Mrs. Musie, Banff, Alberta, Canada, says:—"9/10/08. Shoes warm and good. Am very pleased."

Enclose length of Walking Shoe. Color Brown, Black or White. Prices Childrens, Ladies, Gents. A. Plain Shoes (without strapping) \$.37 \$.41 \$.45 D. Superior Canvas (as per illustration) .61 .67

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Leather-soled Shoes (best make wide or narrow toes) .86 1.10 1.28

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Patent Canvas Shoe Co., 25 Steps Road, near Glasgow Scotland

Send P.O. direct. Shoes posted anywhere; single pairs or any quantity.

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physical system, without which there cannot be a sound mind. In some of the cities of Norway the schools furnish free use of the skis for children too poor to buy them. During the winter some of the school hours are regularly given over to skiing when the weather permits to take the place of indoor gymnastics.

As immigration from foreign countries mingles itself with our people, many of these foreign systems will be incorporated into our own which will work for the good of our children.

How to Remove Freckles and Whiten a Tanned Skin.

You can't get rid of your freckles, did I hear you say? Why of course you can. It will take a little of your time each day, but this is the price you have to pay for revelling so freely in the bright sun.

If you have only the summer sunshine freckles, your task will be a simple one indeed. It is the owner of the obnoxious "cold freckle" who needs to wage warfare almost indefinitely, but I know you all agree with me that a daintily white, unblemished skin is well worth striving for.

The very first thing the freckled girlie must do is to massage her face long and diligently each day. Anything that

Light freckles can generally be removed by rubbing them with lemon-juice. Girls with very sensitive skins should dilute the lemon-juice with an equal quantity of rose-water. At night, bathe the face in very hot water, after which, rub cold cream into the pores until they can absorb no more. Now touch each freckle with the lemon and rose-water solution and let this remain on for three-quarters of an hour. It should then be washed off and the face massaged with a cucumber cream. Such a cream as the following can be used to advantage after any freckle lotion:

Almond oil 4 ounces
Spermaceti 1 ounce
White wax 1 ounce
Cucumber juice 2 ounces

Keep up this treatment for several weeks.

The country girl can banish her summer freckles by bathing the face in tepid water, after which she must pat in gently quantities of old buttermilk. Let this stay on over night and notice the improvement in the skin next morning.

Another simple bleach for freckles is a very weak solution of lime-water mixed with sweet milk.

Dark freckles are more difficult to remove, and their unhappy owners must start the crusade with vigor and keep it up with persistence.

For a most effective bleach, select



Gee Up, Rover

invigorates the skin tends to remove its blemishes, which are all evidences of abnormal conditions. For this purpose a non-greasy, delightful massage cream can be made as follows:

Corn-flour 1½ drams
Water 10 ounces
Glycerin 5 drams

With a little water make the flour into a paste. Slowly stir in the rest. Bring to a boil. When cool add the glycerin.

The best time for the stimulating massage is in the early morning, just after the face has been bathed. Do not be afraid to use the cream plentifully, as it cannot cause a growth of hair. When you have massaged for fifteen minutes, wipe off what cream has not been absorbed with a cloth dipped in hot water, following this up with dashes of cool water. This will send you downstairs for breakfast with your face all aglow, and it will give your skin a chance to improve.

One of the several causes for freckles is excess of iron in the blood. To purify your sluggish blood, take some harmless medicine. The old-fashioned remedies, such as sulphur and molasses or cream of tartar and sassafras, are beneficial and not unpleasant to take.

Some women have light freckles, some dark.

And each kind of freckles must have different treatment.

two or three fat, ripe cucumbers and cut them in slices. Now cover your face with the cucumber slices, being careful not to get any of the juice in the eyes. As the pieces are apt to slip, hold them in place with a bandage. After fifteen minutes remove this unique bleach, bathe the face carefully in warm water and massage with cold cream. Apply daily until the skin begins to peel off. If the skin becomes unduly irritated, try giving this treatment every other day.

Should the brown spots still prove stubborn, use a freckle plaster, but as this is a decidedly strenuous treatment, do not try it until milder measures have failed.

Rudyard Kipling:—The pendulum of civilization has swung through the ages Westward from the East; and now it has reached the end of its beat and is starting on its way back.

Premier Sifton:—We may look forward with confidence to a new era of development of Alberta's great and varied natural resources. This province, so liberally endowed by Providence, will by the energy and enterprise of its people be advanced to a foremost place in the future among the provinces of our Dominion.

Countless have been the cures worked by Holloway's Corn Cure. It has a power of its own not found in other preparations.

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Deafness Specialist Sproule, author of this desirable work, has for twenty-five years been making a thorough investigation of Deafness and Head Noises, and his successful new cure for Deafness is the reward of all his patient study. Now he wishes every one who suffers from Deafness in any degree to learn how science can conquer this cruel affliction.

Don't neglect your Deafness any longer! Send for this book today, and learn how hearing is being restored, quickly and permanently. Many who once believed their Deafness incurable have already gained perfect hearing by following the advice given in its pages. Write your name and address on the dotted lines, cut out the free book coupon and mail it to Deafness Specialist Sproule, 117 Trade Building, Boston.

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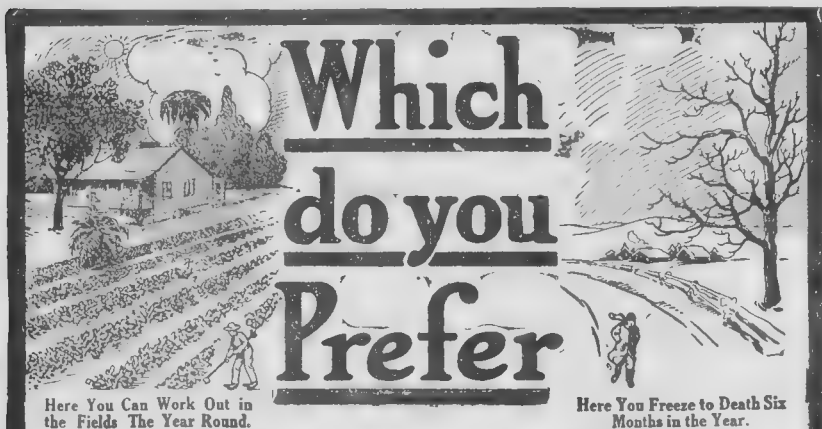
Receive this beautiful spring style tailored suit. The skirt is cut 9 gore pleated style trimmed with band of self material just as pictured. The coat is cut semi-fitting with a notch collar. The whole suit is elaborately trimmed with silk buttons. The material is heavy all wool Panama in black, navy, dark green, medium brown and dark red. At \$7.50 this is a wonderful bargain and well worth double what we ask. If preferred we can supply the same suit in an all wool Venetian cloth in the same shades as the Panama at \$10.50. Give number of inches around the largest part of the bust and smallest part of the waist also around largest part of hips, sleeve length and length of skirt from belt to desired length. Order a suit to-day you will be more than pleased with your bargain. Order suit No. 59. Standard Garment Co., 10 Coote Block, London, Can.



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TAKE your choice. You know what blizzards, zero weather and long cold winters mean. You know what late spring frosts and early fall frosts mean. You know what a bad or off season means. Why do you put up with such conditions year after year? We know you have resolved time and again to get out but why don't you act now?

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is the cream of the whole state. You can't duplicate it. Here you can work in the fields the year round. It is truly the country of sunshine and roses. You have a hundred opportunities at Santa Rosa where you have one in the north. The soil is a deep, black, rich, sandy loam—very exceptional for Florida. You can raise two and three crops on the same land in the same year. There is plenty of rainfall twelve months in the year. Irrigation is unheard of. Crops never known to fail. You can raise enormous crops, of corn, oats, sweet and Irish potatoes, sugar cane, celery, tomatoes, cabbage and all kinds of vegetables. The finest and highest priced oranges of Florida can be raised on this land. Also grape fruit, figs, peaches, pears, plums and all

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Stock—hogs, cattle and sheep—can be raised, fattened and placed on the market at a fraction of what it costs up north. This is the one place in Florida where the real, genuine, big farmer will feel right at home. Many are buying from 40 to 160 acres for general farming and stock raising.

We have the finest climate in the world. No sunstrokes—no frostbites. A summer resort in summer and a winter resort in winter. One of the healthiest spots in the United States. Lumber on the ground at wholesale prices. Salt water on two sides. Fish, oysters and soft shelled crabs galore. Fine boating, bathing and fishing. Good hunting—quail, wild turkey, wild duck and some deer.

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Poppies.

(By Frances—Port Morien, C.B.)

Such a splendid poppy bed!
Poppies—all a-blow
Each one nods his gorgeous head,
Dignified and slow,
Wild, old wind out roving,
Shakes them to and fro.
Laughs to see their "fine-er-ey"
All to pieces go.

Just a common poppy bed,
Poppies, red and gold,
"Poppies are but scentless things,"
So the wise have told;
But Dame Nature lavish,
Piles the colors on,
And they show the richest glow
Old Sol shines upon.

Yes, I love the poppy bed
And that "Poppy" smile,
For their bloom, though lightly
shed,
Makes them worth the while.
Shades and tints unequalled,
Greet me every morn,
With their dress, more or less,
Tattered, fringed and torn.

cow, but she don't know it. This is an illustration of the fact that one can enjoy himself and even be useful without knowledge and without understanding. The other substance in butter besides glyceryl are oleic acid, stearic acid, and palmitic acid, which are combined with the glyceryl. And so the chemical name of butter is the oleo-steario-palmitate of glyceryl. It's a nice big name, but not too big for the amount of knowledge it gives concerning the substance it designates. But there are other substances in butter which give it its flavor. However, they add very little to its bulk or weight. These substances are a series of volatile fatty acids called—butyric acid, caproic acid, caprylic acid and capric acid. The cow has nothing to do with these last acids. She wouldn't know them if she were to meet them. They don't grow in her chemical laboratory as the oleic, stearic and palmitic acids do. They are elaborated by a certain species of microbes which fall into the cream from the air, and after a riotous feast upon the good things they find in the cream, turn off the acids named. These acids then unite with glyceryl and make the so called butter flavor. It's true, no microbes no flavor,



A team of Pets, owned by Capt. Wm. Robinson, Selkirk.

What is Butter?

By Dr. J. N. Hurty, State Health Commissioner.

When I asked the hired hand at the dairy: "What is butter?" he looked at me pityingly, but did not answer immediately. Finally he said: "Wy! don't you know, it's just a kind of grease we git out of sour cream." Yes, I said, but what kind of grease is it? Tallow is grease too and so is lard, but neither are butter. This puzzled the "practical man" and he had no more to say. Now the fact is, lard, tallow and butter are all constructed of the same basic or foundation materials but in differing proportions and having different flavoring substances. It seems very strange that the basis of butter, tallow and lard is glycerin, or rather glyceryl, which latter is the corner stone of glycerin. It seems strange also to read in the chemistries that glycerin is an alcohol and that the alcohols form a large class in chemistry. The chemistries say: "An alcohol is the hydroxid of an unsaturated hydro-carbon," and it is too. And into the class covered by this definition, glycerin falls most gracefully. In passing, it might be said that, carbolic acid is also an alcohol to the chemist. He calls it "phenylic hydroxid," and he calls glycerin, "glyceryl hydroxid." If we take the hydroxyl out of the glycerin, we will have the glyceryl left and can unite it with a series of acids called "fatty acids," and by so doing form fats. Butter is made in this way by the

for our butter. Without them and the products of their life processes butter would be simply a sweet flavorless fat. The flavors of foods have much to do with appetite, with digestion and with nutrition generally, and we must not try to do without them.

Professor H. W. Conn, of Wesleyan University, has given many years to the study of the microbes which make butter flavor and he has succeeded in lassoing them. He now cultivates them in his ovens (hothouses) in his laboratory with the same certainty as the gardener cultivates tomato plants. He sells his little plants (microbes) too, just as the gardener sells his. The advantage to the butter maker or oleomargarin maker in buying butter microbes is, if he puts the true butter flavor microbes in his cream he gets the true butter flavor every time, and does not run the risk of making butter having an off flavor. In other words, he abandons the old rule of thumb method and adopts a pure scientific method. In order to give a good butter flavor to his product, the oleomargarin maker churns his sweet flavorless fat with cream in which he has planted butter flavor microbes. A few hours after they are planted in the cream the butter flavor is so strong it is almost sickening, but the small amount in his finished article makes it fine. The salt which is put into our butter by the butter maker hardly need be mentioned, but the disease microbes which may, and sometimes do get in, should be told about.

In rare instances butter has been

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known to carry typhoid fever, scarlet
fever and diphtheria, and it not infre-
quently carries consumption germs. So
many cows are tuberculous, that real
danger of acquiring consumption from
butter exists. The scientists in the U. S.
Bureau of Animal Industry at Washing-
ton made the following experiment.
They made butter from the milk of a
cow that was known to have tuberculosis
in her udders. They fed this butter
daily to four healthy pigs kept in clean
sterile pens. The amount of butter
given daily to each pig with other foods
was one ounce, the amount of butter
received daily by each hog of 125 pounds
was less than the average person of the
same weight eats, and the total amount
received by each hog was less than two
pounds. Several months after the feed-
ing of butter was discontinued, the hogs
were killed and examined post-mortem,
and three of the four were found to have
contracted tuberculosis.

Cruelty to Horses.

In the matter of cruelty to or neglect
of horses, it is not, unfortunately, the
obvious troubles that really cause the
most discomfort and suffering, but the
generally overlooked little things and
seemingly inconsequential details that
really make or mar the only real pleas-
ures which the patient creature is usual-

What Betsy Learned.

My little brover Willie,
Went on a visit with ma,
But I and Sister Jane
Stayed to tend the house for pa.

Now Sister Jane is bigger'n me,
And, of course, she done the cooking,
But I know she didn't do it right,
For I was always looking.

Sometimes she got the bread so
short
It bracketed jis like tallow,
And sometimes she put the soda in
Till it looked very yellow.

And sometimes she'd fail to git enuf
Then 'twould be quite ghomy,
Then pa would say in a worried
way,
"Oh, how I miss your mamma."

Now, ma was gone a long, long time;
Perhaps two weeks or so,
Wen we got tired of cooking,
And went and stayed with Uncle Joe,
But weren't there but a day or two,
Wen don't you think my ma,
Comed and rund into the house
And hugged and kissed my pa,
Right before the hired girl,
And me and Uncle Joe.

—B. F. Clark.



Field of Red Clover, belonging to Harold Newton, Selkirk. Silver Medal for District.
Gold Medal for Province.

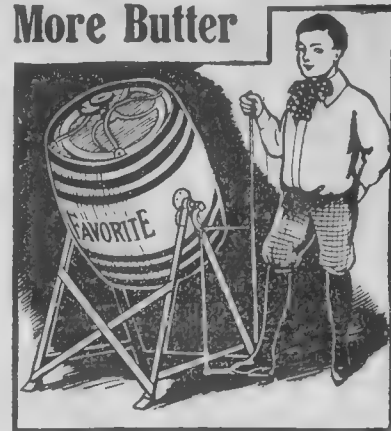
Common Sense vs. Whips.

A travelling representative for a har-
ness-goods house recently said of the
whip situation: "In proportion to the
number of people who drive horses, not
half as many whips are used nowadays
as there were a quarter of a century
ago. Many owners of horses now never
carry a whip. I have known men who
always have horses, and yet have never
struck one of their animals with a whip.
Many people hold that if a horse is prop-
erly reared from colthood, it will never
need a whip. What are termed the bad
traits of a horse are usually caused
by people who have handled them.
Some bad traits of horses are heredit-
ary, but they can usually be traced back
to bad management of ancestry. The
more good sense a driver has, the less
punishment his team will need. It is
all practically a matter of good com-
mon-sense."—Live-Stock Journal.

Heaves or Broken Wind.

The following discussion of this ail-
ment is from a leading English horse
paper:

"Broken wind is not curable, but it
is quite possible to keep the ordinary
case going with tolerable comfort to the
animal and a fair amount of satisfaction
to the owner or driver who is not par-
ticularly horse-proud. The first thing
is to take into consideration the nature
and cause of what is probably called
'broken wind.' It is not a respiratory

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disease, but it is due in most cases to bad feeling.

Feeding an inordinate quantity of bulky, innutritious fodder, particularly badly saved, mouldy or dusty hay, is a common cause.

Horses most frequently afflicted are farm horses and inferior ponies. Both are greedy feeders, and both belong to owners notoriously niggardly of their grain.

The victim should be fed on good food, and of a more concentrated character than is generally supplied to it.

More oats and less hay should be given and all food should be free from dust, and given slightly damped with salt and water. Feed on the little-and-often principle. The hours of feeding should be adapted to the hours of work, so that the horse is not called upon to labor on a distended stomach. The largest meal should be given at night, and then the largest part of the hay allowed should be fed.

Linseed and bran should be given occasionally in the form of mash. Carrots and green food are good, because they are digestible and slightly laxative, but too much green food is incompatible with condition. A cool, well-ventilated stable is a necessity. Water is best kept so that it can be taken at will, or if that is not possible, water before each meal.

"You never see a broken-winded horse in Norway," said a horse doctor. "That is because the horses are allowed to drink while they eat, the same as mankind. Our horses, let them be as thirsty as can be, must still eat their dry fodder, their dry hay and oats, with nothing to wash them down. But in Norway every horse has a bucket of water beside his manger and as he eats he also drinks."

Regular, moderate work is better than irregular labor or long spells of idleness. At the start go slowly, until the bowels have been emptied. The distended

stomach and bowels, by pressing on the diaphragm, increases the distress in breathing, and that is another reason for the food being more concentrated, or why it should contain the elements of nutrition in as small bulk as possible. There is a characteristic cough, and on some occasions, when there has been some departure from the rules of feeding, or in certain states of the weather, there is an increase in the severity of the symptoms, which may call for medicine to relieve them, but drugs are not of much use in ordinary cases, and should not be persisted in when acute symptoms have yielded.

When recourse is had to medicine from time to time, it seems more effective than when regularly given. The bowels should never be allowed to become constipated, and when judicious feeding with linseed, carrots or green stuff does not suffice to keep them regular, a laxative should be used.

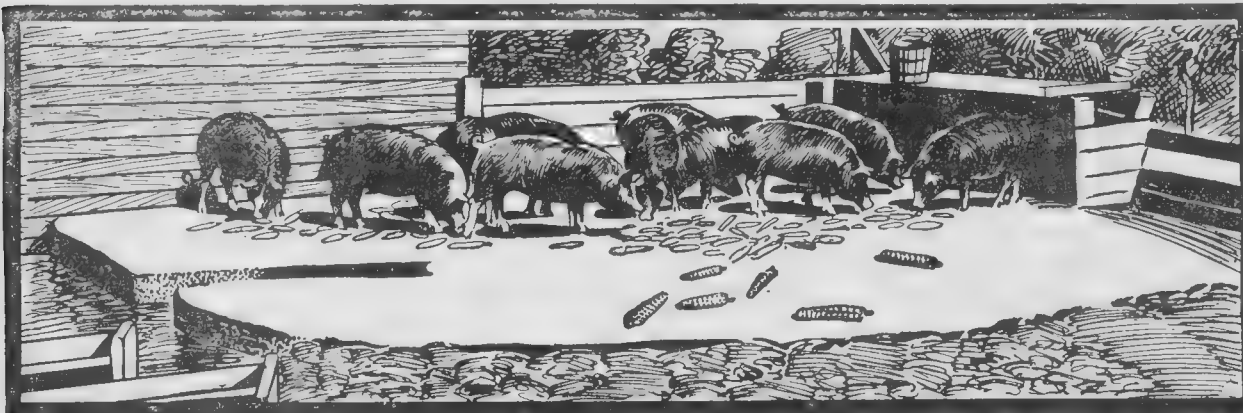
How and When to Water.

A good deal of discussion has taken place and considerable diversity of opinion still exists regarding the best order in which to feed and water horses. Many have advocated watering before feeding, to avoid washing the grain ration out of the stomach, an organ, which, as we all know, is relatively small in the horse. A difficulty is generally met, however, in the fact that many horses cannot be induced to drink much in the morning until they have eaten, but always drink when coming from work before eating. Theorizing is interesting, but not always assuring. However, in this matter of watering, we feel certain of the soundness of our doctrine, having tested it as well as we could in the school of experience, and our advice is to feed hay first thing in the morning; then, just before breakfast, water and feed grain. When taking the team out, water again after breakfast; once, if possible in the middle of the forenoon—on hot days particularly; then again at noon, before going in to dinner, and after dinner, when going out to work. Divide the afternoon, like the forenoon, if practicable, and water again on coming in at night. In the evening, after a good cleaning, give them another drink, and leave them with enough hay to eat during the night. It doesn't take long to hold a pail up to a horse, and if he doesn't drink promptly, it may be taken for granted that he is not thirsty, there is no harm done if he misses once in a while. When a horse is thirsty he wants a drink.

One point more, do not stand a sweltering throat-parched horse in a stuffy stable, and expect him to eat hay all the noon hour with nothing to drink. Think how you feel yourself. When you come in hot and tired from the field, do you sit down and eat a dry dinner, and then take a drink just as you are going to the field? Not if you are wise. You may take care not to swallow down all the ice-water you would like, but you take a cupful from the well, at least. So with the horse. There is a deal of exaggerated fear about watering horses when warm. In the first place they should not be brought in from the field lathering wet, but if they are, water is the very thing they need. A large amount of perspiration has been secreted while working. This leaves the system parched. A fair amount of water of moderate temperature is the best thing that can be given, and it should, ordinarily, be given at once. If the water is very cold, take the chill off it by having a drawn pailful or two standing ready when you come in. Horses prefer water not too cold, and if precautions are taken about the temperature, a pailful will not hurt a horse in the least, but rather refresh and do him good.—Dr. C. W. P.

A Good Investment.

Going into the breeding a pure-bred swine does not necessitate the great outlay of cash that some growers think it does. There are more ways than one of skinning a cat without cutting its tail off, so grandpapa used to say, and there are more ways than one of getting into the breeding of good swine



This Feeding Floor Could Be Built in The Fall

and it would help greatly to preserve the condition of your live stock in the Spring.

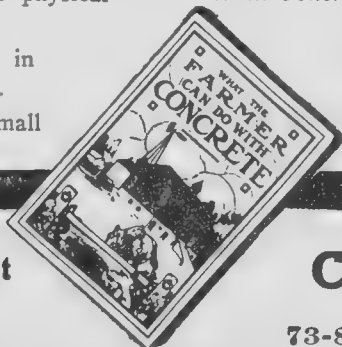
Every farmer knows that in the Spring of the year his barnyard is almost bottomless. The live stock mire down into the mud and almost float around—greatly to the detriment of their physical condition.

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area and built this Fall, would pay for itself next year. Concrete is the only material that can be used in this way at a moderate cost.

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than by selling half of the farm to do it. This is unnecessary. The man who begins in a small way usually finishes on top. The purchase of two or three sows that are bred is quite enough to start any man in the business. The offspring of three good sows will increase into a good-sized herd in a couple of years. The herd will be self-supporting from the very first if there is plenty of care given the sows and their pigs. The boars from the sows may be disposed of to the neighbors, or sold over the scales, and though the sows are not all likely to be fit for breeding purposes, the most of them will. The investment may be all inside of a hundred and fifty dollars. Rightly cared for such an investment will return a greater per cent. of interest than any form of live stock venture. Every farmer acknowledges that the hog is the bully boy when it comes to giving quick action on your money. A few more dollars put into them will put the grower of scrubs into line for more profit.

Selling the Old Farm.

Well, yes, we settled, ma and I, that we would sell the farm;
We are getting on in years and toil has somehow lost its charm.
So we said we thought it time to lay some of life's burdens down.
And the married children thought we ought to buy a home in town.
Well, a purchaser came right along, for I'll own I'm free to say,

We could seem to see the children flitting blithely here and there,
And to hear their merry voices, calling, calling everywhere.
Then one day I found ma sitting by the rose bush at the door
With the wistful look upon her face I'd noticed there before.
And I just dropped down beside her and she looked up at me,
As something blurred our dim old eyes till somehow we couldn't see.
And then we settled, then and there, that we'd stay on this old place
Till the Lord sees fit to call us to stand before His face.
And we're mighty glad to tell you, sir, we have no desire to roam,
For we think we know just what it means to sell the old farm home.
—Talisman.

Don't Use the Hatchet.

What is more aggravating than to have the eggs devoured by voracious biddies? This, perhaps, tries the temper more than almost any bad habit fallen into by the fowls. At this time of year, particularly, it forms the subject matter of a goodly proportion of the queries sent into the poultry and farm papers. It is what might be called one of the "stock" questions, and the proven remedies for this trouble must be given over and over again, not only for the benefit of new readers, but also for those who are being troubled in this way for the first time.



Doukhobors Harvesting.

That a better or prettier place you might search for many a day,
With its fertile fields and wooded hills and meadows lush and green,
And buildings snug and neat and trim as any ever seen.

But it's strange how old familiar things will twine around the heart,
And we never dream how close they cling till we sense that we must part.
And when it come to business, sir, that's what I meant to tell,
We found a precious lot of things that somehow wouldn't sell.

There's the willow that ma planted some forty years ago;
It has grown into a mighty tree with branches drooping low,
And the children played beneath the shade when the days were long and warm—
Now I wouldn't sell that willow tree for the price of this old farm.

And it's curious how we grow to love the things we plant and tend—
Every tree in that old orchard seems just like a human friend.
And I couldn't help but meditate how we'd miss them, ma and I,
That tree of Golden Pippins and the hardy Northern Spy.

And then the precious memories that cluster 'round the place—
They seem to fill these homely rooms with beauty and with grace.

Many remedies have been recommended. One which suggests the filling of the emptied egg shell with cayenne pepper, does not stand the test of experience. Many testify that the hens calmly devour the hot contents of such an egg with as much relish, apparently, as if it was the normal article. Others have filled the empty egg shell with bitter aloes, a mess which should be prepared under the direction of a druggist. Any hen that can swallow this stuff is certainly hardened. Another poultryman tells of a method he found successful. He blew out the white of an egg, sealing up one hole. He then broke the yolk remaining in the egg and filled the shell up with ammonia, shaking well to incorporate the contents. The remaining hole was then sealed and, taking the egg to the hen house, the experimenter broke it in sight of the hens. They eagerly accepted the invitation, but each hen, after one mouthful, gave way to the next. He claims that a circus is tame in comparison to the scene that ensued. The following day they were invited to a similar banquet, but declined the invitation, and as long as these hens lived they never ate another egg. A third method is to fill the emptied egg shell with bread and paraffin. This is claimed to have cured the bad habit. Others put great quantities of egg shells in the way of the birds. Some doctor the shells with coal oil and alum, but often the mere presence of bushels of shells does the required work.

Still another plan, which is preventive rather than curative, is to make the

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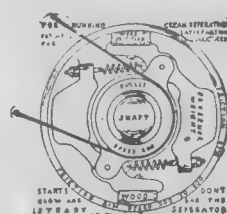


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In your locality. Take orders for Hamilton Incubators and Brooders. Our line is a ready seller. And you will want to be our agent as soon as you read our proposition. Write us to-day.

of a degree—because the directions are so simple and correct. The Hamilton Incubator hatches every fertile egg. The chicks are so plump, healthy and lively they make the old hen jealous of the Hamilton. You can make a success of hatching chicks with the Hamilton Incubator, and just as big a success of raising them with the Hamilton Brooder. Send for our free booklet and get complete information about the always successful Hamilton Incubators and Brooders.

The Hamilton Incubator Co., Ltd., HAMILTON, ONTARIO.



Dairymen, Take a Look at the Strite Governor Pulley

It's the original and "only thing" for driving cream separators with Gasoline engines. Once tried always used. Try One. Ask your dealer for a "Strite," or write us direct. Don't take an imitation.

STRITE GOVERNOR PULLEY CO., 344 So. 3rd St., Minneapolis, Minn.

WINDSOR TABLE SALT



"Is that Windsor Table Salt?"

"Yes, here is the Trademark"

"All right.

Mother told me to be sure and get Windsor Salt. It's the kind she always uses.

She says she could not keep house without her old standby—

36

WINDSOR TABLE SALT



Plowing on Madill's Farm, Maymont.

nests dark, so that the eggs cannot be seen. This is usually effective. Or a false bottom may be made beneath the nest, with a hole so arranged that the egg will slide out of sight as soon as laid. It is also a good idea to have a number of China eggs lying around. A little practice on these discourages the hens that are inclined to egg eating. If the grit and shell is given in due amounts, there will be less temptation to devour the eggs.

The trouble is apt to be worse when the birds are confined. They are restless and more likely to get into mischief. At such times the dark nests or false bottoms are especially efficacious.

Something along this line which is a little different has recently been given in "Poultry Topics" by a Nebraska woman. She says:

I took a box about a foot square and ten inches deep, placed a little straw in the bottom to catch the eggs, and covered the top loosely with heavy cloth so that it would sag enough in the middle to form a nest. Then I cut a hole in the most dependent part just large enough to let an egg slip through. This worked fairly well, but the hens didn't like to lay on the cloth and sometimes the egg wouldn't slip through the hole. Then again, the hen's claws wore the cloth out very fast. As this wasn't a success, I set my head and hands to work and made a nest which was a success in every way and entirely cured the egg-eating habit. I found that the cause of the hens forming the habit was too shallow a nest, which rested on the floor of the hen house, so I made a nest too deep for the hen to reach the egg from the floor or from the edge of the nest, and too small for her to turn on the nest and eat it. The dimensions for my Reds were eleven inches long, ten inches wide and twelve inches deep, only enough straw being placed in the bottom to form the nest. This was a perfect success.

In the light of these experiments, it would seem that the time-honored method of paring the upper part of the bill to a sharp point, or using the hatchet, are both cruel and unnecessary. The trouble with both these methods is that they are effective only with the individual. If the entire flock or a number of birds have formed the habit, it is, to say the least, not very satisfactory. A healthy bird should not be killed for this fault, as too much unnecessary loss is incurred.

Lime in the Soil.

The story of the world is this—wherever men have found a soil strong in carbonate of lime, they have found

a soil rich and a soil easily kept rich. All the great and enduring civilizations in the world have been built up on soils that had an alkaline reaction because of their abundance of carbonate of lime. Civilizations that did not endure were founded on soils that were sour. Men came from food, after all. Food comes from the fertile soils. Soils are fertile in proportion to their being alive, to their having life giving bacteria in them. These bacteria most do abound where there is much carbonate of lime in the soil. It is the house that Jack built. One cannot escape the sequence. Take Babylon, a hot town in its day, built on an alkaline plain, made from decaying limestone rock. Babylon went into temporary decline because her irrigating canals were destroyed; they are being repaired now and soon alfalfa will again grow about old Babylon's walls. Take Greece, made of decay of marble hills; take Italy, underlaid with limestone and still fertile as our best wonderlands; take the best parts of France, of England—the story is the same, they are built on a foundation of carbonate of lime.

More, the farmers on those lands know so well the good of lime that they are among the largest users of it. In England, chalk is dug from banks and spread over the land. Chalk is a soft carbonate of lime. In France large use is made of lime and the result is a fertility and bloom and harvest unknown in America. In France, in summer one sees wide stretches of blooming fields, fields of clover, of alfalfa, of sainfoin. Lime makes these things grow. They in turn enrich the soil and make it ready for wheat. Thus are the people of France fed from the stones. Thus are fields in France, that thousands of years ago were cultivated fields, to-day richer than any we find in eastern America, where the land has not been plowed yet for two centuries. Would you hear another story? There lived in California a man named J. F. Jack. This man knew of ranching and irrigation, of alfalfa, oranges and farming. He had never lived in the East. Because he wondered that God out of His goodness made it to rain on the eastern farms while He left the western farms dry, Mr. Jack came to Virginia to study the strange situation. At that time he did not know that the long drouth of the West, enduring for unnumbered centuries, had saved for them their carbonate of lime; he did not know that eastern soils are starved for it. Because he liked the people of Virginia, Mr. Jack bought a great plantation on the Rappahannock river. There he assayed to make alfalfa grow and at first it would not grow. Then he took counsel with wise men in the Department of



On Dan. Hawes' Farm, Pretoria. Thunder Hill in the distance.

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This is What They All Say

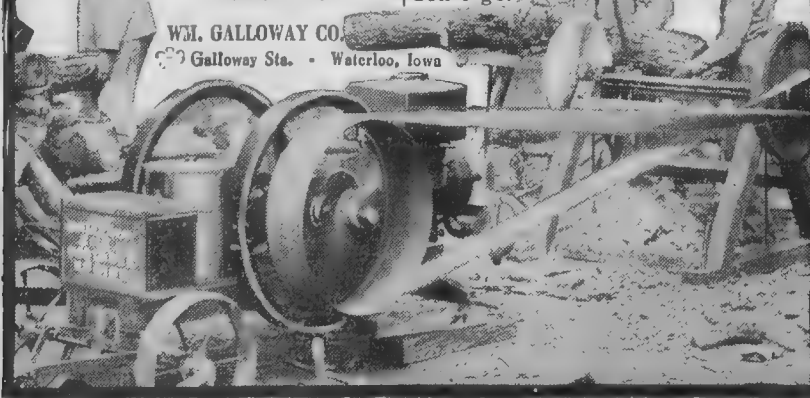
Gentlemen: I would rather refer anyone to the Galloway Engine than any other on the market for several reasons. First, because it is so well constructed that any unskilled person can operate it. Second, because it uses less gasoline than any other engine of the same rated power I have ever seen. In talking about rated power I will refer you to our 5 h. p. Galloway Engine pulling a 34-inch rip saw and it does its work well. In summing this altogether the Galloway Engine in my estimation will take the honors for the best gasoline engine on the market for simplicity, economy and rated power. Your truly,

Hopkinton, Iowa. W. R. BLANCHARD.
We helped W. R. Blanchard saw wood. We sawed twelve cords of wood in two hours and twenty minutes with half a gallon of gasoline. It is the best engine on the market.
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W. L. GALLOWAY CO.
Galloway Sta. - Waterloo, Iowa



Agriculture and they told him of the lime need of his soil and how it was famished for humus and hungry for phosphorus. He brought lime, crimson clover followed, that turned under made humus, alfalfa was sown. Last year from 300 acres of once "worn out" land, Mr. Jack harvested 1200 tons of alfalfa hay. Afterward he had a shipload of ground limestone brought to his wharf and in one summer 700 tons more of the life-giving carbonate of lime went out to his soil to make ready more acres for alfalfa. Some day there one will see a thousand acres in one glorious alfalfa field, a most hopeful thing for old Virginia, a thing that should make Virginia farmers, young and old, think long and well and take new heart.

Our Mainstay the Farmer.

Let trusts and corporations burst
Like bubbles in the air,
And every bull in Wall Street's length
Be swallowed by a bear,
The land is safe, while rising up
At cock-crow in the morn
The farmer drives his furrow straight
And plants his golden corn.

Let banks close up their iron doors,
And bank officials flee
With all the trusting public's cash
To lands across the sea,
There's nothing in the world to fear,
We'll have enough to eat,
While in his broad and fertile fields
The farmer sows his wheat.



First prize, Brandon Fair, four-horse team.

Though railroads should forget to pay
Their dividends when due,
And men promoting wildcat schemes
Look very glum and blue,
There is no need to feel alarmed
(Remember what I say),
Unless the farmer should forget
To gather in his hay.

Minna Irving, in Leslie's.

In the Day of the Cave Men.

Long ago, so long ago that even a scientist would hardly dare venture a guess as to the date, a man, clad with only a wild beast's skin about his loins was sitting at the mouth of a cave in one of the rocky highlands in what is now southern France. He was scratching with a sharp flint on the fragment of an ivory tusk—perhaps picturing for some youthful admirers adventures through which he had passed or animals he had slain. That ivory chip was stored away as a treasure—to be lost and forgotten after the cave man's death.

This was when the world was young. The cave men had their day and passed out of view. Other races appeared. New men, new animals, new things and new thoughts came into being. Roman, Gaul and Frank followed one another. Dark days hung over Europe. But the Star of Bethlehem was rising in the East, and a new hope took hold of the hearts of men.

Stirring times were these, and the centuries that followed, but through it all the old cave remained the same, hiding the relic in its bosom, until one day a man named Lartet, digging in the cavern floor, found it. On it was scratched a very fair representation of

the hairy elephant probably at once the oldest picture and the oldest human record in existence.

We know the cave man was a faithful workman, for the melting ice-fields of Siberia have yielded a perfect specimen of this extinct mammal, and the palaeolithic picture is a true copy. Not only has this ancient sculptor given us a sample of the earliest art, but he has left us—more valuable than all—a historical record of his time, for this rude picture is simply a page from the cave man's history, which, translated into twentieth century English, says: "Men, thinking men, were contemporaneous with the hairy elephant."

No record that any of human kind have ever left is half so ancient as this. The oldest Egyptian papyrus is a thing of yesterday compared to this palaeolithic sculpture. While the cave man was living in Europe, the valley of the Nile was yet only a wild waste. Egypt was not yet Egypt, and civilization, as we know it, had scarcely made a beginning.

What is true of this picture of the mammoth is true of the rest of these palaeolithic etchings, most of which have been found in the La Madelaine caves on the Dordogne. Some are scratched on fragments of slate, some on ivory, and some on the walls of the caverns. One picture shows a naked man hurling a spear at an animal which any school-boy would judge to be a horse. In palaeolithic times we know that the horse, although much smaller than now, still retained his features of the present, for

the bones of the primitive horse have been found in the refuse heaps of the cave man's home—a fact which indicates that the animal was perhaps used for food.—Harvey B. Bashmore, in Lippincott's.

The Fatal Street.

In a Nova Scotia town lived an old man whose wife had recently died, leaving him in a comfortable house, with no one to look after him. He soon began "lookin' round" for a second helpmate, and settled on a widow, whose status as a housekeeper for her former spouse was well established. The old man had but one objection to her: she was a Methodist, and he had been a devout Presbyterian all his life.

"It's all right but for that one thing," he confided to his crony when they fell to discussing this drawback. "Come week-days she will be fine, I'm a thinking. She can keep me tidy, mind the house, and, man, ye know she can cook. But then"—and he shook his head doubtfully—"then will come Sunday. We will be starting off to church together, just as husband and wife should be doing on the Sabbath day, and we will come to the corner. Then Mandy, she will be turning to go down the street to that Methodist place, and I will go on to the house of God alone!"—Lippincott's.

A Pleasant Purgative.—Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are so compounded as to operate on both the stomach and the bowels, so that they act along the whole alimentary and excretory passage. They are not drastic in their work, but mildly purgative, and the pleasure of taking them is only equalled by the gratifying effect they produce. Compounded only of vegetable substances the curative qualities of which were fully tested, they afford relief without chance of injury.

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NOT only should your cream separator pay you the best possible profit at the start—but it should keep on paying biggest profits for a lifetime.

The durability of a separator is just as important as its skimming qualities. Many separators break down just when they are beginning to pay for themselves. Avoid loss and disappointment by getting an IHC Cream Harvester. They skim as clean and run as easily years hence as on the day they were bought.

IHC Cream Harvesters

have proved their value by years of perfect service. If you investigate all cream separators you will appreciate IHC features and advantages all the more. You will find that IHC Cream Harvesters are the only separators with gears which are dust and milk proof and at the same time easily accessible; IHC Cream Harvesters are protected against wear at all points by phosphor bronze bushings—not cast iron or brass. IHC Cream Harvesters are constructed with larger spindles, shafts, and bearings than any other separator, insuring greater efficiency and durability; the IHC bowl is free from slots or minute crevices—that is why it is so remarkably easy to clean.

A Style and Size for You

Made in two styles—Dairymaid and Bluebell—each in four sizes. The IHC local dealer will be glad to explain the many IHC Cream Harvester advantages, all of which have much to do with your dairy profits. Ask him for catalogues and all information, or, write nearest branch house for information desired.

CANADIAN BRANCHES—International Harvester Company of America at Brandon, Calgary, Edmonton, Hamilton, Lethbridge, London, Montreal, North Battleford, Ottawa, Regina, Saskatoon, St. John, Weyburn, Winnipeg, Yorkton.

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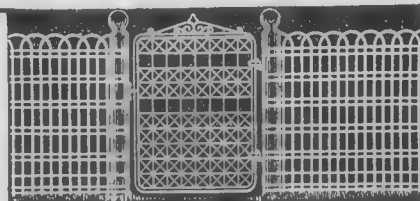
IHC Service Bureau

The purpose of this Bureau is to furnish farmers with information on better farming. If you have any worthy question concerning soils, crops, pests, fertilizer, etc., write to the IHC Service Bureau, and learn what our experts and others have found out concerning these subjects.



Handsome enough for the city lawn—Strong and cheap enough for the farm

Peerless Lawn Fence is made from heavy, No. 9 steel wire, all galvanized and coated with white enamel paint. It is built so strongly that it will last for years and it cannot rust. It costs less than one wooden fence and will outlive two. It will add to the appearance of any property. Let us send you the cost of fencing with



Peerless Lawn Fence

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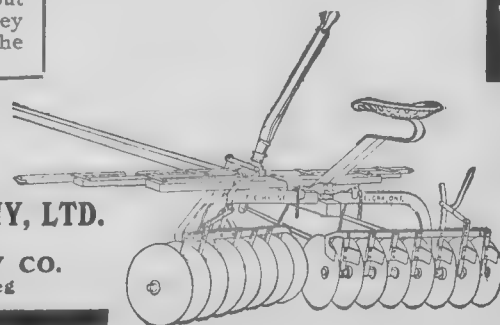
THE BANWELL HOXIE WIRE FENCE CO., Ltd., Dept. P, Winnipeg, Man. Hamilton, Ont.

To be Genuine it must bear the name "BISSELL"

Because of the great success of the "Bissell" harrow, several of its features have been imitated on other harrows. But no other harrow will give equal results unless it is built exactly the same. The plates of the "Bissell" could be put on other harrows, but they wouldn't cut deep into the soil and stir it up thoroughly like they do on the "Bissell."

The reason why the "Bissell" has such wonderful capacity is not due alone to the shape of the plates nor to position of frame and seat, but because all parts are in the correct proportion. If you want the harrow that wins every field test make sure that the name "Bissell" is stamped on it. Experienced Canadian farmers know that the "Bissell" is the best disc in America and we want the farmers from United States to know it, too. Write Dept. 7 for "Bissell" harrow booklet.

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Then with up-to-date patterns make them into new dresses that will be the envy of your lady friends. But to avoid all chance of mistakes use the Dye that colors cloth of ANY KIND Perfectly with the SAME Dye, which is

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FOR FARMERS, GAMEKEEPERS, SHEPHERDS, etc.



Is all a good boot ought to be

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REAL BOOT QUALITY is never better emphasized than in the "FIFE"—The boot that is built to meet every demand of the farmer and country wearer.

The repeat orders received from all parts of Canada are the best evidence of the "Fife" merit.
MADE IN THE OLD COUNTRY
by a practical country shoemaker, the "Fife" is honestly built from finest Waterproof Zug, Beva, Chrome, Crup or Horseskin Leathers, and can be had with or without hob nails as desired.

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Correspondence.

From an Irish Bhoys.

Iron Springs, Alta.

Sir.—As I have the pleasure of being a subscriber to your very bright and interesting paper, I would plead for a little space in your correspondence column. I find your paper very useful in regard to present day ticklish farming questions in general, I also find your correspondence column passes time very pleasantly. I am a homesteader, 6 ft. 2 in. tall, 24 years of age, fair, Irish nationality. I do not smoke, chew nor drink. Am like lots of my bachelor friends, pleased to answer any correspondence that comes my way, especially if it comes from the fairer sex. I will say good-night. "Irish Lad."

A Child of the Deep.

Sask.

Sir,—I have been reading the letters in your correspondence column, and thought I would like to join just for the sake of some of those lonesome bachelors, i.e., if it can be done with the distinct understanding that I am not in the matrimonial market; but just to exchange a few letters and possibly a photo. Now in regard to myself, I am not a Canadian, neither was I born in the States. I am a Salt, for my father was a sea captain on the high seas, and I was born at sea and during an awful

of Canada who can write me a nice sensible letter in reply to this. I might mention I am very fond of music, especially the piano. For my part, the mouth organ is about the only instrument I can tackle. This is my third year in Canada. Hoping your useful and attractive paper will steadily increase in circulation. I am, yours faithfully, "Nil Desperandum."

Three Cheers for the Farmer.

Moose Jaw, Sask.

Sir—As my brother is a subscriber to your valuable paper, and I enjoy reading the letters in the correspondence column, I thought I would write a few lines.

I am a farmer's daughter, or rightly speaking, I should say a homesteader, as we have just finished doing duty on a homestead, twelve miles from the nearest town. And if any of the Canadian girls wish to know what that lonely, sad-eyed, modest looking creature called the North-West Bachelor is like, I could give them a very wild pen picture of them. I only wish wild fruit was as plentiful on the prairie as the bachelor. Of course, I shouldn't like the fruit to remain green all the time. No insinuations, bachelors; I am right with you; that is, I am on the prairie.

The prairie is a wide place, no way of



Park Scenes, Winnipeg.

storm; the ship was torn to smithereens and I was born in the water, and was thus baptised before I was born, and mamma said all the original sin was washed away at the time of my birth. I will remain, Yours respectfully, "Salt."

Don't all Speak at once, Girls.

Rathmullen, Sask.

Sir,—I have been a reader of your paper nearly ever since I landed in this "wild and woolly West, where they grow wheat and babies." It is one of the most interesting and useful papers I have ever come across in Canada. This is the first time I have ever written to voice my appreciation, and I should like to see the letter appear among the many others in your correspondence columns. I often read and laugh over the letters you receive and publish. What a small percentage of them read sensibly. Now, for the benefit of your many young readers I will give you a plain matter-of-fact description of myself. I am a bachelor, an Englishman and a Londoner, aged 26 years, 5 ft. 7 in. in height, weigh about 142 lbs., am muscular and healthy. Have a homestead out in this Goose Lake country and am just putting in my second winter. It is a cracking good homestead. I have no relatives nor Old Country friends out here and often get pretty lonesome. I smoke a pipe regularly, and once in a very long while I take a glass of beer, but am not very struck on it. There! Now I won't if there's any girl in the East or West

jumping off, even if you should see one of those lonely, sad-eyed homesteaders approaching. Just pluck up all the courage within you and face him. He sometimes isn't quite as bad as he looks. "For this the Lord be thank it."

Now I'm not going to describe myself, simply because I am away beyond description, and then my description of my "Dearly loved self" might not tally with a neighbor's description of "Poor me."

"Oh, wad some poore the giftie gie us, To see ourselves as ithers see us."

I don't know whether or not it would from many a blunder free us, but it might possibly stop those lonely bachelors from describing themselves. I notice they always start off by saying five feet and so many inches high, light or dark hair, blue or brown eyes, and generally a sunny smile. But, oh girls! they always forget to tell about the high water pants, the coat which tries its best coming from the elbow to get in touch with the wrist, but makes a miserable failure of the attempt. The white shirt, which to me appears to be misspelled, and that everlasting celluloid collar; we won't mention the tie. We might call it a toss up. I felt a deep interest in reading the Doctor's letter in the October number, more especially as he is a farmer's son. I agree with him in saying: The merchant, the sailor, the soldier, the miner, and even "the Doctor" are very worthy people. But yet I think the farmer has every right to be proud of his occupation. If there

STILL ANOTHER POSTMASTER TELLS

Why He Pins His Faith To Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Doctors failed to cure his Bright's Disease, but he found relief in the Great Canadian Kidney Remedy.

Clam Point, Shelburne Co., N.S., (Special)—Joshua Nickerson, postmaster here, is among the many in this neighborhood who tell of pains relieved and disease banished by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"I am sixty-two years old," says the postmaster, "And I'll tell you why I think so highly of Dodd's Kidney Pills. Owing to a bad cold my Kidneys commenced to bother me, and the trouble developed into Backache, stiffness of the joints, and finally Bright's Disease.

"I was treated by a doctor, but that did not help me much, and it was six boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills that brought me relief."

Everywhere you go in Canada people tell you of the great work Dodd's Kidney Pills are doing, and everyone who tells you can give the reason why. That reason simply is that there is no case of Kidney Disease Dodd's Kidney Pills cannot cure. These people have tried them and proved this true. Backache, Rheumatism, Dropsy, Diabetes, Lumbago, Heart Disease and Bright's Disease are some of the more serious troubles that Dodd's Kidney Pills always cure, simply because these are all other Kidney Diseases or are caused by diseased Kidneys.



SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST LAND REGULATIONS.

Any person who is the sole head of a family or any male over 18 years old, may homestead a quarter-section of available Dominion land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. The applicant must appear in person at the Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-Agency for the district. Entry by proxy may be made at any agency, on certain conditions, by father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of intending homesteader.

Duties—Six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each of three years. A homesteader may live within nine miles of his homestead on a farm of at least 80 acres solely owned and occupied by him or by his father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister.

In certain districts a homesteader in good standing may pre-empt a quarter-section alongside his homestead. Price \$3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of six years from date of homestead entry (including the time required to earn homestead patent) and cultivate fifty acres extra.

A homesteader who has exhausted his homestead right and cannot obtain a pre-emption may enter for a purchased homestead in certain districts. Price \$3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of three years, cultivate fifty acres and erect a house worth \$300.00.

W. W. CORY,

Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.
N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

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were no farmers the wheat crop would be light, and bread made of flour, ground from wheat, is the staff of life. It is very wholesome, and when eaten by the merchant, the sailor, the soldier, the miner and even by one so high up in life as the Doctor himself, makes them what they should be, the bone and sinew of our land. We won't say anything about back bone, as it seems to be altogether missing in a farmer's son, no matter what his profession now may be, nor how high he has scaled the social ladder in this world, who can be ashamed of his father's occupation. Who are we prouder of to-day than the manly, intelligent, and broad-minded farmers who see the future of this great domain? And who possessed backbone enough to be able to go twenty and thirty miles back from the civilization they so dearly loved and convert this barren looking country into the ever-beautiful and golden-colored wheat fields as far as the eye can see? Where the trail of the wild buffalo was to be seen now stand the telegraph and telephone posts, as a convenience to our country homes. Who? let me ask you; oh mighty orator of the October number, is more entitled to an automobile or a steam plough than those fathers of this grand and wonderful country?

My advice to one person would be go back to your mixing bowl and mix up something so small that you could persuade almost the sickliest of patients to swallow; but don't stir in any of the farming question. It is altogether too large an ingredient.

Some men may regard themselves as "a thing of beauty and a joy forever," but I reach past that; and grasp, in a warm and sincere pressure, the hand of the farmer, of whatever country, nationality or religion, and before signing will give three hearty cheers for our Western farmers. Thanking you for this space, I remain when the Whippo Will sings.

Marguerite.

Two Sensible Girls.

Tuxford, Sask.

Sir,—We are two English girls on a Canadian farm and have been subscribers to your paper for some time and enjoy reading the Correspondence page very much. We thought we should like to add our "small voices" to the general hubbub.

Some of your male writers (to our minds) want very much too much in their would-be wives, especially "Archibald." He will require to have a wife "made to order" to be satisfied. We are unappropriated blessings and hardly think we should suit "Archibald" or he us. As for describing ourselves, we can't do it, we will just say that we are fair, healthy, young, and good housekeepers. We should like to correspond with Sunny Jim, of August number; Snapshot Jim of November number, and we should certainly like to hear from Fiddlesticks, as we agree with his sentiments. As for the letter from "Pap's Daughter," she must have a colossal opinion of her own charms to think she could keep a man at home if he wants to go out. Now we think we have taken up quite enough of your valuable time in reading this and hope you will put it in your paper.

"English Rose" and "Modest Violet."

A Handy Lass.

Erie View, Ont.

Sir,—Having read and thoroughly enjoyed your paper, and having noticed no correspondent from Erie View, I am hoping a letter from this part of Norfolk county may be favorably received. Erie View is a pretty little village one mile from Erie's shore. I teach school a short distance from the village, and, of course, board on a farm. Some time ago I learned to harness horses, drive, feed stock, milk and make butter and bread. I am very glad now, as I intend going West next August.

I love music, play the organ and piano and sing a little. I am taking vocal lessons now and will take pipe organ after Christmas. I am not over 22 years and not younger than 18 years, dark hair, some say I have gray eyes, some black, and some blue—I am not sure, but mother always said they were blue. Am 5 ft. 6 in. in height and

50c. Bottle FREE

—because Psychine (Si-Keen) is its own best advertisement. Read this offer:

You know the "know-it-alls." Suspicious of everybody and everything.

They promised well at one time in their career, then they seemed to come to a full stop.

Just because of that unhappy distrust, that suspicion that won for them the same attitude in return, that made every one distrust and dislike them.

Now you're not a "know-it-all." Only about one per cent. of the people are.

We feel sure that you have an open receptive mind—one that is anxious to learn more, to advance.

And to you we say that you owe it to your own best judgment to try Psychine.

* * *

Every now and then we come to a certain epoch in medicine when we think advance or improvement impossible.

Then some one comes along and the whole school of medicine is overturned, new and apparently indisputable theories, all good, all progressive.

In the progress of medicine we sometimes discover new values in old things.

One of these is in the efficacy of certain herbs to cure disease.

And the reason they cure is that they increase and strengthen the white corpuscles of the blood—the Phago-

cytes—the scavengers of the body, devouring every germ of disease that gains entrance to the body.

A third of a century ago, Psychine was compounded of certain herbs.

Since that time it has cured hundreds of thousands.

And all because it contained those herbs that science now knows builds up and strengthens the white corpuscles of the blood—the Phagocytes.

* * *

If you have any of these ailments don't be a "know-it-all," it won't pay you.

Learn something at our expense, fill out the Coupon and mail to us.

La Grippe	Bronchial Coughs
Bronchitis	Weak Lungs
Hemorrhages	Weak Voice
Sore Throat	Spring Weakness
Anaemia	Early Decline
Female Weakness	Catarrhal Affections
Indigestion	Catarrh of Stomach
Poor Appetite	Night Sweats
Chills and Fevers	Obstinate Coughs
Sleeplessness and	Laryngitis and
Nervous Troubles	Dyspepsia
After-effects of Pleurisy, Pneumonia and	
La Grippe.	

Now, we don't ask you to take our word for the tremendously beneficial effect of Psychine. Fill out the coupon below, mail it to us and we'll give your druggist an order (for which we pay him the regular retail price) for a 50-cent bottle of Psychine to be given you free of cost.

We will undoubtedly buy and distribute in this manner, hundreds of thousands of these 50-cent bottles of Psychine.

And we do that to show our entire confidence in this wonderful preparation.

A confidence that has been based on our thirty years' experience with this splendid preparation, with a full knowledge of the hundreds of thousands of cures it has made.

COUPON No. 125

To the Dr. T. A. SLOCUM, Ltd.
193-195 Spadina Ave., Toronto

I accept your offer to try a 50c. bottle of Psychine (pronounced Si-keen) at your expense. I have not had a 50c. bottle of Psychine under this plan. Kindly advise my druggist to deliver this bottle to me.

My Name.....

Town.....

Street and Number.....

My Druggist's Name.....

Street and Number.....

This coupon is not good for a 50c. bottle of Psychine if presented to the druggist—it must be sent us—we will then buy the 50c. bottle of Psychine from your druggist and direct him to deliver it to you. This offer may be withdrawn at any time without notice. Send coupon to-day.

weigh 123 lbs. Would someone please tell me what I could do in the West re taking up land? I'd like very much to hear from Bobby Burns and will promise a speedy reply. Wishing the W.H.M. every success, long life and happiness, I am, sincerely yours
"Jolly Molly."

A Splendid Chance for Some Girl.

Watrous, Sask.

Dear Sir,—I have been a subscriber to the W. H. M. for the past year and have found many useful hints therein, beside lots of good literature of various sorts. Your correspondence columns, I believe, are of great benefit to the young people of Canada, and I admire "The Young Man and His Problem" series; also the page by the "Philosopher," which every reader of the W. H. M. would do well to read. I have "bached" in the West for 5 years and am now thinking it is time to seek the sympathy of some sweet little maiden who is longing for a home of her own. Wishing you continued success, I am, Yours respectfully,
"Existing Alone."

Rather Breezy.

Balcarres.

Sir,—I don't know how to start this letter so will just describe myself before I get the end quite bitten off my pen handle. I am twenty-some years old and growing younger every year, good looking enough, not very tall nor yet very short; my hair is brown and curly after being done up in pins; my eyes are brown, with a bit of the Old Nick peeping out of them sometimes; my teeth have a few gold trimmings, and my complexion is good when properly applied. Have you got the picture? I am sure it does not do justice to the original.

My tastes are varied and contradictory, so in the list, my dear unknown, you will probably find something that agrees with your own, and that would form a bond of sympathy between us.

Are you a good sport? Well, so am I. I can ride, drive, skate, play tennis or hockey. I can run your motor-car too, if you have one. If you haven't you will get one because we are going to prosper. Are you fond of social life? So am I. I play cards and I love to

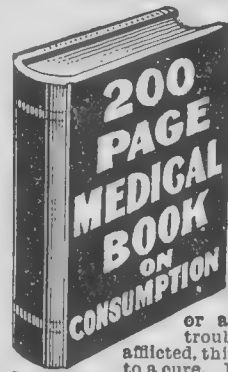
dance. "We'll two-step through life," if you like. I like to go to theatres, too, and I know how to act at an afternoon tea. Perhaps you are fond of reading and of quiet evenings at home. Well, I can imagine nothing more pleasant. You in your big armchair beside the hearth (of course, we'll have a fireplace), and I in my low rocker with my fancy work. You will read to me, or I will read to you, as you rest, and smoke too, if you wish to. What shall we read? Anything you like; Kipling, Drummond, Byron, Scott, Dickens, the latest novel, politics or the market reports. I am interested in them all. You are not looking for a housekeeper, of course, but I can keep house. It will be neat and clean and dainty, but I don't believe in polishing the nailheads, so I am not a tidy crank. I can cook, yes, my dear man, eggs, anyway. You won't starve.

Now, boys, you may write to me if you think you like me. I would like to scrap with "Fiddlesticks" about Woman's Suffrage, and would also like to hear from "Maw's Son." I think he may be Maw's daughter, or Maw herself. Now, be it distinctly understood, of course, that I am not in the matrimonial market. Horrors, No! None of us are. We wouldn't marry the best man alive (? ? ?) However, some people wish I was, for they say I am just a
"Honeybunch."

Not too Old by any Means.

Sir,—About a year ago I wrote you, but as my letter did not appear in W.H.M. I presume it helped replenish the fire in the furnace, the weather being rather chilly at the time. I have no doubt you receive a great many letters that you are unable to print. Would it not be possible to cut out most of the letters and just print a list of those who want to correspond? I believe that the correspondence column has almost been given over entirely to the younger people. If youth is a necessary qualification to gain admittance to the correspondence column, then I suppose this will meet the same fate as my former letter, as I have not got any younger since then, at least, not enough to be noticeable. I am still 38 and nearing 39; I am 5 ft. 10½ inches, weigh 170

Consumption Book FREE



This valuable medical book tells in plain, simple language how Consumption can be cured in your own home. If you know of any one suffering from Consumption, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma

or any throat or lung trouble, or are yourself afflicted, this book will help you to a cure. Even if you are in the advanced stage of the disease and feel there is no hope, this book will show you how others have cured themselves after all remedies they had tried failed, and they believed their case hopeless.

Write at once to the Yonkerman Consumption Remedy Co., 1649 Rose Street, Kalamazoo, Mich., and they will send you from their Canadian Depot the book and a generous supply of the New Treatment, absolutely free, for they want every sufferer to have this wonderful cure before it is too late. Don't wait—write today. It may mean the saving of your life.

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This wonderful remedy which removes instantly all pains coming from the nerves

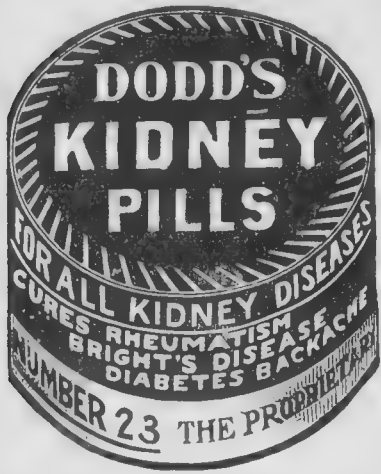
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A POSITIVE CURE FOR
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AND ALL DISEASES OF
THE THROAT AND LUNGS
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Have your Coitre removed without taking medicine or having it cut out. We have a convenient, soothing appliance which is worn on the neck at night and cures while you sleep. It checks the growth, reduces the enlargement, and stops all pain and distress in a short time. 18 years success. Write today for free booklet and full particulars, including testimonials from every State, price, etc. Address the Physicians Remedy Co. 206 Sinton Bldg., Cincinnati.

lbs. 12 ozs. I will not take up the space to describe my good looks or tell about my riches, but if any lady cares to correspond with me I will promptly answer all letters and treat them with respect. Well, I think this letter is long enough if it should get into print, and if not it doesn't matter, as I shall not pester the editor further in either case.

"Sunny Alberta."

An Advocate for Local Option.

Boissevain. Man.

Sir,—I have for a long time been an interested reader. I came out to this country four years ago and did not like it at first, but I do now. I do not agree with "A Lonesome Maiden" about tobacco and drinking not hurting men; for my part, I think it does. Certainly tobacco is not so bad as drinking, and smoking not so bad as chewing, but drinking, in my opinion, is only indulged in by men who have no respect for themselves, and if it is taken in excess makes men more like beasts than men, and when a man loses self-respect he is not worth much. I think "Montrose" quite right in his ideas on the liquor traffic, and if some of the girls could see how it drags the country down, they would do all they could to get every man they know to vote for Local Option. Now, as regards farm life, I think it is by far the happiest. I can milk and do quite a lot of outside work but prefer to stay indoors unless the men are away, and then I gladly do all

may be just a great big bluff, like many of the fair maidens trying to draw wool over the eyes of the men. My dear young friend, "Ruth," you may be fond of the men. I will ask Miss Ruth to please forgive me, as I do not mean to hurt her. I am.

"Puck."

Try Your Luck, Bachelors.

Man.

Sir,—For some time we have been interested readers of your club, and at last have decided to become applicants to your charming circle.

We are very bashful maidens—Janie, who is tall and skinny, wears spectacles, is fond of cats, and shows every symptom of becoming a typical old maid.

Nan is tall and fat, and also wears spectacles, is real 'good natured, but wears number eight boots.

We both like fun, but are not fond of work. In this respect we are different from others, you see. We have great sympathy for those homesteaders out in the wild and woolly West. Theirs must be a lonely life! But cheer up, boys, while there's life there's hope.

We are advocates for women's rights, and greatly desire to have our say in the world's doings, and trust the day will come when men won't always get their own way.

Fearing we have encroached too long on your valuable page, we will close, and hope this will escape the dreaded office goat and gain us a few correspondents. Letters from either sex will be most



Miss Mary MacLean of Hillhouse Ranch, Alta., and her devoted pets

I can. I consider "Archibald" is very silly to expect a woman to do what he does, and think the girl who gets him is welcome to her lot. I wonder what he would do in the winter if his wife milked, fed the hogs, etc. I guess he would sit with his feet up on the stove. Wishing W.H.M. every success, I will sign myself "Somebody's Little Girl."

With Apologies to Ruth.

Austin. Man.

Sir,—This is my second attempt to join your merry circle, and hope this time my letter will miss the W.P.B. I am an English Canadian, so, of course, stand firm, both for England and Canada. I have never put foot on the old sod, yet I hope to some day. I do not think one could wish to live in a finer country than Manitoba. It may be a little cold in winter, as I have found Jack Frost take most disagreeable advantage of my most exposed parts at times; not that I have a large nose. Am farming at present. I skate, play hockey, dance and sing a little, but worst of all, mind you, I smoke; just think of it, I smoke. Have brown eyes and dark brown hair, parted on the right side, with a nice little lock falling down over my left eye. Oh, say, girls, it doesn't look nearly as bad as it feels. The girls around here call it my love lock. If that is so, love must feel a jolly sight different than I ever expected. I also have ten fingers and ten toes, and cannot say that I have any disfigurements of any kind. Can't think some of the girls mean all they say. For instance, take "Ruth." She said she "was not fond of boys." Well, that

welcome. With best wishes to one and all, we sign ourselves,

Janie and Nan

A Fruit Rancher.

Sir,—I have been an interested reader of your valuable magazine for some time, and I might say in beginning that I believe the Western Home Monthly is the best paper of its kind that is printed in Western Canada.

I am quite interested in the correspondence columns, and I believe it has been the means of brightening the lives of many of the Western bachelors.

As to myself, I am a bachelor, and have commenced fruit ranching beside one of our beautiful lakes in British Columbia. I would like to join the correspondence circle, and will give a brief description of myself. I am a Canadian, thirty years of age, weight 145 lbs., height 5 feet 8 inches, and am considered pretty decent looking. Now, if any of the gentler sex would care to write to me I would be awful glad to hear from them, and would answer right away. I will sign myself

Chechaco.

A Reply to A Happy Wife.

Mayfield Station, Man.

Sir,—We have taken the W.H.M. ever since we were married, and always find time to run over the pages. Happening to read a letter in the correspondence column from "A Happy Wife," I thought I would like to express my opinion thereon if that is permissible. She says that a girl may look till she is grey-headed before she finds a man who does not use the weed. Well, I

Artificial Limbs

To show our artificial limbs to the experienced wearer is to make a sale.

They are neat, strong, light, and practical.

We can fit you out at short notice with the best that money can buy.

Write for further information, also state what kind of amputation you have.

J.H. CARSON

54 King Street

WINNIPEG,
MAN.



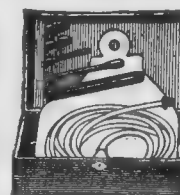
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is interested and should know about the wonderful
MARVEL Whirling Spray
The new Vaginal Syringe. Best
—Most convenient. It cleanses
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A safe, reliable
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Monthly medi-
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Mailed securely sealed upon receipt of \$1.00.
Correspondence confidential. J. AUSTIN & CO.,
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Reliable parties to do **Machine Knit-
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APIOL & STEEL for Ladies. PILLS

Are the acknowledged leading remedy for all Female
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BOILS AND PIMPLES

Are caused altogether by bad blood, and unless you cleanse the system of the bad blood the boils or pimples will not disappear.

Get pure blood and keep it pure by removing every trace of impure morbid matter from the system by using the greatest known blood medicine,

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.

Boils Cured.

Mr. A. J. Saulnier, Norwood, N.S., writes:—"Two years ago I was troubled with boils on my neck and back, and could not get rid of them. A friend recommended me to try Burdock Blood Bitters, and after using two bottles I was pleased to note the boils were entirely gone, and I have not been troubled with any since."

Pimples Cured.

Miss Eva A. Skinner, Granby, Que., writes:—"I am pleased to recommend Burdock Blood Bitters as it has done me much good. My face was covered with pimples, and being advised by a friend to try Burdock Blood Bitters and have them removed I did so and I now have not a spot on my face."

Burdock Blood Bitters is manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

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R-K Lighting Systems are the nearest rival to sunlight, 600 candle power costs only 1 cent per hour. Can be installed anywhere in the home-church-store etc. Easy to operate-always ready to use. Thousands in daily use. Write our nearest office for Booklet C. **RICE-KNIGHT, LTD.,** Toronto or Winnipeg

Eyesight Restored

Eye-glasses May be Abandoned

A Wonderful Discovery That Corrects Afflictions of the Eye Without Cutting or Drugging.

There is no need of cutting, drugging or probing the eye for the relief of most forms of disease, as a new method—the Actina treatment—has been discovered, which eliminates the necessity of former torturous methods. There is no risk or necessity of experiment, as many people report having been cured of failing eyesight, cataracts, granulated lids and other



afflictions of the eye, after being pronounced incurable.

Rev. George B. Fairhead, New York Mills, N.Y., writes: "A noted oculist examined my wife's eyes and said cataract was apparent in both organs. By the use of 'Actina' her sight has become clearer and stronger, and the use of 'Actina' is a constant comfort to her eyes and ears. We would not be without it."

Kathryn Bird, 112 Lincoln street, Milwaukee, Wis., writes: "I was troubled with astigmatism and had worn glasses from ten years of age. I could not read or write without them. In a surprisingly short time, after using 'Actina,' I laid aside my glasses, and I will never use them again."

Mr. Henry E. Hendryx, Whitneyville, Conn., writes: "One of the leading eye professors told my wife that she would never see with her left eye again. But Actina has restored the sight, and it is now as good as the right one."

Hundreds of other testimonials will be sent on application. "Actina" is purely a home treatment, and is easily used. It will be sent on trial, post paid. If you will send your name and address to the Actina Appliance Co., Dept. 848, 811 Walnut St., Kansas City, Mo., you will receive, absolutely free, a valuable book—Prof. Wilson's Treatise on Disease.

didn't, and very few of the young men in this neighborhood do use the weed, and those are not considered as our best men. As for whisky, she says a glass or two is all right, but if a man gets full 'tis time to quit. Well, who is it that makes the drunkards but those who think they can quit when they like, and who is it that the younger generation follows? Not the drunkard, but the moderate drinker, and if girls were more particular about the company they keep (along these lines), there would be less of it, but they are too lenient. Hoping I have not made my letter too long, and that I may see it in print, I will close, wishing your paper every success. A Reader.

A Second for Archibald.

Rocanville.

Sir,—I have been reading your valuable paper, which I subscribed for at the time of the Winnipeg Exhibition, and am greatly interested in the correspondence page.

"Archibald's" letter, which appeared in one of your back numbers, expresses my sentiments exactly.

Women of the present day are always howling about the amount of work they have to do, and if they get a chance to get together their sole conversation seems to be denouncing their neighbors or of fashions and how to get rid of the money that their husbands slave hard to gather. If there were some like the pioneer women of Ontario, who had to spin the yarn and weave the cloth and make all the clothes that the family wore, besides carrying the butter and eggs several miles to market, and when harvest time came get out in the field and bind sheaves by hand, and then do the work that the present-day woman finds such a drudge by way of a rest between meals. Those were women who could stand by a man and help him with the battles of life.

I am a bachelor; my age is somewhere between thirty and fifty, and am not worrying much about matrimony, as I believe that it is easier to do my own housework than have a poor, weak "imitation of woman" killing herself with such strenuous an occupation as keeping house for a farmer—I am, yours, Admirer of Archibald.

Quick, Girls, and See Who is First.

Alberta.

Sir,—Being a subscriber to your almost indispensable magazine for two years, and being very interested in it, as it takes up so many subjects that any one, old or young, cannot help finding some part to interest them. The correspondence columns are very good, as it gives every one a chance to air their lives and tell their wishes. Now, as this is my second attempt, I hope you will find time and space for it. As there seems to be many others who would like correspondents I, too, must say the same, as the winter evenings are long, and writing and reading letters is good practice and interesting. I am a farmer, living in a good district, with means to go ahead. I am of fair complexion, blue eyes (like all the rest), height 6 feet, weight 170 lbs., and have seen 28 summers; so if any of the girls care to write to me I will try and answer all letter. I am a total abstainer, and use tobacco. I would like to hear from "Rainbow" and "Lonesome Peg," both of the November number. I will sign myself

Starlight.

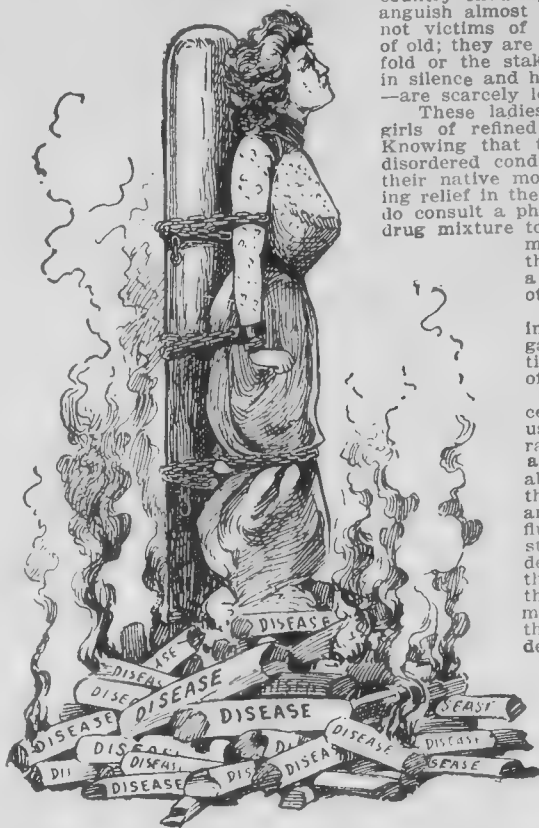
Two Country Girls.

Sask.

Sir,—Both of us being interested readers of the W.H.M. and much amused in the correspondence columns we thought that we would join your circle. We are a farmer's daughters, and prefer the farm life to city life. We think that "Contented as a Bachelor" and "Montrose" write very interesting letters, and some of the others in November number. We will not stop to give much of a description of ourselves; are both 5 feet 4 inches, one 26 years old, the other 23 years; and as to looks, will leave that for others to judge. If any one of either sex cares to write, we will be pleased to hear from them. Mistletoe and Holly.

MODERN MARTYRS!

The age of martyrs is not passed. There are thousands of women all over the country enduring physical torture and mental anguish almost beyond description. They are not victims of persecution, like the martyrs of old; they are not called on to face the scaffold or the stake, but their sufferings—borne in silence and hidden from the world at large—are scarcely less intense.



These ladies, as a rule, are women and girls of refined and sensitive temperaments. Knowing that their sufferings are due to a disordered condition of the female functions, their native modesty deters them from seeking relief in the earlier stages; and when they do consult a physician, they usually get some drug mixture to take internally, which is not more effective for troubles of this kind than it would be for a toothache, a bruise, or any other strictly local ailment.

The seat of the trouble being in some one of the female organs, the remedy, to be effective, must act on this portion of the anatomy.

This is the secret of the success which always follows the use of ORANGE LILY in derangements of this kind. It is a strictly local treatment. It is absorbed directly into the parts that are inflamed and congested and its beneficial, soothing influence is noticeable from the start. The irritation of the delicate membrane is relieved, the congestion is overcome by the discharge of the watery matter which served to oppress the nerves and cause mental depression; the nerves are toned and invigorated; and the sunshine and joy of life again becomes part of her being. Read the following letters:

Archer, Ont., Feb. 1, '09.

Dear Mrs. Currah:—I received your kind letter some time ago, but was feeling so well, and not needing medicine, that I neglected replying sooner. I must say I have more confidence in ORANGE LILY than in any other thing I have ever used. Before I knew or found out anything about this medicine, I doctored away hundreds of dollars, and when I thought I was dying with inflammation of the womb, a box of ORANGE LILY was sent me through the mail from a friend. The first suppository I used I was greatly relieved, and in a few months completely cured. That was nine years ago this winter, so you can imagine with what esteem I hold the ORANGE LILY. I am thankful there is such a relief for poor, suffering women, for I have been one of them and can sympathize with others. Your sincere friend, MRS. NORMAN WEAVER. Trenton, Ont., Dec. 4th, 1909.

Mrs. F. E. Currah, Windsor, Ont.—

Dear Friend,—I feel it my duty to write you a testimonial as to what Orange Lily has done for me. Last winter I was feeling very miserable indeed. I could scarcely do my housework during my menstrual period, and for two months or more I was never free from pain in the womb and ovaries. The pain would run down the groin, so I would frequently nearly double up. Then the pain began going up the back of my neck to my brain until I hardly knew what I was doing at times. Life was a burden indeed. I finally could endure it no longer, so went to our leading town doctor and had an examination. He pronounced it (I forget the word) a rigid condition of the generative organs, produced by repeated attacks of inflammation. He said I would have to take a course of treatment, and if that failed to overcome the rigid condition I might, in time, be compelled to have the ovaries removed. I objected to that, so filled out Dr. Coonley's symptom blank and forwarded it to him, and he diagnosed the disease the same as my local doctor, so I decided to take Dr. Coonley's Treatment. I have used two jars of Cerate Massage, two packages of Herbal Womb Tonic and six boxes of Orange Lily. It is eight months since I began the treatment, but I feel like a new woman. I work right through everything now. Hardly know a pain, even during menstruation now. I often say, "I would not take \$100 and be in the state that I was last March." I feel that Dr. Coonley's Home Treatment is a Godsend to suffering womankind, and shall continue to sound its praises whenever I have an opportunity. Yours gratefully, MRS. T. H. HATTON.

ORANGE LILY as a remedy for these ills, as well as for leucorrhoea, painful periods, irregularities, cancers in their earlier stages, tumors, displacements, lacerations, and all ovarian troubles, has long since passed the experimental stage. So confident am I of this that I will send ten days' treatment, which is worth 35 cents, to any sufferer ABSOLUTELY FREE. The treatment is inexpensive, used at home, and no physician is necessary. Send at once for the

FREE TRIAL TREATMENT

which will demonstrate that ORANGE LILY will cure you. Enclose stamps, and address MRS. FRANCES E. CURRAH, WINDSOR, ONT., Can. Rep., Coonley Med. Inst.. Delays are dangerous. 11

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A Gents' or Ladies' Solid Gold Watch costs from \$25 to \$50. Do not throw your money away. If you desire to secure a Watch which to keep time and last well will be equal to any Solid Gold Watch send us your name and address immediately and agree to sell 10 boxes only of Dr. Maturin's Famous Vegetable Pills at 25c. a box. They are the greatest remedy on earth for the cure of poor and impure blood, indigestion, headaches, constipation, nervous troubles, liver, bladder and kidney diseases, and all female weaknesses; they are the Great Blood Purifier and Invigorator, a Grand Tonic and Life Builder. With the Pills we send 10 articles of jewelry to give away with the pills—this makes them easy to sell. This is the chance of a lifetime. Do not miss it. Send your order and we will send you the 10 boxes, post paid. When you have sold them send us the money (\$2.50) and we will send you

A GENTS' or LADIES' WATCH

the same day the money is received. We are giving these beautiful Watches to advertise our Remedies. This is a grand opportunity to secure a valuable Watch without having to spend a cent. And our Watch is a stem wind and stem set and not the cheap back wind article generally given as premiums. Send for our pills without delay. Address

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R. D. EVANS, Discoverer of the famous Evans' Cancer Cure, desires all who suffer with Cancer to write to him. Two days' treatment cures external or internal cancer. Write to R. D. EVANS, Brandon, Manitoba, Canada

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The Deadly Rush!

What a raging, tearing, hustling age we live in—motor cars, locomotives, flying machines! Almost from the cradle to the grave, we rush through life at express speed, flying here and there, working like steam engines, and bolting our meals! Of course, we have to pay for this deadly rush, and we pay for it with all kinds of troubles, of which the greatest is indigestion! Your stomach, through the undue tax you put upon it, loses its ability to do its work thoroughly. Then, instead of your food being digested and turned into blood to repair the waste of your body, it sours in the stomach and creates gases which poison your blood, lower your vitality, and create disease. Indigestion is at the root of all such troubles as pains after eating, loss of appetite, furred tongue, headaches, biliousness, sleeplessness, constipation and "nerves."

If you want to cure and prevent such troubles as these, take Mother Seigel's Syrup daily, after meals, and all will be well. The syrup enables your stomach to do its work properly, and it also gently stimulates the action of the liver and bowels. Thus it aids digestion, makes food nourish you, cleanses your blood, and gives you health and vigor. Mother Seigel's Syrup, the herbal remedy, is made of an unique combination of curative extracts of roots, barks and leaves, which have a more beneficial action on the organs of digestion than any other medicine known.

Mr. Robert King, of Maple Ont., writing on February 18th, 1910, said:—

"A few years back I suffered very much with chronic indigestion, so much

so that I had to live chiefly on milk and eggs for quite a while. The doctor said my stomach was very bad indeed, although I knew that long before he told me. I gained absolutely nothing from taking ordinary medicines, and should probably have been ill now had I not had the curative properties of your Syrup brought to my notice. Mother Seigel's Syrup produced an excellent effect almost immediately, and has completely removed the cause of my ill-health."

If you have any form of stomach or liver disorder, Mother Seigel's Syrup will just as surely and permanently cure you. Put it to the proof—today!

Mr. David Hickie, of Lorne, Restigouche Co., N.B., writes under date of January 16, 1910:—"For about five years I suffered continually from liver complaint. I used only one bottle of Seigel's Syrup and was entirely cured. It is now over a year since I took the medicine and I have not felt any return of the sickness."

"I feel I should like to add our testimony as to the benefit we have received from the use of Mother Seigel's Syrup. We have never been without the Syrup or the Pills for twenty years, in the old country as well as in Canada. We have several neighbors here who have tried it and found it splendid."

Mrs. M. Irons

April 22, 1910. Beckenham, Sask.

Mrs. Barnstable, of Scatarie Island, Cape Breton, Co., N.S., writing on Feb. 20, 1910, says:—"I have taken Mother Seigel's Syrup for indigestion and disordered stomach, and have found it to be a certain cure, and I look upon it as the finest stomach medicine procurable. I have also used the Pills, and results convince me that the claims put forward for them are in no way exaggerated."

Bachelors—Eyes Front!

England.

Sir,—Having read with great interest the letters from the young folks in the correspondence column, I beg permission to be allowed to become one of the number. I would like to correspond with some lonely bachelors. I am 19 years of age, dark brown hair and dark brown eyes, clear complexion, 5 feet 4 inches in height; am fond of music and dancing, happy and cheerful disposition. Any of them caring to write first I will gladly answer their letters. They will find my address with the editor. Wishing the Western Home Monthly every success, and hoping I haven't taken up too much space, I remain— Dolly Daydreams.

Married Ladies, Please Note.

Toronto, Ont.

Sir,—Would you let me inquire through your correspondence column if there are any young married women who would like to correspond with one in a similar position. It seems to me there would be much to interest both of us: the distance is so great that things must be very different. I am very anxious to know all I can about the West, as I hope some day to accompany my husband if he takes up land out there. No need to describe myself, except to say I am quite young, and have a four year old girl. Would enjoy corresponding with Western women. My address is with the editor.

Toronto Matron.

dainty repast, the menu consisting of "jelly cake," made from delicious jelly fish; "rock buns," made from rocks found only in the depths of the ocean; "sponge cake," from my own sponge bed; "floating island," and other delicacies.

Oh, dear! I hope you won't think my chat too long to print. As the seaweed is drying in my hair, and my scales are losing their lustre, I must now dive.

Wishing the W.H.M. and you, Mr. Editor, a bright and prosperous New Year. Mermaid.

P.S.—My "cave number" will be with the editor. Matrimonially inclined? Oh, no! Who ever heard of a modest mermaid so inclined?—M.

Another Opponent to the Doctor.

Viscount, Sask.

Sir,—Am still reading the W.H.M. with pleasure, and I am afraid the long winter months out here on the Western prairies would pass too slowly if it were not for the regular visit of your valuable magazine. I have not seen any more about the "Doctor," but he was a little radical in the October issue. He was actually mean with the farmer. I must admit that; but we must excuse him. And why? Just because he is a doctor, and they have failings, same as all others. I am not going to rake him down; neither will I arouse his enmity, as I might get sick some time. But then I would look for a good doctor.

The November issue of the W.H.M. contains many good letters, and I enjoy reading them. There are so many different opinions, so many different



Mother Seigel's Syrup is the friend of all who suffer after meals, because it aids digestion. It is the friend of all who have headaches, biliousness, constipation or dizziness, because it banishes such ailments, root and branch! It is the friend of all who feel "seedy," because it clears away the poisonous products of indigestion, which clog the system and make you feel run down, brain-fagged, out-of-sorts. Better still, it tones and strengthens your stomach and liver, regulates your bowels, makes food nourish you, and thus prevents, as well as cures, all stomach and liver disorders. Mother Seigel's Syrup is the standard household remedy, "the friend in the cupboard," in hundreds of thousands of British homes, and is unequalled as a digestive tonic and stomachic remedy.

MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP

Mr. Chas. St. Stearns, 362 Richmond St. W., Toronto, writes:—"My digestion became deranged about a year ago and very soon my general health was affected. I had no relish for food, and when I ate I always suffered from sharp pains. I lost in weight, which was not unnatural, I suppose, as I ate much less than I was used to. I also had frequent headaches, and a general feeling of heaviness from which nothing seemed to relieve me. Then I turned to Mother Seigel's Syrup and now, thanks to that remedy, I am fully recovered and in my normal good health."—15/2/1910. Take Mother Seigel's Syrup daily, after meals, and it will cure you!

CURES

Biliousness
Headaches
Constipation
Indigestion

The dollar bottle contains 2½ times as much as the 50 cents size.

A. J. WHITE & Co., Ltd., Montreal.



Court of Bishop of Rupert's Land 1880.

A Voice from the Deep.

Newfoundland.

Sir,—Can you find room for the scribbling of a "Mermaid"? What was that? Did I hear you answer in the affirmative? I hope so. Well, this being a beautiful day, with a cloudless sky and not a breath of wind to ruffle the surface of the water. I have borrowed sepia from the cuttle fish, a pen from the pen fish, and made my way to a large kelp-covered rock, whereon I may pen a few lines to your excellent paper, which even a mermaid finds pleasure in reading. And as the Western bachelors sometimes describe their surroundings, perhaps it would not be out of place for me to give a little description of mine. Well, imagine the daintiest of sea caves, the walls of which are hung with pink and white coral, the floor strewn with starfish and periwinkles, the many niches adorned with growths of sponge, sea urchins and anemones of various shapes and colors. Then I have some very interesting neighbors, the largest and most important being the whales, some measuring sixty and seventy feet in length, and the octopus, with its ten long arms—I have known some which measured between twenty and thirty feet; the much-sought-after cod, the silver-scaled salmon, and a number of others. Some of my neighbors have the name of being ferocious, but no one ever heard of them attacking a mermaid! Oh, no! they are quite sociable.

Could some of the Western bachelors call on me some evening? I should take pleasure in setting before them a

ideas, and I think it does a person good to get in contact with others, if only through the columns of a periodical.

I will give a description of myself this time. I am 24 years of age, height 70 inches, weight 170 lbs., fair complexion, grey eyes. People say I am awkward, and I will not deny it. I will be pleased to exchange postcards with any lady correspondent for pastime; a fair exchange is no robbery; and I will answer all cards promptly. I will not take up more of your valuable space this time, but you might hear from me later. Wishing the Western Home Monthly every success, I will sign—

Oliver Ex-farmer.

Would Like to Exchange Amateur Photographs.

Carman, Man.

Sir,—This is my second letter to the W.H.M., but as my first letter did not appear in print I am summoning up enough courage to write again. I have been a subscriber to your valuable paper only a short time, and find the letters very interesting. I have gained several correspondents through the W.H.M., and would like some more. Some of the ones that wrote to me quit writing at about the third letter. I think they were disappointed in not finding in me an angel or some other impossible being. I am 5 feet 9 inches, weigh 140 lbs., have dark hair and blue eyes, and am twenty years old. I do not use tobacco in any form, neither do I indulge in alcoholic drinks, and I don't think any gentleman who has any respect for himself or his friends would do so either.

AFTER SUFFERING YEARS

Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Fox Creek, N.B.—"I have always had pains in the loins and a weakness there, and often after my meals my food would distress me and cause soreness. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done me much good. I am stronger, digestion is better, and I can walk with ambition. I have encouraged many mothers of families to take it, as it is the best remedy in the world. You can publish this in the papers."—Mrs. WILLIAM BOURQUE, Fox Creek, N.B., Canada.

The above is only one of the thousands of grateful letters which are constantly being received by the Pinkham Medicine Company of Lynn, Mass., which prove beyond a doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, actually does cure these obstinate diseases of women after all other means have failed, and that every such suffering woman owes it to herself to at least give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial before submitting to an operation, or giving up hope of recovery.

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a Poisoned Hand, Abscess, Tumor, Piles, Glandular Swelling, Eczema, Blocked and Inflamed Veins, Synovitis, Bunions, Ringworm or Diseased Bone, I can cure you. I do not say perhaps, but I will. Because others have failed it is no reason I should. You may have attended Hospitals and been advised to submit to amputation, but do not, for I can cure you. Send at once to the Drug Stores for a box of Grasshopper Ointment and Pills, which are a certain cure for Bad Legs, etc. See the Trade Mark of a "Grasshopper" on a green label.—Prepared by ALBERT & Co., Albert House, 73 Farrington Street, London, England (copyright).

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Washes clothes without rubbing. Saves all that hard work. Used by over million Women. Write for free package. Enclose 2c. for postage.

Nixon-Brosius Company, Dept. 5, Boonville, Mo.

I am an amateur photographer, and would like to exchange prints with some of the members. I am not a farmer, but have worked at different times, and do not consider it any disgrace. If any of the girls under twenty would care to write to me, I will answer all letters. Wishing the W.H.M. and editor every success, I will sign myself—

Bashful Bill.

A Canny Scot.

East End, Sask.

Sir,—I have been an interested reader of your valuable paper for some time. I take great pleasure in reading the different letters in your correspondence column, and I think it is a nice way for young people in different parts of the country to get acquainted with each other. If you could spare a little space in your valuable paper for another poor lonesome bachelor homesteading on the prairie I would much appreciate it. I came from the Highlands of Bonnie Scotland eight years ago, and like this country fine. Am 26 years old, weigh 150 lbs., and have dark hair. I won't say anything about looks; am very shy. I like cards and dancing, and smoke a little. Now, if any young lady would care to write me I will answer all letters or cards promptly.

Wishing the Western Home Monthly all kinds of success, I will sign myself, Jock o' Hazeldean.

A.B.C. Giant.

Tappen, B.C.

Sir,—Having been an interested reader of the W.H.M. for some time, I thought I would like to join the Correspondence Club.

I live in Canada's most Westerly province, namely, British Columbia, the land of fruit, sunshine, and flowers. I may as well do as other members of this charming club have done before me, that is, to try and describe myself. I am a young man, 20 years of age, and have dark brown hair and blue eyes; and as for looks, I think I am passable. Now, any of the fair sex between 18 and 20 years of age wishing to correspond with me will find my address with the editor. Will "Pick-me-up," Vernon, of January number, please success? Wishing your paper further success, I will sign myself, Jolly Boy.

A Serious Young Man.

Skull Creek, Sask.

Sir,—Being a reader of your magazine since I came West some few months ago, I have been greatly interested in your correspondence columns. I enjoy reading the letters of the different correspondents very much; some of the letters are very foolish, while others are not. I may say I am not on the matrimonial list, as I believe one should be very careful in choosing a partner for life. Marriage is a sacred thing, and when two hearts come together in love the Lord will bless them abundantly and make their days on earth prosperous. We must have love for each other, or else our lives are nothing. Would like to correspond with some correspondent of the fair sex if they will write first. I will sign myself, Youngster.

Wants to Exchange P.C.'s.

Laconia, N.H.

Sir,—I have not seen any letters from the Granite State in your paper, so I would like to join you. This is my adopted home, but I love my own Canadian home the best. My sister takes your paper. She sends it to me, so I get all Canadian news. I take great interest in your column, and think it is fine. I am a farmer's daughter, and think there is no place like the farm. I would like to exchange p.c. views. We have some grand scenery here in the White Mountains. Hope to see this in print. I like to write letters; it whiles away the long winter evening. Thanking the editor for his valuable paper, I remain—

The Granite State.

Internally and Externally It Is Good.—The crowning property of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil is that it can be used internally for many complaints as well as externally. For sore throat, croup, whooping cough, pains in the chest, colic and many kindred ailments it has curative qualities that are unsurpassed. A bottle of it costs little and there is no loss in always having it at hand.

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If you need new strength this wonderful appliance must appeal to you. It generates a pleasant, exhilarating current instantly felt, though it can be made any degree of strength from mild to strong by simply turning the needle of the current regulator; worn nights while you are sleeping, it pours quantities of health-giving, soothing electricity into your sick, weak nerves; you get up mornings feeling bright, strong, full of courage and ambition; it takes all the weakness and pain out of your back; it is a great remedy for your kidneys, bladder, stomach, liver and other vital organs; it cures rheumatism in all parts of the body; it is a courage-giver of the highest order; it brings new strength where weakness exists; it will restore you to vim, vigor and true manhood as sure as night follows day; it makes you feel young and look young; you will live longer for its use, you can throw away all drugs and commence to live as nature intended you should—a man among men, healthy, happy and vigorous. I can send you thousands of testimonials, if you care to see them. In all instances I concentrate the full positive current at small of back. It thus enters the system at the nerve and vital centre, passing thence through the different weakened organs, giving them new life and force.



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In Lighter Vein.

At the Barber's

"You are very bald, sir," said the barber to little Binks, as the latter took up his position in the chair.

"What's that you say?" asked Binks pleasantly.

"I say you are very bald, sir," repeated the barber.

"Who is?" asked Binks.

"You, sir," said the barber.

"What paper did you see that in?" demanded Binks.

"What what, sir?" asked the barber.

"What newspaper?" repeated Binks. "I read the Sun, Times, Herald, and World, but I didn't see any reference to this. Was it in one of the early editions of the evening papers?"

"Was what, sir?" queried the puzzled barber.

"This thing you were just telling me," said Binks.

"Why, I don't remember telling you—" began the barber.

"About my being bald, you know," said Binks. "You said I was very bald, didn't you?"

"Yes," said the barber; "but I didn't mention the newspapers, sir. Why should it be in the newspapers, sir?"

"Why, because it's news, isn't it?" said Binks.

"I shouldn't say that, sir," said the barber.

"Well, if it isn't news, what in thunder did you tell me about it for?" demanded Binks. "I supposed you had read about it in one of the papers, and had reached the conclusion that I didn't know it. If you find a mole under my left ear while shaving me, break it to me gently, please, and you may omit all mention of the fact that my beard is getting gray. I am trying to stave off a realization of the—"

But just then the barber accidentally ran his lather brush over Bink's mouth, and the conversation ceased.

Wanted a Handsome Picture.

"Photographers," says a picture man, "get some peculiar requests, but a friend of mine, in the business in a Connecticut town, tells me of the funniest ever.

"It seems that he received a call from an especially unprepossessing young man, evidently from the interior, who desired to obtain a photograph of some person possessing a resemblance to him, but of better looks.

"What do you mean?" demanded my friend.

"It's this way," explained the stranger. "I'm engaged to be married. The young woman, who lives in the West, is going home to-morrow. She knows I'm all right, and doesn't mind my being so infernally ugly; but it's different with her friends, she thinks. So she wants to get a good-looking picture to take home to show the girls."

Was It His Ghost.

A well-known publisher has the entrance to his private office guarded by one of his editors, a small man, who, as the day wears on, sinks down in a little heap in his high-backed chair under the weight of the manuscripts he has to read. The publisher was exceedingly proud of his friendship with a prominent Congressman, who usually called when he was in New York.

One day the huge form of the Speaker of the House of Representatives loomed up before the little editor, with the evident intent of bearing down upon the private office.

"Back!" shouted the little editor, waving a slender arm with much vigor. "Back! Go back to the offit and thend in your card."

The Congressman paused, inclined his head to view the obstacle that opposed his progress, and smiled. Then he turned on his heel and did as he was directed.

Of course, the publisher bustled out

personally to conduct the great man into the private office. When his visitor had departed the publisher came forth in a rage. The little editor shrivelled before him as he began—

"What do you mean by holding up one of my oldest friends in this fashion? Don't you know he's at perfect liberty to walk into my office at any time without so much as knocking?"

"Yeth!" admitted the little editor feebly.

"Then what do you mean by holding him up and subjecting him to such discourtesy?"

"I thought he wath Dr. John Hall!"

"Dr. John Hall!" exclaimed the exasperated publisher. "Don't you know that Dr. John Hall is dead?"

"Yeth," returned the little editor, with earnest sincerity. "That'th what bothered me."

Paid (P) to Take His Medicine.

"A little boy once told his friend, another youngster," says the Pathfinder, "that his mother was accustomed to give him a nickel every morning so that he should take his medicine in peace and quietness.

"Well, what do you do with it?" inquired the little friend.

"Mother puts it in a money-box until there is a dollar."

"And what then?"

"Why, then, mother buys another bottle of medicine with it."

"Pidgin English."

That most wonderful and at times most amusing means of communication, "Pidgin English," owes its origin to English and Chinese intercourse. "Pidgin" means "business," and this jargon or patois is the language employed by Europeans generally in conducting business transactions with the Chinese nation. The vocabulary is composed of distorted English, interspersed with an occasional French, Italian, or Portuguese word. The Chinese idiom is generally used, the combination thus produced, together with the pronunciation and word arrangement, resembling when spoken the idle prattle of a three-year-old child. "I can recall nothing more ridiculous," writes Doctor Sigel Roush, "than the spectacle of a dignified official whom we heard conversing in this maudlin, baby talk with an equally serious-looking representative of the ancient and honorable Chinese Empire.

"It is a noteworthy fact that 'Pidgin English' is resorted to by the Chinese themselves in addressing each other from different provinces when the native dialects would not be understood. We observe a similar situation in India; when the Tamil from the south wishes to speak with the Sikh of the north he resorts to English, for, while unable to make himself understood in the vernacular, both, as a rule, understand a sufficient amount of that soon-to-be-universal language of the world to get along fairly well.

"'Pidgin English,' however, varies from the King's English so much in idiom and arrangement as practically to amount to a different language, presenting to the uninitiated a number of puzzling and incomprehensible phrases. For example, I asked a Chinese deck-steward to bring my chair from the upper to the lower deck. He looked at me in blank amazement. A gentleman who had lived in China for some time was standing near, and, noticing the puzzled expression of the steward, repeated my request thus—'Boy, go top-side, ketchee one piece chair, bring down-side,' when my chair was delivered at once."

A cough is often the forerunner of serious pulmonary afflictions, yet there is a simple cure within the reach of all in Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, an old-time and widely recognized remedy, which, if resorted to at the inception of a cold, will invariably give relief, and by overcoming the trouble, guard the system from any serious consequences. Price 25 cents, at all dealers.

SHE HAD CONSUMPTION.

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup Cured Her.

Weighed 135 Pounds—

Now Weighs 172.

Mrs. Charles McDermott, Bathurst, N.B., writes:—"I thought I would write and let you know the benefit I have received through the use of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. Three years ago I had consumption. I had three doctors attending me and they were very much alarmed about my condition. I was so weak and miserable I could not do my housework. While looking through your B.B.B. almanac I saw that Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup was good for weak lungs, so I got a bottle at the drug store, and after taking ten bottles I was completely cured. At that time I weighed 135 pounds and now weigh 172, a gain of 37 pounds in three years. I now keep it in the house all the time and would not be without it for anything, as I owe my life to it."

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup contains the lung healing virtues of the Norway pine tree, which, combined with other absorbent, expectorant and soothing medicines, makes it without a doubt the best remedy for coughs, colds, bronchitis and all throat and lung troubles.

Price 25 cents at all dealers. Beware of imitations. The genuine is manufactured only by the T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Bright Brains Count
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 Brighten up with
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 25c and 60c a bottle.

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